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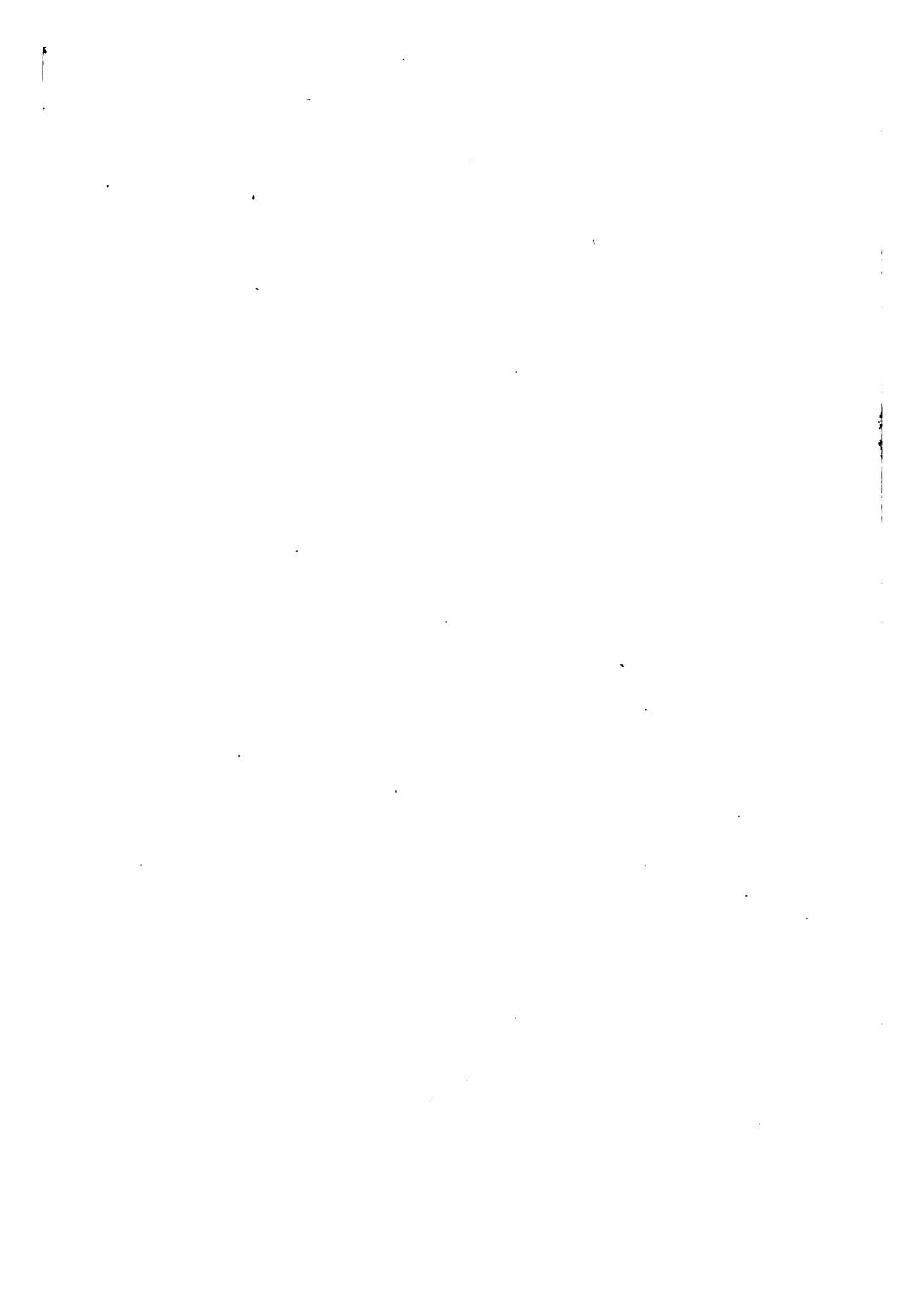


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# South Mountain Sketches



BY  
HENRY V. SHOTHAKER



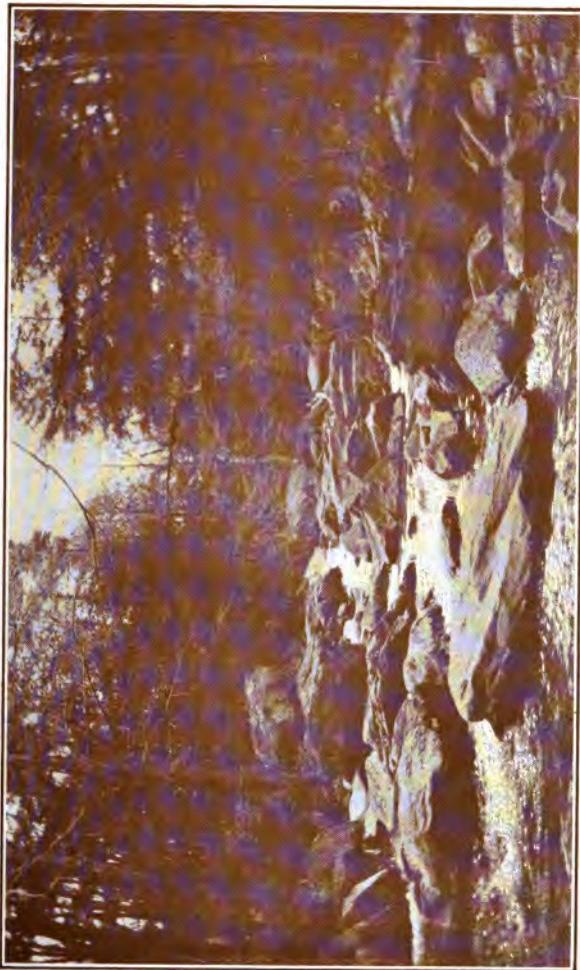
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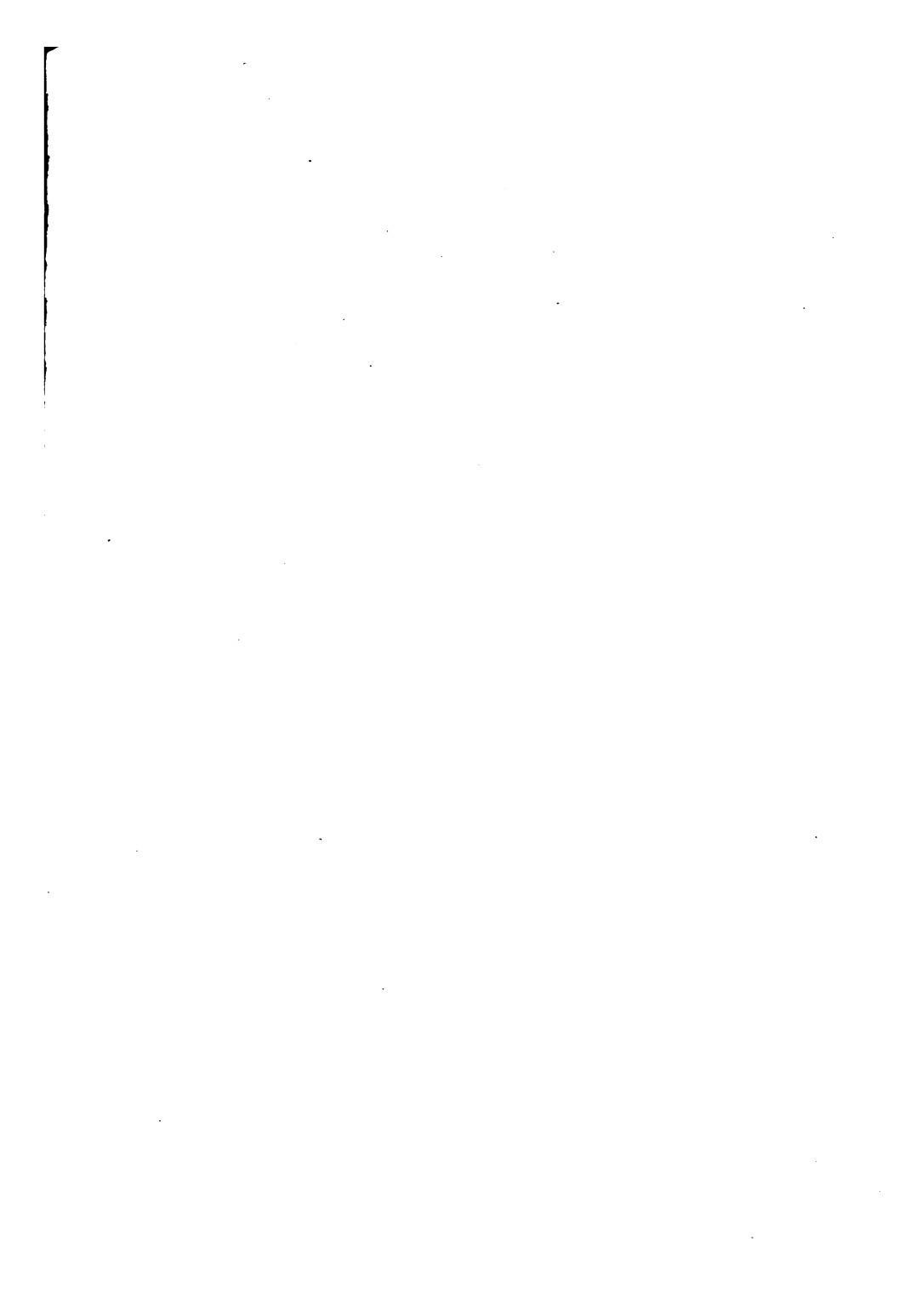
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# SOUTH MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

Folk Tales and Legends Collected in the  
Mountains of Southern Pennsylvania

BY

Henry W. Shoemaker

(Author of "North Mountain Mementoes", etc.)

*"Dream of the mountains,  
As in their sleep  
They brood on things eternal."*



*Altoona, Pennsylvania*  
*Published by Times Tribune Company*

1920

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## Introduction

FOR some years the compiler of these pages desired to complete his researches into the traditional history and folk-lore of the Pennsylvania Mountains in a series of ten volumes; the eighth was published the year before this country entered the World War; the ninth was completed in manuscript form in 1917, but the great conflict held up its publication until the present year, and the tenth volume is only now completed from the notes. The compiler's aim in this series has been to comprise all the sections of the State where he has made folk-lore studies, and believes that he has accomplished the work as far as it lies in his power to do so. There are some portions of the State where he has done very little collecting—along the Blue Mountains of Berks, Schuylkill and Lehigh Counties, for instance—partly because his knowledge of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" vernacular was limited, but principally because the late Judge Henning has done this work so admirably. As it is, this ten-volume series represents pretty much all the regions where folk-lore abounds, though the chapters collected cannot be said to be all that could have been done with the materials available. Probably better stories might have been secured if more time had been devoted to the quest, and it is certain that had his pen been gifted with the fluency of an Irving or a Charles Egbert Craddock, a more immediate reputation would have been established for his labors. As it is, they are tales in the rough, the recitals of plain, untutored per-

sons for the most part, and the writer has not been able or tried to gloss them over with the veneer of a literary style and imagery. This he greatly regrets, as in the previous volumes. There is one point where his literary limitations have proved of service: they have helped maintain the fidelity of the transcribing of the stories. On several occasions he has read the legends to the persons who related them to him, and they have confirmed them word for word. This fidelity to the original form of the stories has been maintained even to preserving sordid details and unhappy endings, and an entire absence of those fine moral sequels so noticeable in those finest of manufactured folk-tales, "Young Goodman Brown," or "Feathertop," in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." The compiler began collecting stories in the South Mountain region in the spring of 1907, and the last were secured in the fall of 1919. Unfortunately he was not able to spend enough time in the South Mountain proper, in Adams County, to have collected enough material to fill the entire volume, but has had to include all legends originating in the southern counties, the highlands of which are given by some in the North the generic term of "South Mountains." As many of the characters in the tales connected with Fulton, Bedford or Somerset Counties lived in the South Mountains proper, at one period or another, they can be said to belong to that region specifically. The writer must state that to his regret he was never once able to take a trip solely to collect folklore; his visits have always been on some matter of business or of an official nature, and collecting traditional lore has been a "side issue," hence he has probably only pricked the surface of the field. As to the

ghost stories in this and previous volumes, many of them are in a class by themselves, having been told to the writer by persons who actually saw the ghosts. They have the charm of directness and truth that those heard second, third or fourth-hand lose in the repetition. They are as near to "real" ghost stories as are possible to present. Many of the chapters in this book deal with events connected with the French and Indian War and the principal actors therein. This is one of the most remarkable and colorful phases of Pennsylvania history and romance, and it is not surprising that so many touches of it linger among the old people all along the roads from Carlisle to the west country. This phase of traditional history should be more fully gone into, as there must be the plots for a score of good historical novels to be had for the asking, among the coves and knobs adjacent to the Lincoln Highway, the grand scenic route of Pennsylvania. By leaving Columbia on the east and traveling to Graeffenburg, Chambersburg, Fort Loudon, McConnellsburg, Bedford, Stoyestown, and on to Pittsburg, practically the entire country treated in this volume will be spanned. Most of the sketches have been collected near to the main arteries of travel, the Lincoln Highway principally ; but there is a rich untouched field on the byways that run off from the more traveled roads. Imperfect as this volume is, of which the compiler is fully aware, for his powers of expression have little improved since the first volume, "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," appeared thirteen years ago, it at least shows that an immense fund of folk-lore exists in Southern Pennsylvania, and is worthy of collecting. Future generations and historians will use this folk-lore, and it will gild

with romance many a region that commerce and manufacturing has marred from a purely scenic standpoint. It will show that the first settlers and the Indians lived vividly, and were persons possessed of all the hopes and aspirations, virtues and weaknesses that later generations, with wider advantages, do not possess to a greater extent. It proves that love and romance outlast all other unprinted chronicles, deathless as in the lines of Alan Seeger, are "the hours when we have loved and been beloved." As in the previous volume, the compiler strictly calls attention to the fact that he has changed the names of persons, places, dates, etc., in order not to give offense to parties still living, or to the relatives of those recently deceased, or for other reasons best known to himself. He has all the correct data in his notes, and will be pleased to reveal such information, at his discretion, upon application. The recent increased interest in spiritism may make the true ghost stores in this volume of interest, especially as some of them are of recent origin—notably Chapter III, which happened in 1918-1919. He is pleased at the memories revived in the South Mountain Country, which he will call from Connellsville to the mouth of the Conewago, above all sections of the State where he has carried on his investigations, for he found the field the richest and his informants more disposed to co-operate to the fullest extent. That he did not produce a superior volume, in point of interest, rests with his pen, not with the mine of romance which he was fortunate enough to touch. There are many persons whom he wishes to thank for helpfulness; about one every mile or so along the Lincoln Highway, and collectively he extends appreciation and gratitude. To

Miss Ruth Hastings Gehr, gifted newspaper woman of Chambersburg, he expresses his thanks for securing the illustrations of the South Mountains proper, especially the frontispiece, showing the Conewago, the fairest stream in the South Mountain region, at its very best. There is also due thanks to Lester W. Seylar, conservationist and historian, of McConnellsburg, for supplying other most attractive illustrations which reveal the beauties of the country along the Lincoln Highway. He also wishes to thank editors, book sellers, librarians and readers generally all over his beloved Keystone Commonwealth for their generous recognition of his previous efforts. May the years to come enshrine Pennsylvania as the very fountain-head of legendary lore, through some voice that can speak in tones that all can understand and marvel at. The compiler presents this the tenth attempt to express the soul of these wonderful mountains, asking for it no more than the same kindly reception that was tendered to its predecessors. The list includes to date: I. "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," 1907; II. "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," 1912; III. "The Indian Steps," 1912; IV. "Tales of the Bald Eagle Mountains," 1912; V. "Susquehanna Legends," 1913; VI. "In the Seven Mountains," 1913; VII. "Black Forest Souvenirs," 1914; VIII. "Juniata Memories," 1916; IX. "North Mountain Mementoes," and X. "South Mountain Sketches," both published in 1920.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

ALTOONA TIMES TRIBUNE OFFICE,

JANUARY 3, 1920.



## I. Aunt Tilly Henry's Vision

WE WERE waiting to make a connection on one of the "weak and weary" railroads that wander through the South Mountain region, and an hour and a half had passed with no signs of the expected train. Evidently the local we waited for carried some bank president or local political leader, as the railroaders were not always so patient and considerate. Story-telling had been adopted by the half-dozen passengers to pass away the time, after every newspaper and magazine had been read and re-read. Among the anecdotes related there was one told by a woman which seemed to have enough of the eerie and supernatural to it to make it worthy of recording. As the relator was a niece of the principal characters in the story, and had heard it directly from them, it was of added value for the records of folk-lore. And thus it ran: "Those of you who travel have all passed through the little hamlet on one of the main branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad called Hemlock Station. Those who have traveled long enough have seen the splendid patch of hemlock trees, from which the station received its name, dwindle to a single, scraggy, half-dead trunk, surrounded by the barkless skeletons of its defunct brothers, for as the grove stood on railway property, no one had authority to remove the trees as they died, and there was no authority to plant new ones. The grove seemed to summarize the glories of the little community, as the handsome patch of hem-

locks faded with the passing of the lumber business. Away back in the middle eighties of the last century there was no busier center along that road than Hemlock. Several large saw mills were located there, and there was an active industry in shipping yellow pine prop timber to the hard coal regions. There was, of course, a large floating population of timber buyers, jobbers, prospectors and cruisers who overflowed the lumber camps, and brought a rich harvest to the two hotels which stood across the tracks from the railroad station. These hotels were bleak, bare structures, built of unplaned and unpainted lumber, devoid of all architectural features except utility, and, oh, how forbidding they looked on a rainy day, when the water poured off the soggy, curled-shingle, unsputtered roofs! Unlovely as they were, the surroundings of mountains, forests, fields and streams made up for all they lacked. There were always some guests, who apparently had nothing to do but to sit on the porch and steps at train time, and give a busy, populous air to these flimsy hostellries.

When crews for some of the more distant lumber camps arrived at Hemlock, they generally came in a body and spent a night at one of the hotels, where the jobbers engaged rooms in advance. Their coming would give a momentary air of excitement to the little station, and the jangling of the tin trunks and the thud of heavy "grips" on the oaken platform, could be heard a great distance. The arrival of a new gang of lumbermen always attracted the native population to

the station, and few stops along the line could boast of bigger crowds when the trains came in at such times.

But these were exceptional or gala days, and of very short duration. Five minutes after the train had departed every one had gone about his or her business, and the habitual air of calm, or, more properly, of desolation, pervaded the little station. There were days when not more than a single passenger would board or alight from the trains; no one was surprised, as there were dull times between seasons in the lumber business. One of these hotels, the larger of the two, was known as the Hotel Garrett, and its landlord, "Uncle Dave" Henry, was as genial a boniface as the business could boast of. He was a big, florid, jovial man, a Civil War veteran and a former woodsman, very matter of fact, who never saw a tree except to mentally figure out how many feet board measure it contained. He was not troubling himself about signs and tokens and dreams, vagaries which seemed to linger on from former generations in some of the mountain folks—even his wife. "Uncle Dave's" wife was given to seeing ghosts, often *dreamed straight*, and sometimes her powers of divination were truly marvelous—an inheritance of the Celtic ancestors from whom she descended.

One foggy morning in September—in chestnut time—she informed her daughter that she had had a very peculiar dream the night before; it was so vivid that it surely must be obeyed; but how could she impress her matter-of-fact husband, who was always accommodat-

ing, and always ready to pick up a dollar. Then she proceeded to tell her story.

In the dream, she was standing at the door of the hotel office, looking across the tracks; it was afternoon, and the pale, yellow leaves of the chestnut trees in the yard were falling. A shrill whistle down the tracks betokened the arrival of the afternoon train, bound west. A passenger must be getting off, as no one seemed to be waiting on the platform, and the whistle meant that the train was going to stop at Hemlock. The train came in and stopped and "Aunt Tilly," as the landlord's wife was called, waited until the train had passed on, to see who got off, as the platform was on the opposite side of the tracks, and she could see a figure alighting. When the train had gone, the lone passenger—a woman—was standing between the two tracks, and stood there, gaping about as if in indecision. Then, with very big strides, which were very unfeminine, crossed the west-bound track and strode in the direction of the Hotel Garrett.

When the woman came near, it was apparent that she was a very masculine-looking person, being of large build, raw-boned, rather rosy cheeked, her hair was cut short, and she wore a black bonnet, adorned with small red beads and pink roses. Her coat and skirt were ill-fitting, her hands and feet were very large. Bowing politely to "Aunt Tilly," still standing in the doorway, she asked if the landlord was about, that she would like to see him on a matter of business. The good landlady hunted up her husband, finding him

in the barn, for he was a great lover of horses and always kept a spirited road team, and brought him out to meet the stranger. The visitor was not long in explaining her business. She had a brother who was lying at the point of death near the head of Little Miller Run, some twenty miles north of Hemlock, and, as if to prove the truth of the assertion, drew out of her coat pocket a crumpled piece of telegraph paper. There would be no train from Jersey Shore until the next morning, and she must get to him that night if she would see him alive. It was a matter of life and death; surely he would drive her there—she would pay him well. “Uncle Dave” did not have to be urged; he said that he was always glad to accommodate, and if the lady would take a seat on the porch, he would have his team and buggy ready inside of ten minutes.

“Aunt Tilly,” after having heard this part of the conversation, went about her business, but the kaleidoscope of the dream continued. “Uncle Dave” went into the lobby, took down his overcoat and best cap from a hook, then went over to the safe, which stood by the desk. He deftly unlatched it, and added another hundred dollars to the heavy roll of bills which he always carried. He did not notice all the while that a sinister, leering face was peering through from the porch, gloating over his preparations. Then he went out through a door back of the bar to the stables and harnessed his racy little team of bays, Lambert and Knox, game little sons of the old hero of the county fair races, Lambert Knox. Putting a cigar in

his mouth and cracking his whalebone whip, which had his name painted on it, he drove up the alley almost on a gallop and swung around in front of the hotel, pulling the little team up short. "Aunt Tilly" came to the door as the stranger was climbing in, and he was putting a buffalo robe over her knees. He called to his wife, "I'll be back some time towards morning." Then with another snap of the whip he was off down the hill towards the old rope ferry. The stranger seemed very affable, was interested in everything, and was very desirous of having pointed out all the local landmarks. "Old Forgy," the ferryman, the same who gave his life from overwork recently while relieving congestion at Lockport ferry, after the dastardly burning of the historic and picturesque old covered wooden bridge, cracked jokes with "Uncle Dave" and his fare, and before long the opposite bank had been reached and the team were racing along towards the northern mountains. The sun had begun to cast long shadows, and the air was growing chilly. The sun was obscured by the mountains as they drove along the dark, hilly road that skirted the waters of Tiadaghton. The road led up the mountain, here and there through patches of original timber, and was all but obscured in darkness. The sunset came and went as they drove higher into the mountain; darkness fell; it was frigid, and steam rose from the horses' backs. The stranger was asking all kinds of questions, which the genial "Uncle Dave" delighted to answer; he was happy and comfortable, and com-

pletely off his guard. It was very dark, and the road was long, all was still save for the squeaking of the whiffletrees and the champing of the bits.

All this while the stranger was getting ready for a *coup de main*. Out of that same pocket where she had drawn the crumpled bit of telegraph paper came a bludgeon, which she passed from her left hand to her right, which was over the back of the seat; the buggy gave a jolt over an uneven piece of road. It was very dark. Oh, Heavens! What was that? A crushing blow fell on the back of "Uncle Dave's" skull; everything seemed to wheel and go sideways, and he knew no more. Reeling over the dashboard, he toppled down among a lot of rocks piled along the side of the road, and lay still. The horses started to plunge and rear, but the stranger, quickly picking up the lines and the whip, stopped them and alighted not a hundred feet beyond the dark form lying so still by the roadside. As soon as she was on the road she tossed the reins back into the buggy, then cut the horses a couple of times across the flanks and sent them careering forward with the empty buggy. Then she approached the silent form on the pile of rocks. Stooping down she listened at the heart; it was still. Tearing open the overcoat like a wildcat goes for a stag's heart, she began searching the pockets. The huge roll of bills were all in one vest pocket. She counted it out all but fifty dollars. She took five hundred and left him there without further concern, even allowing the gold watch and heavy chain, with its massive

Knight Templar fob. As she climbed down the steep face of the mountain, in the direction of the creek, she muttered to herself: "They'll think his team ran away and killed him, for no thief would leave fifty dollars and a gold watch and chain."

At the railroad tracks "she" stripped off "her" feminine attire, turned down "her" trousers, and pulled a man's cap from an inside pocket. *He* weighted the woman's suit and hat with stones and sunk them in the creek. Then he sat down on a tie pile and calmly waited for the coming of a north-bound freight.

So ran "Aunt Tilly's" vision. As she closed the relation of it she said to her daughter, with emphasis: "That woman will arrive on the afternoon train today. 'Uncle Dave' must not be allowed to take her out at any cost." The women decided to tell the story to "Uncle Dave," but he only laughed until his great sides shook. "There won't be any such person get off the train this afternoon; stop your fooling." "Yes, but there will," insisted "Aunt Tilly," "and you shan't take that devil to Little Miller Run."

Gradually the fog rolled away, and a day as clear and pensive as Indian summer ensued. The pallid leaves kept dropping from the gnarled old chestnut trees. Groups of children were seen trooping towards the woods to gather nuts, for it was on Saturday and there was no school. "Aunt Tilly" Henry was standing by the doorway of the Hotel Garrett, just as in the vision, when she heard the afternoon train whistling; it was going to stop at Hemlock Station; a passenger

must be getting off, for no one was on the platform, except the agent who came out in his shirtsleeves to give some messages to the engineer. The train slowed down and stopped. "Aunt Tilly" could see one passenger, apparently a woman, getting off on the opposite side. The train moved on, and the figure stood between the tracks, looking about, as if uncertain as to whether to go to the Hotel Garrett or the Black Horse further down. She was an ungainly creature, her chip bonnet was too small, her coarse black hair was cut short, her suit was several sizes too large, and her shoes were brogans such as a workingman would wear. Finally, with great strides, she advanced towards the Hotel Garrett, to where "Aunt Tilly" stood. Nodding obsequiously she asked for the landlord, stating that she had some business with him, just as in "Aunt Tilly's" vision. "I don't think he is at home," said "Aunt Tilly," resolutely, for she was relying on her daughter, who was watching inside to keep "Uncle Dave" occupied should he come through from the stable before the unwelcome stranger had been dispensed with. "I must see him," said the woman, "and I'll sit down and wait until he comes." "Uncle Dave," out in the stable, had practically finished blackening his best harness when he heard the afternoon train come in. Usually it would not have aroused his curiosity very greatly, as his house was full, and his wife always handled would-be guests admirably. But on this occasion he was anxious to sally forth and explode his wife's silly dream or "vision." He came through the

bar into the lobby, where his daughter awaited him, and she asked for some money, and began talking about all manner of subjects while he counted it out. He refused to be interested, and as she could not detain him, he brushed by her, and stood in the doorway back of his wife, who was arguing with the ill-favored stranger. The woman seemed to recognize him instantly. "I'm in a lot of trouble," she said. "I have a brother at the point of death up on Little Miller Run. There are no trains until tomorrow. I want you to take me there tonight. You will be well paid." All the while she was fumbling in her coat pocket, finally pulling out a crumpled piece of telegraph paper.

"Of course I'll accommodate you," said "Uncle Dave." "That's what I'm here for. I'll have the team harnessed in ten minutes."

But here "Aunt Tilly" interposed. "You won't do anything of the kind. I know this woman, or whatever she is, and you'll not take her a step."

"But I will," expostulated "Uncle Dave," growing a little hot.

"If you do, I'll harness my own horse, and my brother Richie and I will follow close behind you and both of us will carry six-shooters."

"That's no way to talk before a lady who is in distress," said "Uncle Dave," in conciliatory tones; but his wife and daughter crowded about him and gradually edged him further indoors. Out of hearing, "Aunt Tilly" said:

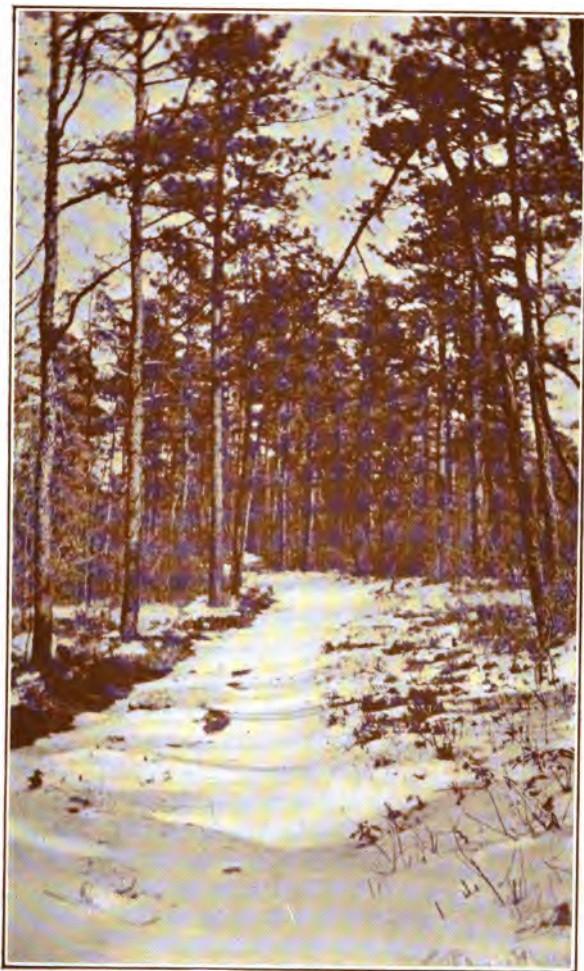
"Dave, you are a fool to go against my vision, when I always dream straight. Did you see that devil's feet, and not be convinced she's no woman? I'll not have you lying dead on the rocks above Little Miller Run."

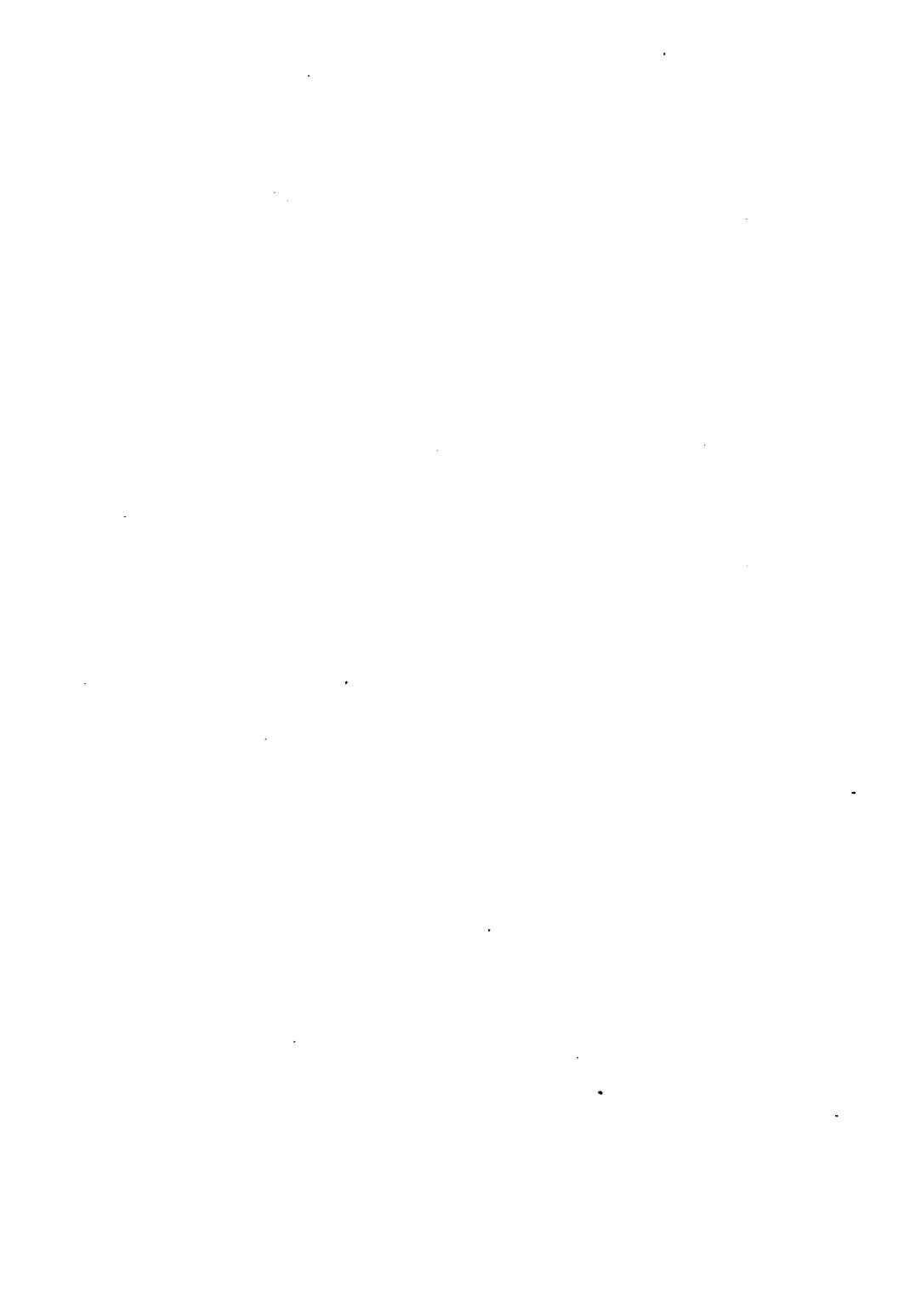
They argued for several minutes, and "Uncle Dave," more laughingly incredulous than mad, forced his way back to the doorway. The stranger had gone, was nowhere to be seen. "Uncle Dave" went out, followed by his wife and daughter, and walked around the house, looked up and down the roads and over to the station, but the wierd visitant had vanished. They asked the agent, the genial Billy Campbell. He had seen the woman alight from the train, but had not seen her since. "I believe that we have all been dreaming," said "Uncle Dave," as he recovered his composure and re-entered the hotel.



## II There Were Giants

Very little information can be gathered from W. J. Van Duzer, the world famous natural painter, and a native of western Pennsylvania, the pertinent query if in regard to his investigations into Pennsylvania folk-lore is, "What is the record of giants?" It was his reply that in all instances giants were mentioned in our legends, and as time goes on will be found as the mountains of the mountain state of the Keystone State. In particular, two large giants were alighted upon, John probably being one, who hardly survived the nineteen century, was very prominent in the Allegheny region and along the Conemaugh river, and is of the Iroquois, and is said to have had a house in Snyder County; he was a member of the Seneca, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and some relation to the Mohawk. James Logan, John Logan's son, was a giant, and three sons of Chief Logan, the Indian chief, who resided in Centre County, more than a hundred years ago, are also known as the Allegany Mountain giants, his selling furs to Henry Clay, the Senator, at Philadelpia as late as 1799. Big John's brother, Little John, Captain John Logan, Big John is buried in the old cemetery of the graveyard at Jacksontown, Centre County, where there was a white giant, said to be the same height as Big John, in the South Mountains in the same locality, and who is described by Walter Weston, a writer, in a fine contribution to





local folk-lore, called "The Giant." Long John was seven feet tall, and the writer has laid on the grave of Big John, which was at least two feet longer than the scribe's five feet eight in his shoes. Both Indians rest in unmarked but not unknown graves, where the grass grows tall in summer and is waved by the wind, in time to the melody of giant pines. If it were not for the two distinct graves, and the dissimilarity of historical events, these two colossal redmen might become confused in history and tradition, for there is always a strange mercurial coalescence of names that defies the careful student of personality; apart from two persons of similar names flourishing at the same time, those of the same names are associated together generation after generation, through some unknown affinity of nomenclature. Long John was dead and gone as Big John became really a noteworthy figure, but it would be better for future generations if historical societies would mark their graves, telling clearly who they were.

The career of Long John has been studied by Professor Moyer, and he does not give the big redman a very good report. He regards the giant Shawnee as a renegade and spy for the scalp hunters, Peter and Michael Grove and Peter Pentz, and as a thoroughly mercenary character. Be that as it may, there was undoubtedly a time in Long John's life when he was pure of heart, and as lofty motives as could stir the heart of a dweller in the forest were his, before the injustices of the white men and some of his own breth-

ren made him feel that he did not care what happened as long as he could secure enough money for liquor and indulge in periodical debauches. Of course, Professor Moyer may have drawn too dark a picture; a descendant of the Paxton boys can hardly overcome a bias against Indians, but from the tragic occurrences that marred Long John's life it may be assumed that he had plenty of provocation, if one understands the Indian character.

Long John lived, in his early manhood, at the Indian town at the mouth of the Conadogwinet, where he was noted as a fleet runner and a skillful archer. He attained the great height of seven feet when he was sixteen years of age, and would probably have grown taller, only his mother, becoming anxious, traveled into the South Mountains to consult a famous wise woman, who put a spell on the youth, thereby stopping his growth. Instead, he began to fill out, and grew into superb proportions, not too stout nor too lean, but of powerful and athletic build. Owing to the lack of height of many doors he became what the mountain people call today "jukey," which detracted somewhat from the majesty of his appearance. He was a boy at the time that Black Jack, "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata," unsuccessfully offered his company of scouts to General Braddock, among their number being John Penn, a few years later Governor of Pennsylvania, who sought surcease of sorrow after his enforced separation from his first wife, the lowly-born Maria Cox, in the thrilling life of

the frontier. However, Long John marched with Forbes and Bouquet to Fort Duquesne in 1758, that year at least being a regularly enrolled member of the Colonial forces, serving with the Pennsylvania Riflemen. He did not return east after the capture of the fort, and was in the western country until after Colonel Bouquet's expedition of 1764, when he accompanied that gallant leader back to Carlisle. After that he became associated with the border scouts and Rangers, and it is alleged in some capacity was connected with the payments of the scalp bounty. After the close of the Revolutionary War he became very friendly with the whites, living amongst them, and was a familiar figure at butchering time all through what is now Snyder and Perry Counties. His keen sense of humor and witty sallies made him very popular with the Dutch farmers whose own brand of humor more closely resembled the Jewish than any other. Inasmuch as the entire upper section of Berks County swarmed with Jews at an early day, those who did not have the blood of the chosen people in their veins absorbed their attitudes of life through close association. There is a patriarchal cast of countenance to the Dutch farmer of Pennsylvania that is inexplicable in any way except by the admixture of Jewish blood. The early Jews of Berks County always believed that the Indians were the lost tribe of Israel, consequently felt towards them a fraternal interest that was always tolerant and kindly. A gathering of Pennsylvania

Dutch farmers at a vendue could easily pass for some gala day in a Ghetto.

Near the mouth of the Juniata a frontiersman named Christian Hay settled about 1753, where he occupied some abandoned Indian fields. He had previously lived in York County, where he was one of a number of wifeless pioneers who helped to absorb the Indian colony at Turkey Bottom. His absorption consisted of marrying a comely Indian girl, and when he moved to the Juniata country they had already four or five children. The eldest was a girl named Hester, who was sixteen years of age at the time Long John connected himself with Forbes' army. On one of his hunting trips the big Indian became acquainted with Hay. They were both out after buffaloes, which the white man had learned to hunt in York County. It may be well to note that the last bison in that section was not killed until 1760, when Billy Patterson, known as "Buffalo Bill," killed a stray buffalo near Abbottstown. After his hunt with Long John, Hay invited the towering young Nimrod to take dinner at his spacious log house. It was there that Long John first saw Hester and became deeply enamored of her. As he was tall, so she was short, not being over five feet one or two inches in height and slimly made. Her complexion was a brown pinkish, or dusky, her eyes a dark gray, her nose somewhat aquiline, her cheekbones high, her mouth very beautiful and very red. She combined in her small person the best of the physical attractions of both races, and was of a degree of intelligence

superior not only to her mother, but of her father, evidently a reversion to some excellent ancestor, as the name of Hay might indicate. Hester seemed to reciprocate the giant Shawnee's interest, and they spent much time together, she carrying his quiver of arrows when he hunted, or his spears when he gigged for eels or shad. "No one can bring down more game with an Incha-pile than Long John," the hardy pioneers would say, as every evening he would return laden with the choicest products of the forest. His skill was so unerring as to be uncanny.

It was in the very midst of this blissful period that Major Agmondesham, a young Irish officer, appeared on the scene with a squad of non-commissioned officers and orderlies, in search for recruits for the Riflemen. He had, in addition, two experienced frontiersmen and expert rifle shots, Adam Moderwell and Richard Dougherty, to act as liaison between the hardy men of the frontier and his traveling recruiting bureau. Major Agmondesham had been told of Long John's expert skill with the rifle and made the trip to Hay's Fields, as the farm was called, to endeavor to enlist him. Indians were only taken as scouts or advance guards, but the demeanor of this young red-man was said to be so pleasing that he was considered eligible for the ranks. He gave some marvelous exhibitions with the rifle as well as the bow and lance while the Major and party were quartered at Hay's Fields, and it was with great regret that the Major could not induce him to join up either as a soldier or a scout.

The truth was, he aspired to marry Hester in the fall, and saw no charms in a distant campaign. Major Agmondesham was quickly smitten by the charms of the half-breed maiden. No matter how deep Long John's passion was, he quickly conceived such an admiration for the person and manners of the Major that he tactfully withdrew, without the officer ever suspecting that the genial redman had possessed similar intentions. The Major forgot about his recruiting mission, for he was only twenty-four—family influence alone was responsible for his high rank—and tarried to make love, while the two frontiersmen, Moderwell and Dougherty, were sent to range about the country to enlist superior riflemen, on the promise of active service, and much booty to be taken from the French. The Major's attentions to Hester consisted of strolls along the river, canoe rides by moonlight, as well as other meetings in divers romantic spots. As this was the first young girl he had spoken to since landing in Philadelphia, his ardor from long suppression was hard to control. It soon transpired to Long John, if not so soon to the Major, that Hester was in love with neither, but with another Major, one Hector Thrale, of the Highlanders, who had been through that region on a survey for a military road from Harris' Ferry to the West, and going and coming had managed to spend several weeks with the Hay family. It may have been an imprudent thing to do, but Major Agmondesham could no longer restrain his emotion, and on one of the clearest of the moonlight nights, as they

sat on a bench overlooking the Juniata, he asked Hester to marry him. The girl was greatly taken aback, and, realizing that she had unintentionally led her distinguished lover on, could hardly find words to gracefully explain that she was in love with the absent Highlander. Major Agmondesham had never heard of this officer before, but took the situation philosophically; in fact, he was relieved to be rejected, as it would have been a mad-cap marriage. At the same time he felt greatly depressed, and after parting from Hester walked slowly along the river bank. He soon saw a canoe containing Long John, who had been spearing salmon by the light of the moon, and hailed him, asking him to take him for a ride over the phosphorescent waters, as far as what is now Haldeman's Island and back. The Indian was glad to accommodate him, and, under the influence of the unearthly beauty of the scene, the sentimental Major told of his evening's misadventure. The Indian's eyes blazed with anger, as he listened to the recital, but he was silent until the officer finished.

"I too have loved Hester, sir," he said. "I withdrew when I saw you cared for her, and I did not even want you to know I had admired her, so fearful was I that it might detract from your high opinion of her. Little did I know that the girl loved Major Thrale, of the Highland Regiment, for she never mentioned him to me. I know this much: he has no right to love her, because he is engaged to be married to Rosamond Yeates, the most beautiful girl at Lancaster. The son

of a ——, please pardon me, sir, for this language, but my heart overflows. He had no right to trifle with the heart of Hester Hay."

It so happened that Long John had promised to join another surveying party headed by the Highlander at Harris' Ferry, but because of his interest in Major Agmondesham had given up the idea and remained at Hay's Fields. A sudden thought flashed through his mind as he beached the canoe on the moon-bathed shore. He did not go to his lean-to of hemlock boughs, but after the Major was safely indoors he re-entered his canoe and pointed for the Susquehanna, and down stream. He was at the Indian camp, across the river from the Ferry, early the next morning, and making inquiries of his friends. Some of his companions had gone down the river to convoy Major Thrale, who was to be the guest of John Harris and his family that night, and would probably start on his trip to locate another proposed military road the next morning, this one to cross the Kittochtinny Mountains near Carlisle. Long John re-entered his canoe and rapidly traveled up stream, gradually veering to the east bank, ran ashore under the hanging branches of some giant red birches near Esthertown. Meanwhile, Major Agmondesham had passed a sleepless night; fate had been kind in extricating him from an impossible alliance, he realized, yet he hated the thought of two worthy women deceived—the Lancaster belle and the half-breed beauty. He would have left Hay's Fields in the morning only he had promised Hester to

accompany her to a ball at Peter Allen's Trading House across the river; she had never attended one of these exclusive functions in the big stone structure, and it was his delight to invite her. He had planned to make known his love in the canoe on the way back from the ball, where he knew that Hester would be the reigning belle, but now all was changed, and it might be a most embarrassing evening. He therefore invited her mother, who was a very young-looking and handsome woman, to accompany them, as presumably she knew nothing of the previous evening's unpleasantness. They attended the ball, where Hester and her mother were much admired and where they mingled with the elite of the frontier people. Among those present was the beautiful Maria Cox, the erstwhile wife of John Penn, who had followed him to America, only to be again cast adrift through the machinations of his aristocratic relatives. Everything passed off smoothly and without untoward incident. Several days later Major Agmondesham and his party resumed their journey in the direction of Pomfret Castle.

Long John, during his canoe trip, had looked frequently to make sure that Major Thrale had not arrived, and he now walked along the beach, skulking behind trees and vines, but still keeping a short lookout down stream. There was a great red birch, hollow at the fork, into which he climbed, and with his swarthy head about the same brown color as the bark, the only part of him visible much like a huddled owl, he

watched patiently all day long, far into the long July evening. Just at sunset the convoy of canoes appeared in sight. There were thirteen boats in this miniature fleet. They stopped at the landing in front of Harris' stockade, the elegant Major in his scarlet regimentals being the first to step ashore. Here he was warmly greeted by the famous trader and his wife, and escorted to the great log house. Long John knew that the hour of fate was approaching. He climbed out of the old tree, and, like one of the long shadows released by evening, stealthily made his way along the beach. It was dark when he came in front of the stockade, which was, as usual, chained on the inside to keep away marauding Indians or stray wolves. It was sixteen feet high, built of straight white oak logs, sharpened at the tops, but it was an affair of a moment for the gigantic redman to "chin himself" on it, and reach down with his simian-like arms and unbolt the cumbersome hasp. He then walked through the entrance like an invited guest, quietly closing but not chaining the heavy oaken gate. Lights were glowing from the loop-holes of the long house; evidently the distinguished guest was being entertained at dinner. Walking carefully lest "crows' feet" or caltraps be strewn about, he approached the loop-hole from which the most light was streaming athwart the summer night. Stooping over, he peered within. The scene was one that he never forgot. At the head of an oval table sat John Harris himself, in his best plum-colored evening coat; opposite sat his young Quaker wife, clad

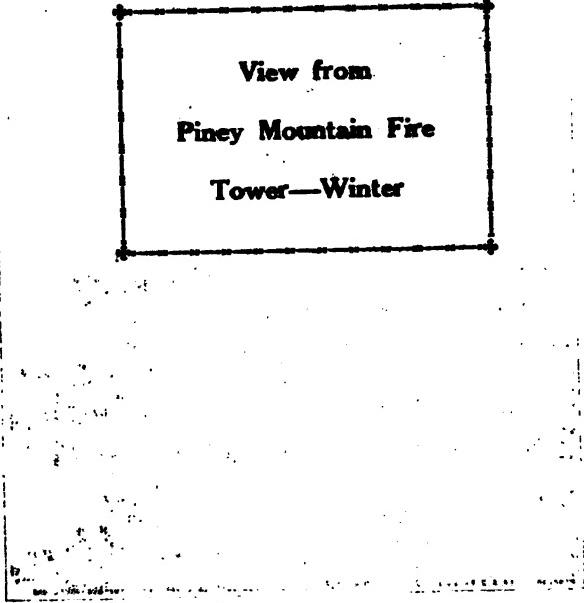
in grey satin, while at her right, and facing the loop-hole, was Major Thrale, of the Highland Regiment, resplendent in scarlet coat, gold lace and decorations. He was a black-haired, lean-faced man, very sallow, with an enormous beak nose and a small black mustache, a souvenir of his continental service; his deep-set eyes were small, black and furtive, and he looked to be about thirty years of age. He was evidently trying to make an impression on the Harrises for some reason. It might have been, Long John thought, because Mrs. Harris was related to the heiress to whom the Major was betrothed, and the Harrises, in turn, looked upon him as a great Continental military hero. At any rate, the display of plate was a remarkable one for the frontier, and the silver, many-branched candelabra at the centre of the table was beautiful to behold. Indian serving men stood behind the chairs of master, mistress and guest. Taking aim at Major Thrale's heart, Long John pulled the trigger of his long rifle. He was unerring; in a moment the proud military hero would be weltering in blood and that placid dining room all consternation. The flint lock missed, but there was an ominous "click." The alert ear of John Harris' Quaker wife was used to such sounds. Without a word she leaned over the small table and blew out the lights with one great gust of her pretty lips. Then all was confusion, but principally out of doors, where the huge Indian needed all of his cunning and speed to make his escape. A search was made, which kept up all night; dogs were loosed, but Long John was in his

canoe and hurrying up the river before the searchers were within miles of him.

The disappearance of Long John, who did not return to Hay's Fields, created some little surprise and talk, but as far as Hester was concerned she soon had cause for rejoicing, as Major Thrale put in an appearance, and prepared to pitch his camp for an extended stay in the neighborhood. However, in the very outset of his enjoyment he received word to join the colors immediately at Carlisle, which was disconcerting. Long John managed to intercept Major Agmondesham somewhere in the wilderness, and enlisted in the Riflemen. He was in Agmondesham's battalion when the various forces for the conquest of Fort Duquesne assembled at a general encampment at Loyalhanna, Royal Americans, Highlanders, Virginians and Pennsylvanians. During the encampment both Major Agmondesham and Long John had several occasions to see Major Thrale, but they naturally were in no positions to exchange opinions on the subject.

One day Long John met the Indian scout Joshua (whose body was found on the King's Stool a few years later), who told him that Major Thrale was married to Hester, and had her with him in care of a sutler's family in the rear. Long John might have conveyed this information to his Major, but did not care to offend his feelings. It made his blood boil as he was told that no real marriage had taken place, and felt that the girl was a dupe of an adventurer.

**View from  
Piney Mountain Fire  
Tower—Winter**



## THE MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

going up the river before the snow lies 3  
inches deep, and he is safe.

The courage of Long John who did not re-  
quest his release created some little surprise and

the Major was concerned also so much about  
the safety of Major Thimble that he offered  
to pay his passage home if he would go to him  
and get him released.

Major Thimble who was disconcerted  
by the thought of intercepting Major Agente-

**ment** **was** **Vidette**, who had been in  
the service of the King for many years, but when

he heard of the report of Fort Uni-  
**plex** **Moutain** **Fire**  
**Tower**—**Wing**

Major Thimble, who had been in the service of the King for many years, but when

he heard of the report of Fort Uni-  
plex **Moutain** **Fire**  
**Tower**—**Wing**

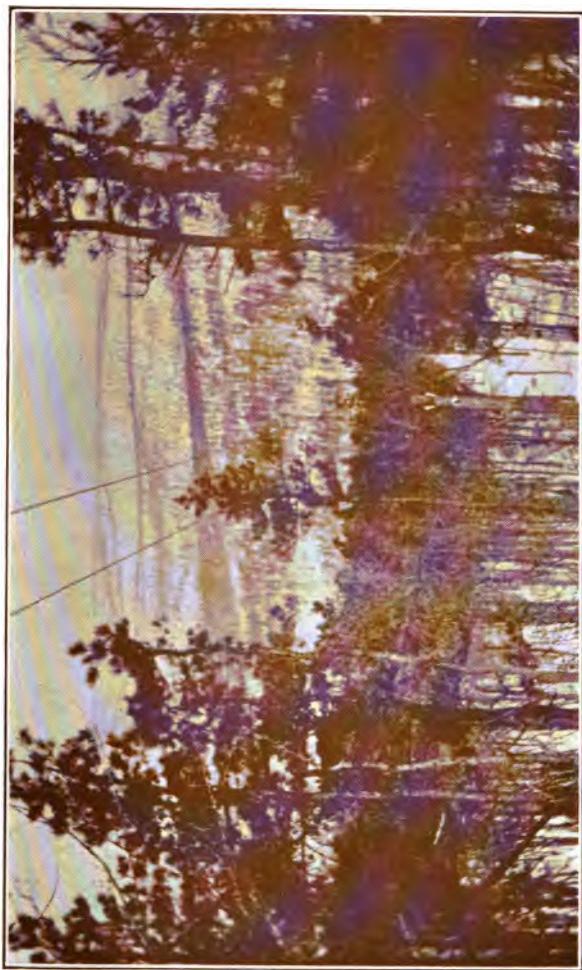
Major Thimble, who had been in the service of the King for many years, but when

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Major Thimble, who had been in the service of the King for many years, but when

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plex **Moutain** **Fire**  
**Tower**—**Wing**

Major Thimble, who had been in the service of the King for many years, but when





When the detachment under Major Grant and Major Lewis moved forward, Thrale was with them, and Long John was selected to be one of the scouts to lead the party. History tells how they defied their Indian advisors and marched into ambush with bagpipes playing; the general inefficiency of the officers alone absolved them from the charge of cowardice. Most of them turned and ran like dogs, but the despised Major Thrale stood his ground, resolved to die facing the enemy. Long John met him holding a position all by himself, piles of dead Highlanders surrounding him, but even this spectacle did not alter his stern resolve. Creeping up behind the embattled officer he struck him a violent blow with a "dornoch," as the mountain people call a round stone about the size of a cannon ball, and the red-coated warrior doubled up like a jack-knife and fell back among his dead and dying henchmen. Long John crawled on his chest and looked him in the eyes. "You damn son of a —," he hissed. "I called you that behind your back, and now I fling it into your teeth, you damn yellow bastard. I tried to kill you at John Harris', but my rifle missed fire; you will not escape me now." The half-dazed Highlander spluttered: "Fellow, I say, what have I ever done to you?" "Done to me, swine? You have done everything. You won the love of the finest girl in the world, the only one I will ever love, when you were promised to another, and you brought her to Loyalhanna, tricked by a faulty marriage. I'll scalp you like the dirty skunk you are!" Holding the High-

lander's throat in his left hand he drew his long butcher knife and, after a flourish or two, held the black, reeking scalp aloft. Then he released his hold, saying as a parting shot: "The French and Indians can do the rest. Your bare noggin will look well on one of the poles along the race ground at the fort."

Like a huge moose the big Indian bounded over the heaps of slain, and in the darkness of the forest hid himself until the remnant of the command could be gathered together. All of the scouts who returned, and a few of the Virginians and Highlanders, carried black scalps in their belts. Long John's was only one of many; it might be that of an Indian or a southern Frenchman.

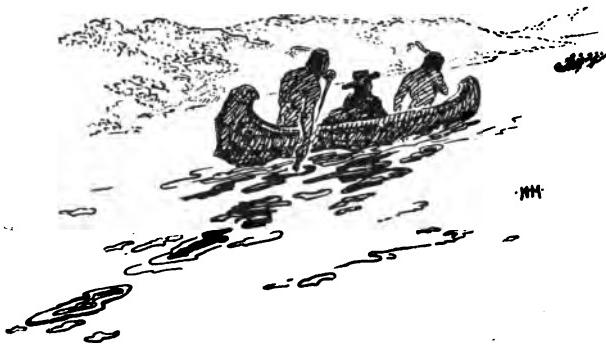
Later in the year, in the cold and sleet of a November afternoon, the victorious army of Forbes, Bouquet and Washington marched towards the abandoned stockades of Fort Duquesne. The easiest path to follow was the Indian race ground, where captives had been made to run the gauntlet, all marked out with sharpened stakes, gotten up as scare crow effigies of fallen Highlanders. There was a head on the top of each stake, and over cross-bars were draped the faded coats and kilts of the decapitated warriors. It was a gruesome sight, and some of the Highland soldiers moaned and cursed aloud as they recognized the severed heads of brothers or comrades.

Major Thrale was the only high-ranking Highlander accounted missing from the skirmish of September 13, and Major Agmondesham had a little curiosity to see

if his head was impaled ; if not he may have run away into the forest, and be still running for that matter. As he scanned each head, well preserved by the continued freezing weather, he looked for the small black mustache, that souvenir of continental service, which would distinguish the unfortunate Major. At the very end of the race ground, he spied the well-known face. As he looked at it, he heard a snicker in the ranks, that was not at all like the hysterical coughs of grief ; peering out of the corner of one eye he saw a triumphant expression on the eagle-like visage of Long John. Like a flash many ideas came to him. Could this redman, from his own disappointment or out of respect for his commander's unrequited love, have slain the successful suitor ? If so, it was merely another exemplification of the unfathomable depths of the Indian character.

As to Big John, as stated before, his exploits belong more to the central part of the State, but are equally worth recording, for, like Long John, he lived fully and loved well, and was in every sense worthy of a place in the folk history of the Commonwealth. Some time ago the writer heard that several anecdotes of Big John could be learned from a certain Frank Dapp, an old-time watch-maker and hunter, but on visiting his home town it was learned that he had passed away. It recalls the incident of when the famous author of "Chants Populaires de la Provence," Damase Arbaud, went on a long journey to speak with a man reported to have cognizance of much traditional matter, he met

issuing from the house door, not the man, but his coffin. Thus legends are lost, and it is well that a few have been saved concerning the days in the Pennsylvania mountains "when there were giants."



### III. Love Beyond the Grave

WHEN old Jacob Schneck was left a widower he was nearly seventy years of age. He had quarrelled with his only son twenty years before, and had not heard from him since he went to Kansas, soon after this disturbance. Old Jacob was known as a violent, quarrelsome character, and it was only by his wife humoring him that she was able to live with him at all. He was a short, heavy-set man, with a grizzled beard, gruff of voice and coarse of manner; he had been a stonemason in his youth, and was reputed to have saved some money. Most of his life was spent on a farm along the pike, and for many years his square white frame house in the Black Gap was a familiar landmark to travelers. When his wife died he did not exhibit any signs of grief, except a deep-seated chagrin at having his housekeeper removed, for the poor woman had suited him admirably in that respect. He caused it to be known that he was in need of a housekeeper; he even mentioned the subject on the way back from the graveyard. It soon became a matter of common gossip. The general run of women shrank from going to the house of such an uncouth character. Several months passed before he even received an applicant. He was forced to cook his own meals. The Widow Lemasters, who lived about a mile back in the hills, came to see him one day to tell him of a very likely person, her niece, Miriam Dousdebes. "Was she a daughter of his old friend, Adam Dousdebes?"

he queried. "If so, she came of good stock; he would feel lucky to get her." Widow Lemasters believed in calling a spade a spade, and informed him that Miriam had gone to Baltimore to work in a hotel; that before she went she had been the victim of what was known in the mountains as an "unfortunate love affair"; that she wanted to come back, but would only come if she could get some steady work like that of housekeeper. Old Schneck, having known the girl's father well, and thinking that he remembered her by sight, made a liberal offer for her services, and Widow Lemasters left, promising to write to her at once. It was a load off her mind, as she was fond of the girl and wanted her in her home environment again, but after what had happened knew that she was too headstrong and proud to sit about the house if not contributing to her own support. Schneck had not been noted for his morals in his youth, but now as an aged man and widower, had probably outgrown his early predilections. After having located the situation, Widow Lemasters told her brother and his wife of the place she had found for Miriam. "I don't like Jake Schneck," said old Dousdebes. "He was a draft dodger in the Civil War. You mind how he hid in a cave on Bear Mountain while the draft was going on; he was a copperhead before that, and a man with such beginnings can be no good now. I fought for my country as best I could, and I can never forgive the quitter who slinked out at home." Nevertheless he conceded that it would be best to get Miriam home; she would only

come back if she had work; that she had stipulated in many letters. Schneck might be all right; he would pay her well, and she might as well "try it on."

The girl was written to, the place was pictured as alluring as possible, and the family connection lived in hopes for a favorable reply. Ten days elapsed before she answered, but when the letter came, in her usual clear-hand writing, it was to say that she would accept the place, and was starting the very next day. Widow Lemasters carried the news to old Schneck, whom she found in an ugly frame of mind; he had begun to despair of ever getting a housekeeper, was on the point of making sale and moving to Chambersburg, he averred. Miriam, in her letter, stated expressly that she wanted to be taken directly from the train to her new place. She was in apparently an excitable frame of mind about coming home, so it was deemed best to humor her. Mr. Schneck had an old-fashioned surrey, and, hitching up his pair of twenty-five-year-old flea-bitten whites, and accompanied by Widow Lemasters, he drove down the pike to Seven Stars, where Miriam had stipulated she would be met in preference to Pond Bank, as she did not care to run the chance of seeing any of her old friends just yet. Being of Greek descent on her father's side and Palatine and Huguenot on her mother's, she was what they called in the mountains "high strung," and in the cities "temperamental."

- It was late in the afternoon of the first of December when the little, jerky train pulled in at the station.

Schneck was sitting in the surrey holding the horses, which were said to be afraid of cars, leaving Widow Lemasters to meet the girl, attend to her trunk and the rest. The train was half an hour late, and Miriam had been traveling since early in the morning. The greybeard, while pretending to be watching the horses, was keeping a sharp lookout for the girl, for down deep in his battered old nature he felt a thrill for the opposite sex that time could not still. He noticed her the minute she alighted from the train. What a pretty girl she was! So slim and graceful! She was standing on the platform talking to her aunt before they walked across to get into the carriage. She was dressed in black, in a tight-fitting suit, and was a trifle above the middle height. Her face was very lean, the features sharply cut, the cheekbones broad, the cheeks hollow, the nose prominent, the thin, wide mouth seemingly drawn tight over the teeth like the lips of a mummy. The eyes, hair and brows were very black, the complexion deadly pale, yet not unwholesome. How fortunate he was, he thought, to draw for housekeeper such a lovely object; he would treat her well, and perhaps she could marry him. As she came across the platform carrying a wicker suitcase, he made no move to get out of the surrey as she approached. He curtly tipped his hat when introduced by Widow Lemasters. Seeing his imperturbability the girl hurried back across the platform, located the agent, who gladly carried her small tin trunk, placing it on the seat beside the aged driver. Then the

women got in, pulled a buffalo robe over their knees, and the ponderous farm horses started off on a half gallop, half trot along the bleak, bare road, the wind moaning dismally among the telephone wires. There was very little conversation on the eight-mile drive; it was dark and spitting snow when they reached the old man's home. He let Widow Lemasters and Miriam lift out the suitcase and trunk, but told them that they would find the key under the rag rug by the kitchen door.

Inside the house was cold and dark, while they fumbled for the matches. The man had driven his team to the barn, and was leisurely "putting them away." By the time he returned, the lamp was lit and a woodfire burning in the kitchen stove. It was a large, cheerless-looking room, bare of everything but necessities. Yet Miriam had seen many such kitchens in her twenty-three years of life, and thought nothing of it. So for the manners of her employer, they were on a par with those of the majority of persons she knew. It was the hard, rough life to which she was accustomed. Before making any plans for supper, the old man invited the women to come to the barn to help him milk. When they got there, a calf had been lately born, and it was nearly 10 o'clock before they returned to the house. Then they had what is known as "snack" and prepared to retire for the night. There were three bedrooms in the house. Schneck occupied the largest one. There was a guest room opposite, and a smaller room over the kitchen for the housekeeper. It con-

tained a single, very narrow, wooden bed of antique design, but Miriam asked her aunt to share it with her "the first night." The women found a small glass lamp—old Schneck had taken the best one—and climbed the narrow stairs, which were concealed behind a door at one side of the boarded-over open fireplace, in front of which stood the shining metal stove. It was a cold bedroom, destitute of all means of heating, but Miriam had always been used to cold rooms, even after she went to Baltimore, and she took it as a matter of course. Even after asking her aunt to stay with her, she had nothing to say. The women undressed silently and retired, and were soon asleep. They were awake long before daybreak, as was their habit, dressed in the dark, went out to the barn and milked, washing in a small tin basin of cold water on the side porch after they had returned with the milk.

After breakfast Widow Lemasters took her departure, leaving Miriam with the old man. That afternoon the aunt wended her way to the Dousdebes home and told the story. All were pleased that the girl was safely located, and in about a week planned to visit her.

Old Schneck was very happy, as he deeply admired his housekeeper far above any work she might do for him. Though he made no effort to lighten any of her burdens, he kept staring at her when he was with her, and thinking of her when away from her all the time. He began to live in a state of elation, such as he had not known since the days of his youth. There was something in that deathly pale face, with its sunken

cheeks, those cavernous dark eyes always gazing out through half-closed lids like a sullen falcon, raptorial and passionate, and the wide, thin mouth drawn so tightly over the teeth, that appealed to him as no woman's features had before. He liked to watch her from his bench behind the stove, so agile combing her wonderful head of raven hair, hair that had a very slight curl to it and hung below her waist, every motion of her arms throwing into relief the attenuation of her form, the almost incredible smallness of her waist, the meagreness of her hips, when she had finished her milking and was "washing up" for breakfast. Every motion was beauty and grace, and illuminated his blurred old life with thrills of incandescence. Sometimes her mother came to see her, less frequently her father, and still less frequently her brothers and sisters. Her father did not like the "old draft dodger," as he called Schneck, and always wore his bronze Grand Army button conspicuously during his visits. His ancestors had fled to Pennsylvania from Greece, along with many other refugees, about the time that the heroic Lord Byron was distinguishing himself there, and there was steadfastness of purpose and a stubborn patriotism that came from heroic sires who hated cowards and traitors as a part of their long years of oppression. But he was pleased that Miriam was back from the city, though her troubles had originated before she had gone to Baltimore, and her life there had been one of drudgery, and though everything else was as it should have been. Yet he associ-

ated cities with wholesale wickedness, and his "girl" was better off with a poltroon like Schneck than in some vast, seething Sodom! The greater part of a year passed by and Miriam still remained with the old man. Like her father, she possessed a tenacity of purpose; she had remained four years in Baltimore as cook and waitress in hotels and restaurants; she might remain even longer with the old man if he lived long enough. She had resumed her acquaintance with none of her early friends, boys or girls. The miles that intervened between Schneck's home and her parents' domicile proved an effectual barrier; besides, most of them had married and taken up other interests during the period of her absence. Sometimes she had unpleasant dreams at night that revived the high hopes of her girlhood and their sordid ending, but otherwise she was beginning to feel more like her old self. The harder she worked in the barn and garden the better she felt; the dreams which awoke old memories were less frequent as she increased the scope of her manual labor. For her temperament she was probably happier than she had been for many years. At her home she had been hard to control; then came her trouble, and she went away to a new environment. One evening a stranger came to Schneck's house, his motor car had broken down on the pike, and he asked for shelter for the night. The old man had no objections to admitting him. Seated in the kitchen, by the light of the single lamp, the stranger eyed Miriam closely, and admired her mightily with his artist's vision. He won-

dered what her life's history could be in that doleful spot, keeping house for that rough old yokel. He wished that he might know her better. That night he had a dream in which the entire story of her life was revealed to him. "What is dreamed in a new bed is always true," so the mountain proverb puts it. In the morning he delayed his departure until he might be alone with the girl. His chance came when his chauffeur and the old man went outside to put water in the car. Then tipping back his chair against the greasy wainscoted wall of the kitchen, he told her of his vision. Miriam blushed even to the roots of her dark, curly hair, the only time that her deathly pale face had shown any color since she came to keep house for Schneck, and after failing to answer for a time, finally nodded her head in assent. To it she added a story of cruel treatment in childhood, of lack of home training, culminating in running away at the age of fourteen, only to be brought back under more restricted conditions. The stranger went away, never to return. For some reason the old man's jealousy became aroused, for he ordered her to accommodate no more travelers, and was moody and sulky for several days. That was the only episode that broke the routine of her life on the farm until the dread epidemic of influenza set in, when she had been with the old man for nearly a year. Schneck had been working late, husking corn, Miriam assisting him, and, coming in long after nightfall, experienced a chill, and went to bed. Miriam gave him all the teas she could

find in the house—boneset, catnip, and Jersey, elderberry wine and whiskey, but he was so much worse in the morning that she hitched up one of the horses and drove to the nearest telephone to summon a doctor from Fayetteville. When she returned in half an hour he was delirious, and as she approached the bed tried to catch hold of her and draw her close to him, moaning out in Pennsylvania Dutch that he loved her, that he was going to die, and she must go with him. When the doctor came at noon he was still raving, all in the same unpleasant strain. He became so violent that the doctor ordered the girl to keep out of the room. Several neighbor women were summoned, but when he saw them he cursed wildly in Dutch, and called for Miriam. In the middle of the night he sprang from the bed and, knocking his nurses aside, rushed down the cold stairway, through the hall into the kitchen, and with feverish fingers fumbled the hasp leading to the staircase to Miriam's tiny room. The girl was sitting on the bed in the darkness, her dress was off, she had been trying to write a letter to the stranger when the lamp had gone out, and, sinking down, became absorbed in revery. She was aroused by the racket below, and heard the door open and a couple of heavy footfalls, followed by the shrieks of the neighbor women who were now at old Schneck's heels. Calling loudly in Pennsylvania Dutch: "Miriam, I love you; I am dying, and I am going to take you with me," he fell in a heap on the first step and was dragged back

only to be found stone dead. Miriam sat down again on the bed in the darkness, dazed, until the neighbor women appeared with lamps and told her to come down and help carry the corpse back to its bed. She crawled into her dress somehow, and helped perform the gruesome task, and lay out the corpse as well. In the morning friends of the deceased arrived and it was arranged that Miriam should remain in the house after the funeral until young Schneck could come in from Kansas and take possession of his late father's property. Widow Lemasters would live with her—it would not be for long. Miriam had to work somewhere; she did not want to go back to Baltimore; there was a man there who annoyed her with his attentions. She would remain, and perhaps might keep house for young Schneck if he elected to reside at his father's home-stead.

The night after the funeral Miriam retired to her little room above the kitchen. Widow Lemasters was occupying the guest chamber. The girl knew no fear. She would have slept in the room the old man died in, or beside the corpse, if there had been any reason for so doing. At midnight she was awakened by some one walking about in the kitchen. "It's only Aunty," she thought, "down after some medicine for her tooth-ache." But soon she heard gutteral and inarticulate sounds like disjointed sentences in Dutch. Could it be old Schneck coming back to keep his promise? She heard the hasp creak, but it did not open, and it was

soon followed by a terrific pounding on the door, interspersed with moans and sighs. The racket was so great and so prolonged that Widow Lemasters was awakened and, coming down with her lamp, found no one. She opened the door and called to Miriam, "Are you sick? Have you been in the kitchen?" "No, I am not sick," replied the girl, resolutely, "and I have not been in the kitchen. It's Jake Schneck come back." The following night the same performance was repeated, only the din was louder. The next morning Widow Lemasters asked the girl to come and sleep with her in the guest room, but she refused. "No ghost has the strength to unhook a hasp," she said boldly. The racket kept up every night for two weeks, sometimes becoming louder and more menacing, but Miriam learned to sleep through it all. One Sunday night the rumpus was louder than ever, waking her, but not frightening her. This time, to her surprise, the hasp was sprung aside, and Miriam heard heavy footsteps on the cramped, crooked stairs. "Oh, if he'd only fall," she said to herself, still lying prone. But on he came; there was no door at the head of the stairs; the steps opened in a corner of the room. Out of the floor, in the moonlight, appeared Jake Schneck's head and shoulders, then his whole form, and with outstretched arms, came in view. Miriam was now sitting up in bed, her aquiline face with its fine thin mouth looking all the world like the Mummy of Rameses II, her dark eyes gleaming with all the anger of Horus,

the Avenger. The ugly form advanced toward the bed, but after taking a couple of steps, with a crash toppled forward, falling over the foot of the bed and vanishing. Miriam stood the ordeal without fainting, but in the morning told her aunt that since the apparition had begun penetrating into her room she could remain in the house no longer. She gathered together her belongings and, walking to a neighbor's house in the cold fog of the early morning, secured a horse and spring wagon to take her, with her trunk and suitcase, to Seven Stars, where she boarded a train which would connect for Harrisburg. After what she had been through, Widow Lemasters could not ask her to stay. Distant relatives and friends of the deceased boarded up the house, arranging to care for the livestock, for the son, though telegraphed for, showed himself to be in no hurry to come east. That night the noise in the deserted house was so great that it was heard at the neighboring farmhouses, half a mile away. The ghost seemed to be pounding the house down with impotent rage and frenzy. Every night the same proceedings occurred, some nights less violently than others, for the love that lasted beyond the grave must be appeased, and the soul of the old man was so earth-bound that it could not take flight. Widow Lemasters, when she heard of these doings, sagely remarked: "There's only one thing to do: tear down the house, and that will lay the hellish ghost." And having a reputation for knowledge along such lines, her views

were pretty generally acquiesced in. Miriam's parents, when they heard she had gone away without saying good-bye or leaving an address, were considerably chagrined. "We should have known that a draft dodger was no earthly good," said old Dousdebes, shaking his his shaggy black beard, "and too mean even to find a place in the world beyond."



## IV. Conestoga

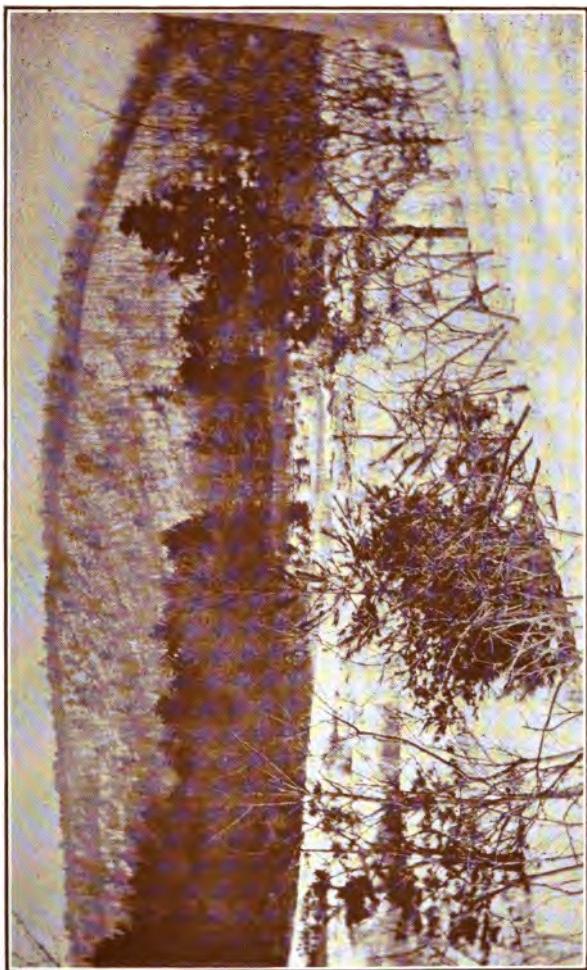
WHEN old Pastor Simon Rostraver, of Slaney Church, at Farmersmith, near the head of Path Valley, was left a widower, one of his daughters from Letterkenny, who had lost her husband some years before, and whose children were grown, came to live with him. She was a devoted companion and attendant, never leaving him, except once a year at Christmas time, when she would return to Letterkenny and visit about among her children and grandchildren for the two weeks between Christmas and the first week of the New Year. She always urged her aged father to come along, as did his numerous descendants, but he preferred his familiar associations in the bleak old manse where he had lived for so many years, to all the holiday festivities which his kindred might offer. He had moved to Path Valley soon after being ordained into the ministry, nearly sixty years before, first settling near Fort Loudon, and gradually moving with the congregations as the upper part of the valley was opened, until in his old age he received the least desirable charge of all at Farmersmith, where he felt that he would round out his days. Perhaps it was a fear of being superseded that caused him to cling so tenaciously to the manse, as even in these remote days younger men were always the preference, even in the church. Probably because they were more newly arrived from heaven, for certainly these striplings would possess less worldly wisdom! During his daughter's

SOUTH MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

nefdaughter or a great-granddaughter  
elected to keep him company, and the two  
had passed pleasantly and placably. There  
was a few of the old people's denomination at the  
valley, but the "youths" were there were zeal  
and numbers so that the congregation had to  
be supplied from outside, such

as it was. I am sure that concerns the  
old girl's daughter, "Josie" Bridgeman,  
has been told off to act as com-  
panion to his absence. She was an unass-  
sixteen, and was bright, cheerful

her, and to her alone, in the long  
time out from sometimes would tell of  
in Ireland, at Clogher, how when the  
war the place it was said, "They are  
the French," who the world probably  
would have made in Europe. He  
is strange that is in the long and  
very poor or when Indians it will  
not be well being taught for  
the French. He had known Rev.  
W. H. C. the parson of Prestong Church,  
the man, born at Long Netham;  
Sister, Jane Harris, John Gold-  
bridge, Col. J. Hart Bouquet,  
Duquesne, Major Grant of il-  
linoys, the Mingy Chief, "Mad"  
John Philip Dr. Evans, Con-  
sidered the other characters very





assuming historical importance. He once told of the massacres of the friendly Conestoga Indians at their camp near Lancaster, and in Lancaster Work House, yet minimized the part he had played, either from modesty or changed convictions. Yet it was on record how this then young graduate of the Log College, in clerical attire, had shot down the Chief of the Conestogas, the one able-bodied Indian in the entire aggregation of victims, while he was trying to protect the women and children, and how John Penn, hearing of it, had placed a price on his scalp. He had hidden in the Tuscarora and Kittochtinny Mountains for many months, until finally powerful friends had softened the wrath of the unstable Penn, and he had been allowed to resume his churchly calling, provided he never returned to Paxtang. Even when the Penns had vanished he never came back, so in that respect he was the most punished member of the bloodthirsty band of so-called "Paxton Boys." The weather was very severe, but despite this the young great-granddaughter accompanied a sleighing party to Horse Valley, where sliding on a mill pond of the Conodogwinet was indulged in, and the young people built a fire to warm themselves. In some unaccountable manner Jodie's clothing caught fire and she was severely burned about the body. A local doctor helped her all he could. She was then hurried back to Farmersmith. Several doctors attended her, saying that if she withstood the shock she would survive the burning. The old pastor, being nearly ninety years of age, was considerably upset by this dreadful acci-

dent; especially there was no way to get a quick message to her parents, so with the aid of his old servant, Maggie Gleim, attempted to care for and nurse the girl until some one would be going to Letterkenny. The night before Jodie had gone to Horse Valley he had sat up with her in his library, telling more of the episodes of his early life, and his mind was filled with memories of the stirring days along the Blue Mountains in the Eighteenth Century, of his youth in '55, and his strong manhood in '63. Now, as night came on and his favorite descendant lay suffering, he informed his servant that he would sit up with her, that he was a very poor sleeper, and it would leave Maggie fresher to do her work the next morning. The old maid-of-all-work gladly consented, and the aged man took up his vigil beside the young girl's bedside. The girl lay in a large yellow walnut bedstead in the spare room, a great, square, high-ceilinged apartment, with an open fireplace, on the front of the mantel of which was carved an inscription in the Gaelic language:

"Far'm beil na laoich a dh'—fhalbh o shean,  
An cadal trom gun dol le ceol."

However, in common with most men of the Rev. Simon Rostraver's persuasion, he detested everything that savored of the native Irish, always emphasizing his Scotch or English origin. The old pastor was, however, one of the earliest students of the Gaelic tongue in the entire United States, but it was the Gaelic of Scotland, and not of the Em-

erald Isle, that interested him, he said. As he sat by the bedside, the huge room lit by a single rush light on the night table, and the glow from the backlog in the fireplace, he noted the flushed, feverish condition of the girl's face, how restless she was, and how unnatural she seemed when he tried to converse with her. She appeared to have great difficulty in breathing, and tossed from side to side of the bed, every move adding to her misery, yet was fully conscious of her surroundings. When she would lie quiet or seem to doze, the old man, in order to divert his mind, would hearken back in his thoughts to the pioneer days at Paxtang, where he played so stirring a part—they could not have been altogether pleasant memories, but he was worried lest the young girl die, so far away from her parents, and any change of thought was refreshing. He recalled the recent visit of the young hunter, Johnny Kilgore, who always brought him a deer for Christmas; how the boy who lived to be the most noted Nimrod in Horse and Path Valleys had described seeing seven Indians packing eastward over the Tri-Mountain Road, how they had stopped at Betty Bell's spring for mead and ginger cakes, almost frightening that good woman out of her wits. Who could those Indians have been, and where were they going to—east. His old resentment against all redmen boiled up in him, and he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as he thought of the atrocities supposed to have been committed by them on the land-grabbing white savages. He soon found that to think of Indians was as unpleas-

ant as to reason over the burned girl's condition ; he could not fly from his ugly train of thought. Outside the wind was beating a weird, terrible tattoo against the house, and a loose board in the chimney flapped back and forth, making a sound which, if he had not known what it was, he could have mistaken for a ghost. He didn't believe in ghosts, in dreams and tokens, perhaps a little, but his experiences with ghosts had been negative. While still in his teens he had gone to court a young lady on the Conestoga, several miles above what was later the scene of his sanguinary exploit with the Indian chief, and, remaining late, was reminded that he would have to pass a certain sycamore tree from which a ghost was wont to issue and frighten passersby. He had been a courageous youth, and walked boldly along the lonely path until he reached the tree. It gleamed white in the starlight, and he paused to look at it and wait for the appearance of the ghost. As none came, he called out in his loudest tones : "Ghost, if you are there, present yourself ; I want to see you." Still all was silence save for the slight, rippling, flowing sound of the Conestoga. He then walked up and poked with his cane about the tree, tarried a while longer to give the ghost all the time it needed to materialize, and then resumed his way towards Lancaster. He felt more afraid of Indians or footpads than ghosts for the remainder of the journey.

The second occasion was when he was in hiding in the Tuscarora Mountains after the Conestoga massa-

cre. It was at nightfall, and, with two fellow refugees, approached a substantial but tenantless log house which stood in a good-sized clearing along one of the runs which was tributary to the Conococheague. "Here is a place to spend the night at last," he said, for all three youths were footsore. One of his companions shook his head. "That's the old McCaleb homestead. It's haunted. We can't stay there." "We will stay there," replied young Rostraver. "And I'll lay the ghost if he dares to appear to us." Making pillows of their great-coats, they lay down on the floor in one of the rooms and fell asleep. About midnight all three were awakened by a moaning, wailing noise coming from a room at the end of the corridor. They had no lights, but the clergyman declared that he would attack the ghost in its lair. As he started down the dark hall a fresh outburst of moaning and groaning was heard. "Come back before it is too late," shouted his companions. "That only makes me want to meet that ghost the more," said Rostraver, as he went his way. As he neared the open door from which the sounds had emanated, a new frenzy of wailing and screeching met his ears. He burst into a loud laugh, and called to his companions: "I have my hands on the ghost, and have laid him." Walking to the window he seized a thick mass of paper that had been laid sheet upon sheet to cover the opening where one of the lights was missing; the wind searching its way into these strips of paper had caused the uncanny noises. He muttered to himself the familiar lines of

his favorite poet, Oliver Goldsmith, "A window patched with paper lent a ray." The three young men slept soundly for the rest of the night. "There are no ghosts," thought the old man as he gazed from the floor to the sleeping form of his great-granddaughter, or listened to the banshee-like wailing of the wind, or the slow, leisurely ticking of the old Irish clock in the hallway below. "I am as convinced of that as any Sadduccee of old." As he listened to the clock, the tick-tock seemed to grow louder. "That cannot be the clock," he muttered. "It's some one walking below stairs, and coming this way." The door leading from the sick room was kept open so that the servant who slept in a nearby room could readily hear any summons. As the old man listened he could hear footsteps coming up the staircase, soft foot-falls, like some one in stocking feet. At the same time the injured girl awoke and raised herself up a little, rubbing her eyes. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps. "Can it be old Maggie walking in her sleep?" conjured the churchman. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came; the visitor must be on the landing, and only a few paces from the door. Rostraver, who had been sitting with his back to the door, facing the bed, turned about, and to his dismay saw standing in the doorway the stalwart form of an Indian chief in full regalia, Tenessedaga of the Conoys. The sick girl also saw the apparition, but was too dazed by her painful condition to make an outcry. The old clergyman was too amazed at first to speak. The Indian stood there at "parade rest," lean-

ing on the barrel of his long rifle, and looking steadfastly at the old man. Rostraver was seated in an awkward position for defense, yet for several moments he could not bring himself to move. Then he turned about and sprang to his feet, his long, gaunt figure spreading wierd shadows on the walls, as bold and belligerent as of yore. The wind was howling dreadfully, and the board in the chimney was pounding faster and faster; the old man, with both fists tightly clenched, and trembling with rage, spoke at the top of his voice to be heard above the gale: "What do you mean by coming here at this hour of the night, leering like a Ninnihammer. If you are God, you will not hurt us; if you are the devil, go to hell; if you are a man, I'll break your head!" These words uttered, he raised his long arm and shook his bony fist at the midnight intruder. But the Indian remained in the doorway imperturbable. The unseemly episode brought the suffering girl back to complete consciousness. "What does that Indian want, grandfather?" she said, as she tugged at one of the tails of the old man's broad-cloth coat. "I'll soon find out, if he doesn't answer." said the clergyman, breaking loose and striding towards the fireplace. There were no sticks in the wood-box, and the logs in the fireplace were almost coals, so laying hold of one of the iron fire-dogs by its head he swung it in the air and hurled it across the room at the immobile redman. The fire-dog struck the floor with a heavy thud, the Indian gave the old man a look which seemed to go through his very vitals, then turned on

his heel and slowly passed along the hall and up the stairs leading to the attic. Meanwhile Maggie Gleim, aroused by the thud, rushed into the room. "Who was that man I passed in the hall?" she fairly screamed. Old Rostraver was very calm; he was never cooler when a fugitive with a price on his head or under fire in the fiercest battles of the Revolution. "We will see," he said. "You stay here with Jodie, while I go upstairs to investigate." Maggie had brought her candle with her, which the old man took from her hands, and, unarmed as he was, he started for the gloomy attic. He looked into every nook and corner, behind every pile of timbers, or musty books, or old furniture, and even inside of the big oaken chests, but no one was to be seen, and there was no way out except through the trap-door leading to the roof. Yet the old man would not be convinced that he had seen a ghost, for he lingered and poked about in the attic until the old Irish clock sent its single echo upstairs, "one o'clock." Baffled, but admitting nothing, he returned to his great-granddaughter's sick room. "Was it an Indian?" said the girl. "Was it a ghost?" said Maggie Gleim. "I don't know what it was," replied Rostraver; "possibly neither. It will take some time to determine."

The serving-woman had replaced the fire-dog, and soon retired to her own room, and the aged clergyman resumed his vigil by Jodie's bedside. The wind beat a terrific fury about the eaves, and the loose board, like a guilty heart, hammered incessantly in the chimney. "Woo, woo, woo, joh-hoh, joh-hoh, joh-hoh," now

seemed its maddening refrain, the very words and tone of the war cry of Conestogas and Conoys.

Reverend Simon Rostraver bowed his hoary head. Before him arose the picture of the shrieking, pleading Indian women and children, running hither and thither with the sturdy Paxton boys beating out their brains with the butts of their rifles, a memory which his soul could not blot out, the chieftain he had shot down in cold blood when he tried to protect the weak and the aged, it was all too terrible, and his sixty years of preaching of the Gospel of Forgiveness seemed like a drop of water in a sea of blood, his ocean of iniquity. Just as his thoughts were at their most melancholy level, the big brass knocker on the front door began to pound violently. Before the old man could decide what to do, Maggie Gleim was in the hall with a rush-light, hurrying to the door. From the head of the stairs the old man could hear the voices of his daughter and the mother of the sick girl. They ran up the stairs, almost tripping over their long, fur-tipped wraps. Poor Jodie rose up in bed, clapping her hands at the sight of them. "We all had such a strange dream last night," the new arrivals chorused. "An Indian chief in full regalia came to our bedsides and told us that Jodie was seriously sick, and to go home at once. When we awoke, no one was to be seen. We started away this morning, but the roads were so drifted with snow, and the horses so weak, we were stalled six or seven times. As it is, the team is now stuck in a drift two miles down the road. We posi-

tively could not wait, so left father and Black George to get them out, and plowed our way through to get here."

Rev. Simon Rostraver stood eyeing the women, candle in hand, in breathless amazement, as did the old serving-woman. "That Indian has been here to-night," firmly said the old man. "I thought he meant us evil, so I fired one of the andirous at him, and followed him to the garret, resolved to choke him and throw him out of the house." "Then you weren't dreaming when you saw him?" said Jodie's mother, excitedly. "I saw him," said the sick girl. "And I, too, saw him," said old Maggie Gleim. "Who do you think he could have been, father?" said the burned girl's mother. "I know very well who he was. I can never forget that face from the Work House at Lancaster when I shot him down when he sought to stand between me and some women I was knocking the brains out of. It all goes to prove what I have been preaching these sixty years, that there is only love and forgiveness when once we are released from the bonds of the flesh."



## V. The White Lady of Pomfret Castle

WHERE was Pomfret Castle? Though one of the earliest and most important of the frontier forts, it alone is undesignated on the maps of the Colonial period, and even an exact work like the "Report on the Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania," published in 1895, treats the historic structure almost as a myth. Various historians have tried to find locations for it; some have placed it in the South Mountains, others in the vicinity of Fort Littleton in the Big Cove, while more have declared that it was on Cocalamus Creek or along the Susquehanna. Surely the fort did exist, for it is frequently alluded to in history, and was it not from its immediate vicinity that the celebrated Patt Mitcheltree was carried off by six Indians in broad daylight in 1756? There is an old foundation of vast proportions, with a subterranean passage leading to the river bank, which some stoutly declare was the site of the real Pomfret Castle. On it, some forty-five years ago, a great square hotel of brick was erected, in the expectation of catering to the travel between the Juniata and Susquehanna Valleys. From the first it proved a failure, as it stood a quarter mile off the main highway, and the rutty, grass-grown lane never looked inviting to the public. At nightfall, when most belated travelers are looking for accommodations, it was nearly invisible from the main road and the river, screened by giant oaks and birches, blending into the dark and sombre landscape. A single light

from the window of the "out-kitchen," added on a year after the main edifice was completed, flickered through the gloom towards the pike, a veritable "star of the glen," but too small a gleam against the blackness of the oncoming dusk to tempt the wayfarer to turn off the broad highway, with the wonderfully kept hostelry of Pete Owens at Liverpool only a few miles distant.

For twenty years it has been practically deserted; this year a family is occupying the kitchen structure, but when night comes on, and the giant trees wave their gaunt branches, and the wind blows in sharp gusts, it seems a place to be shunned by all except lovers of the ghostly and the mysterious. It was an error of judgment to construct such a huge building in such an out-of-the-way locality, but the architect who designed it was evidently a person of taste, and must be commended on his results. The neighboring mountain people considered it poor judgment to put any buildings on the foundations of the old fort. "The ghosts are there, and there will never be any peace for any one who lives in such surroundings," was the remark of many an old man and woman as they watched the structure going up. But all its sins are forgiven by its architectural uniqueness.

Huge and square as it is, with a flat roof and long, narrow windows, it is like some old hacienda in Spain, and might resemble the ancient manor so admirably described by Stevenson in his eerie tale of "Olalla." If outwardly it savors of the old world, and the realms of romance, inwardly it is even more weirdly fascinat-

ing. In the centre of the house is a vast corridor, with winding staircase, the banisters of walnut and curiously carved. On one side is a store building, but the staircase does not lead to any of the rooms on that wing; they are completely cut off from the other parts of the house. The stairway leads to corridors on the second and third floors, honeycombed by many rooms, large and small, and a vast garret, the size of the entire house—one of the most melancholy and ghostly old lumber rooms imaginable. On the first floor are two large parlors, with a grille between, handsome high-ceilinged apartments fit for the abode of an Alcalde. Above the store, which also contained a post office for several years, is a large ball room, with benches ranged about the walls, high-ceilinged and with long windows like those in a country church. The only egress from this ball room is from a hallway in the rear which leads to a stairway which ascends to a number of rooms above and behind the ball room, and descending leads into a corridor back of the post office, which was at the rear of the store building. There is a door from this corridor leading into the more lately constructed "back kitchen," and doors from this kitchen lead into the great main hallway and into the back parlor, but apart from these, the two halves of the great house are separate and distinct.

There is nothing more depressing than a disused store, with empty show-cases, counters and shelves, the floor strewn with old newspapers, almanacs and torn pages of account books—a dull lull where once was the busy

mart of trade. And an abandoned post office is even more dispiriting—the little window where so many hopes have been raised or lowered, the pigeon-holes once crammed with farm papers, catalogues and newspapers, and fewer letters—some of them sent to shatter the greatest hopes of love—the avenue of contact between the mountain folks and the outside world, now as empty and black and hopeless as the letters that never came. On the table back of the letter window, the old metal cancelling stamps are still lying, and the drawers from which postage stamps were counted half open but empty. Perhaps some philatelist, with a good “bull’s-eye” and plenty of time, in delving among drawers and pigeon-holes, and under the boxes and barrels which clutter the place, might unearth many stamps of “Centennial Year” or others of even greater rarity. Casselman’s Bar P. O.—for such it was called—is no longer found in the Postal Guides, and the simple dwellers in the surrounding hills have lost a social centre by its premature abandonment.

The place never paid. That was the prime cause for its going out of business. It was folly to locate a store, dance hall, hotel and post office off a main thoroughfare where the best paying travel passed it unnoticed, and it never became popular with the watermen, being too far inland. The magnificent foundation, with its huge cellarways, had tempted Jake Heiser to build, but nothing was gained by its possession, and the rows of empty whiskey barrels and racks of empty wine

bottles tell of a stock that was here disposed of slowly, but which would have made the landlord rich if he had located on the pike.

But it was the ghosts that really closed the Bar Hotel; one ghost in particular was chiefly responsible. Even from the night the house was first opened noises were heard in the cellar. "Neighbor boys after wine," the landlord thought, for he had kept open house, with open taps on that wild initial night. But on repairing to the cellar all was locked as he had left it. As a precaution he blocked up with oak planking the subterranean passage-way to the river, but could not quiet the mysterious noises below stairs. After a while the entire household got used to these subterranean ghosts. "They date from the days when the old fort stood on the foundations," said Cephas Meily, the oldest man in the neighborhood, and he ought to know. In order to make up for the lack of transient travel, the landlord made a specialty of chicken and waffle and ham and egg suppers, advertising in the town papers, and gradually a select trade of this kind made its rendezvous at the hotel. The stables were on as big a scale as the house, and sleighing parties and straw rides found ideal accommodations there. In the summer months parties of young people, properly chaperoned, would stop at the hotel for a week at a time. The rooms were large and airy; there was an excellent table; the canoeing on the river and berrypicking and mountain climbing, and trout fishing in the brook, made plenty of amusement all day long. In the evening the long

shutters of the great churchly windows of the ball room over the store would be thrown open, and the gay young people generally danced until daybreak.

An old half-Indian named Casper Loop, who appeared mysteriously at the hotel the night it was opened, and left the night it was closed, and who acted as hostler and handy-man by day, sang and played the dulcimer, rendering a type of music rare as it was attractive. On one occasion two such primitive "house parties" (there were no "cottages" or "bungalows" in the mountains those days), made up of the younger sets from two towns to the south of Casselman's Bar, were stopping at the hotel. They were young people occupying relatively the same social position in their respective communities, so they soon met on very friendly terms.

When the parties arrived at the hotel, there were several couples in each group who imagined themselves madly in love with one another. They had not been long under the same roof when the most deeply involved began casting glances at members of the other party, for all were very young. The quest was now to become acquainted, so that the girls in one party soon were constantly in the society of the boys of the other, and vice versa.

There was one couple who were on the point of announcing their engagement, and were so constantly together that they were almost the same as extra chaperones. The young man had never swerved in his devotion until he arrived at the hotel. Then he saw a

brunette in the other party who interested him, and it gave him a peculiar pleasure to make his beloved uneasy and jealous. The girl in the other party was slim and very dark, and had a downcast look, and could not look one in the eyes like the candid, blue-eyed, brown-haired girl who was unwavering in her love. She deserved better treatment, but many of the best of persons have been made to suffer slights in love, and she was no exception. The house-party, instead of being a delight, became a period of torture. She was heart-broken most of all, yet humiliation entered largely into her grief. She had held her lover in such high esteem, he had never been known to notice another girl; some of her friends had called him "Old Trusty," from his avowed fidelity. Now all was changed. He made no secret of his devotion to the dark girl, was with her whenever he could, and on several occasions arranged trysts along the river after his sweetheart had retired. It was a desperate case, and the chaperones of both parties discussed it in undertones, how it could be "broken up" and normal conditions revived. All were watching its progress and noting the daily wilting and sorrowing of the neglected one. The rejected felt so chagrined that she kept out of sight whenever possible, even consorting with the help in the kitchen as a pretext to remain in seclusion.

On one occasion she noted the cook cleaning her great zinc "sink" with some carbolic acid from a small bottle, and saw her stow it away in the corner cupboard after she was finished. "I could end my misery,"

through the wretched girl, "with what that woman poured down the drain; it is a good material wasted." She even tried to get up a flirtation with one of the unmatched lads in her own party, but when she was with him she kept watching her faithless lover so continually that her feigned interest in another was but a transparent fraud. It so happened that as both parties were to "break up" within a day of one another, it was decided to have a joint dance in the ball room the "last night" to terminate the joyous holiday. The old dulcimer player was reinforced by two fiddlers, so as to have continuous music all night long.

It proved to be a glorious affair to all except the discarded girl. She received the most open slights that night, left as a "wall flower" while her erstwhile lover would dance eight dances in succession with her rival. Her earlier and marked preference for her former lover had caused the other lads to be indifferent, and now that she was free, they kept up the custom of avoiding her. She sat on one of the benches against the wall, a picture of misery. Her round, girlish face was crimson, and she kept fanning herself, complaining to every one of the heat, though all the windows were open, and a constant breeze blew in from the river, almost a gale. Sometimes she held the fan before her face longer than was necessary, to hide the tears that would not stay back and which she would later wipe away with her little lace handkerchief as "perspiration." It was galling to her to watch her "paragon" whirling around and around with a girl who

seemed so callous and unworthy. She longed for the sympathy of her girl friends, but when they tried to be affectionate and consoling pride rebelled and she held them at a distance. She heard the tall clock in the front hall chime twelve. It was during an intermission, and its sonorous tones came through the open door below and were wafted through the long windows. She was attempting to appear gay, drinking lemonade with the boy with whom she had tried to flirt. But everywhere she looked she saw her lover dancing attention to her rival, the dark girl's air of triumph; it was all too much, and she felt dizzy. Just then the music began, and she asked to be excused, and in the excitement of choosing partners she slipped out the back door.

On a shelf in the corridor she found a row of candles: taking one that was lit she started down the narrow, winding stairway. She was soon in the back kitchen, and in sight of the corner cupboard. She approached it and opened it cautiously—the little bottle of deadly poison was still there. She seized the vial, drew the cork and held it to the light. There was not much left in it, but enough to take her across the Styx, she reasoned. She recorked it, and hiding it in the hollow of her hand with her handkerchief, stood undecided a moment. Should she go to the cellar—the door stood before her—or go upstairs? The cellar was dark and inhospitable, so she moved through the main hall and up the broad staircase, the hand with the bottle in it rubbing along the walnut balustrade, making a peculiar

noise, the other holding aloft the candle in its tiny brass dish. She reached the first landing and passed her own room; at a door nearer the front of the house she paused. It was her lover's chamber, and the door was ajar. She entered and closed the door. The candle light showed the young man's other clothes in disarray about the floor. She gathered them up tenderly and placed them neatly on a chair. Then she looked in the mirror of the marble-topped dressing stand, so popular in those days. Her face was no longer flushed "baby red," but was almost as pale as death. She arranged her hair carefully, and smoothed her white satin gown. Then she placed the candle on the dresser and climbed carefully on the bed, reclining at full length. She raised the carbolic acid bottle to her lips and took a great gulp. There was an involuntary cry of pain, and she tossed from side to side, trying to die quietly and bravely, but the agony was excruciating. Soon the merciful Dark Angel drew the curtain, and the candle flickered on the corpse's face, the lips and chin frightfully burned and scarred, but otherwise she was beautiful in the calmness of death.

The candle was almost burned into its socket when whispered voices were heard in the hall. A feminine voice was saying, "I don't want to go in; there's a light burning; some one must be there now." Then a man's voice replied, "Come in; that must be a candle I left burning when I changed my clothes." Then the youth threw one arm about the girl's shoulder, turned the knob and drew her into the room. As they came

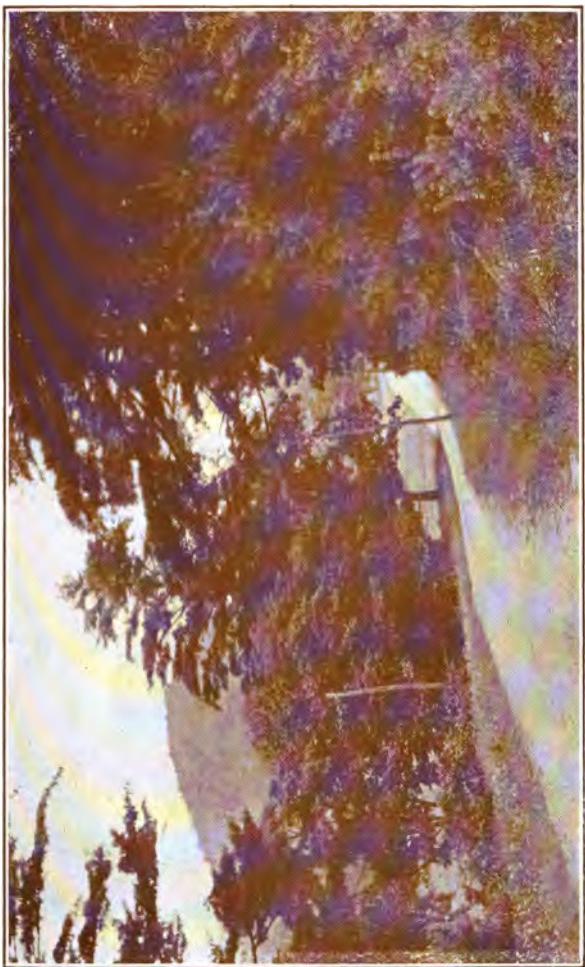
through the door he held aloft a candle. "I told you so," said the girl; "there's your fiancee lying on the bed. She's fallen asleep waiting for you." The youth was non-plussed; his former sweetheart had surely showed her great love openly, yet this was the first time that she had been indiscreet; if she woke suddenly and found her rival in the room *there would be trouble.* He neared the bed only to draw back in horror. He noted the awful livid scars about her mouth, the empty bottle by her side, the greenish pallor of death. The dark girl was now close by his side. One glimpse told her the story. She ran pell mell from the room, and to her own room, where she jumped into bed with her clothes on and pulled the patch-work haps over her head.

There seemed to be no other course open for the young man but to gather up the dead girl in his arms and carry her to her own room. All the other dancers had retired earlier, the corridors were still. He laid her on the bed with the empty poison bottle beside her, then returned to his own room, leisurely undressed and retired. He slept the sleep of the soulless until nearly noon the next day, when he went downstairs looking as fresh as if nothing had happened. He saw a jaded party. All were not down yet, but those who were had danced themselves into inertia. Few of the girls looked attractive; their hair hung in stiff strands, they were black under their eyes and sallow from the night of gayety. Comment was made at dinner time at the discarded sweetheart's tardy appearance.

THE MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

The spectators went up and knocked at the door, but she knocked again. Taking the key from her belt, she opened it. The door was not locked, and the shutters were closed, but she could see that the bed fully clad. Drawing back the ugly black sheets, the empty bottle and the bricks she ran out of the room and screaming every one in the house. Soon the room was thronged with members of the parties, "not one seemed more surprised than the girl and his dark *craquelure*, some less troubled persons in the crowd, who were all people of the world. They must be kept secret; the girl's mother said it they knew the facts. It must be a secret, a girl always had weak lungs; she had had one and died, extracting herself at the ball.

she was very comely and, as  
she counted a lot, and social position  
as the mountain folks called it, must  
be saved at any cost. The parents consented.  
The girl was taken home and buried,  
among people of leading families in two  
Alabama towns, to say nothing of the  
surrounding country, again breathed easily. It is  
the well-bred people stand together in a  
league to shield their kind, no matter  
what may happen. If the perpetrators turn out to  
be "gentlemen" or "ladies," all is min-



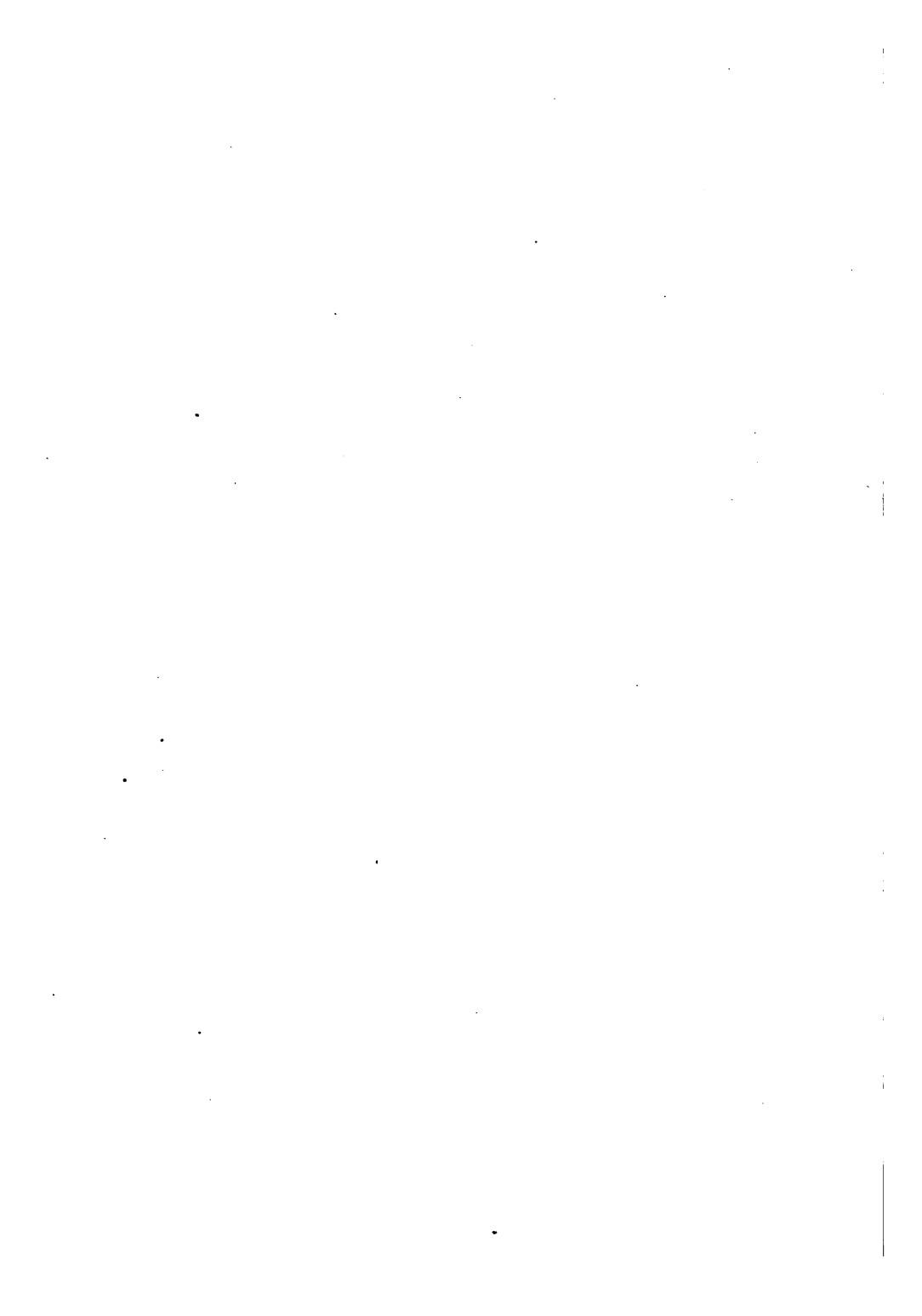
One of the chaperones went up and knocked at the door. No response. She knocked again. Taking the door-knob she turned it. The door was not locked. She entered. The shutters were closed, but she could see the girl extended on the bed fully clad. Drawing near she saw the ugly black scars, the empty bottle. With a series of shrieks she ran out of the room and down the hall, alarming every one in the house. Soon the halls and the room were thronged with members of both "house parties," and none seemed more surprised than the one-time lover and his dark *enamorita*. There were some level-headed persons in the crowd. Their counsels prevailed. They were all people of prominence. The suicide must be kept secret; the girl's family would concur if they knew the facts. It must go out this way: The girl always had weak lungs; she was subject to hemorrhages; she had had one and died, doubtless due to overtaxing herself at the ball.

In those days coroners were complaisant and, as now, political influence counted a lot, and social position more—"quality," as the mountain folks called it, must not be compromised at any cost. The parents concurred in the plot. The girl was taken home and buried, and a score of young people of leading families in two southern Pennsylvania towns, to say nothing of the two staid chaperones, again breathed easily. It is wonderful how well-bred people stand together in a sort of freemasonry to shield their kind, no matter how black the crimes; if the perpetrators turn out to be what they dub "gentlemen" or "ladies," all is min-

**West Entrance**

**to**

**Caledonia Park**



imized and condoned, if not denied altogether. Such are the advantages of Prestige! See Lewis Leopold's great book on this subject.

But hushing up the story of the suicide of one of the country's most aristocratic belles from pique at a love disappointment did not lay her miserable ghost. The pain that lasts through life was transferred to another world to canker. Every Thursday night at the midnight hour the rustle of a satin gown is heard on the long stairway leading from the ball room to the back kitchen; the door of the corner cupboard swings open and shuts, and the swish of skirts and the patter of slippere'd feet is heard in the great hall. Then comes a sound as if a bottle was being scraped along the balustrades, a door opens and shuts, there comes a weird cry, then all is still, but the falling of the river or the "hoo, hoo, hoo" of the great horned owls reassuring one another among the great dark oaks and birches which screen the old house from the river.

Intimations of a dark tragedy can hurt a hotel almost as much as an open declaration; never too well patronized, the hostelry received what the mountaineers call a "black eye" and declined steadily. The post-office was closed for lack of patronage. The landlord moved out the spring following the alleged suicide. He was tired of hearing ghosts in the cellar; a new one upstairs was one too many. Another tenant could not be found, and the great fortress-like Spanish house built on the foundations of historic Pomfret Castle was left to its ghostly occupants.

Within the past year a family has moved into the back kitchen. They do not like the ghost of the White Lady, as they call her, passing through their room, or rummaging in their cupboard, nor do the noises in the dismal cellars below agree with them—but the rent is low, probably only a couple of dollars a month, there is a good garden and truck patch, good water, and a spacious barn, and handy to work, so they are willing to endure the spooks.

It is said that when the youth responsible for the fair girl's tragic death, now a respected citizen and bank president, passes along the pike at dusk, and his restless glances note the ruddy gleam in the kitchen window of the great house down the lane, he orders the chauffeur of his big Pierce-Arrow to put on topmost speed; he has an important meeting he must hurry to at Harrisburg.



## VI. The Lost Valley

IT IS surprising how general is the story of a lost valley, located in a remote section of the Pennsylvania Mountains where the various species of wild game have taken refuge, waiting until a time when they can emerge and live in a state of safety. In all sections of the Commonwealth the legend is whispered by the old hunters, and is sincerely believed.

There is a similar story told concerning Monte Rosa, in the Italian Alps, of how several bold hunters became lost among the mountains, and, peering over a great precipice, seemingly in the very heart of the giant peak, beheld a verdant valley, teeming with the ibex and other game long vanished from most parts of the Alpine regions.

Few are the persons who have gazed upon the Lost Valley of Pennsylvania, and those who have come to it through sheer stupidity or accident. It cannot be found through quest by a person in his right senses, for the Genius of the mountain bewilders and drives away all seekers for this delectable region. Well does the writer recall not one but three attempts to reach the supposed vicinity of the Lost Valley, only to fail, despite the leadership of such competent guides and mountaineers as Jake Zimmerman and Jesse Phillips and others. The writer's search was not to find the Lost Valley, but to visit a supposed beaver working at the head of one of the branches of Lick Run. It had been found by a simple-minded boy named Smith,

whose father, a lumberman from the Hunter's Run region of the South Mountains, had conducted a logger's shanty not far from the mouth of Lick Run—later occupied by our popular out-door Governor William Cryder Sproul as a hunting camp until destroyed by a mysterious fire in the fall of 1917. It remained for this half-witted boy not only to visit the beaver working, but to kill one of the beavers, an act of pure wantonness, and later to see the Lost Valley, teeming with game. The writer's modest efforts were only directed to find the scene of the beaver working, and, if located, to take as natural history specimens bits of the aspen trees felled by the busy little workers. Two trips were taken in the early spring and one in the fall, when the leaves were off the trees, so a more extensive view might be had, but the results were baffling, and despite every precaution it seemed impossible to get on the proper branch of Lick Run.

Reader, have you ever noted the Lick Run Gap as it appears from the entire breadth and length of the Buffalo Valley, five miles away? It is the gap of gaps, the noblest of notches; its form is so different, the camel hump on the mountain on the west side, the high, sharp "grindstone" ridge to the east, the great, rolling outline of the so-called South Mountain beyond. How majestic and individual it appears from the high hill beyond Youngmanstown, from the pike just north of Dreisbach Church, or from the Chestnut Ridge coming from New Berlin! Always the same, lordly, grand and mysterious, it shields the greatest

mystery in the whole treasure house of Pennsylvania folk-lore and tradition. The writer's third trip in April, was most carefully planned. But the Genius of the mountain had always a trump card to play. This time it was to cross the creek to examine the carcass of a splendid stag that had been shot the fall before. Its jaw was blown away and it had evidently dragged itself down to the stream to breathe its last at its favorite bed. Never found by the hunters, though said to have been shot by Governor Sproul himself, the carcass lay there, the sport of divers wild cats, all winter long, until found by the writer and guides in the early spring of 1917.

This digression from the straight and narrow path sealed the doom of the search for the beaver working for that day, and though often planned the writer has never had the time to repeat the search. On that occasion he was equipped with a diagram drawn by the veteran editor and sportsman of blessed memory, Lew C. Fosnot, who, because of indisposition, remained at the Zimmerman hospice, while the writer and his guides pursued their search for the mysterious pond. In the seventies and eighties Mr. Fosnot on divers grouse and wild turkey hunts had rambled pretty well all over the Nittany and South Mountains, and on one of these trips had come upon the little patch of dead water, which showed unmistakable signs of having been an ancient beaver colony, that many years later was again to be the scene of these busy little creatures' operations.

It appeared that early in 1913 some lumbermen connected with the White Deer Lumber Company's operations had stumbled across the scene of the activities of the beavers. There were only a single pair of them, and on the next Saturday night related their experience in the crossroads store at Hightown. There were some old hunters present who were pleased to hear of a return of the beavers to the White Deer waters, where none had been since about 1885. Unfortunately some one in the crowd said that the castors of the beavers were worth one hundred dollars, which made several young boys, including the half-witted lad, who were hanging about the store room, literally prick up their ears. The result was the killing of the female beaver, and the boy's story that he had looked out across a valley which teemed with every animal and bird known in that section of Pennsylvania in the olden days, the trees being filled with passenger pigeons in such numbers that they appeared blue. The killing of the beaver and the seeing of the valley sent a number of would-be argonauts into the gap of Lick Run—none of them ever found the beaver pond or the surviving beaver, or could they get any idea of the location of the Lost Valley.

On the writer's third trip to seek out the beaver working, the track was lost by the visit to the carcass of the stag, and after that the party climbed about all over the slopes of the mountains until the signs of approaching evening caused them to turn valleyward, where Zimmerman's mule team stood waiting patiently.

tied to a tree near the Sproul camp, to take them back to the genial Jake's commodious home at the heading of Zimmerman's Run. When it became apparent that no beaver pond would be found that day, the party sat down under a grove of giant original hemlocks, looking out towards Elimsport, and discussed the various aspects of the baffling situation.

One of the guides grew reminiscent and told a very curious incident that happened some forty years before, when old Adam Hawk was lumbering in Lick Run Gap. His stone shanty stood not far from where the dead stag was found; the ruins, much overgrown with briars and wild apple saplings, are still visible. Hawk was cutting original white pine in the gap for Ario Pardee and trailing the logs with oxen to White Deer Creek, where they were floated to the great Pardee saw mill near Watsontown. It was the finest kind of timber. One pine left by Hawk still stands near his ruined cabin. It is truly a "monarch of the glen."

"It was during his first winter as a jobber on Lick Run," said the guide, "and the timber stood solidly all through the gap, clear to the summit of the South Mountain beyond. The only place where the sunlight could come in was the clearing which Hawk had made for his stone shanty, and the alleged pond away back among the tops of the mountains. It looked to be a four or five-year job, so he concluded to build his camp of stone, his stables of white oak logs. Unlike most lumbermen, Adam Hawk was orderly by nature, his

buildings were substantial, and everything neat and clean about them. True enough, he only took the choice cuts out of every log, and often left entire trees lying in the woods for slight defects, but the orders of Mike Courtney, Pardee's woods boss, were that defective timber did not pay for the handling—what they wasted in those days would have made a dozen millionaires. Hawk's housekeeper was the widow of his brother Hiram, who was killed breaking the great log jam at Lock Haven dam in the spring of '73. He left, besides his widow, several children, but one, a daughter, Hazel, was with her mother at the camp on Lick Run. Hazel was easily the prettiest girl I have ever seen. She had glorious brown eyes with a glint of gold, a great amount of russet hair, a freckled face, with a nose slightly turned up—at least, it was not like a *hawk's* bill. She was not very tall, and plump rather than lean. She had winning manners and a smile that was most captivating. As a young boy working on the job, I always admired her, and would have declared myself the first time I saw her, only I knew that her heart was elsewhere. She was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, I should imagine, but in the mountains that is the age when most girls are thinking of getting married. She was much in love with a boy a few years older than herself, who lived across the mountains in White Deer Hole Valley, just below where old Cassie George, the woman hermit, had her log cabin. Hazel had met him the winter before while at her uncle's camp near the Fourth Gap, where for

several years he had a lumber job for the elder John DuBois.

"For some reason Hazel's mother professed to dislike the youth, or perhaps did not want her to marry so soon and leave her. She was very bitter against him, and forbid him to visit the camp, but sometimes when Hazel would stroll up to the home of her friend Black Agnes Dunbar, near the mouth of Fourth Gap, on Sunday afternoons, after work was done, he would appear there, and they would pass a couple of pleasant hours together. We called Agnes 'Black Agnes' because of the intense blackness of her hair, though the local school teacher said that there was a character of that name in history. I have never seen its equal for blackness before or since. If Hazel's mother had known of these meetings, there would have been great ructions, but she never found them out as far as I know, and she kept on forbidding her daughter to see the boy, and ridiculing him, until the job was finished, and they moved to Lock Haven and then to Lick Run. Whether the mother was a good judge of character is best answered by the fact that the despised boy went to Pittsburg and became a leading lawyer, and for many terms a member of Congress. He is now very wealthy, and moves in good society. It seems a pity to break up a case of first love, for we only live once, and cannot for the life of us blot out these early memories and aspirations. We are probably rewarded for our abnegation in the next world!"

"The Widow Hawk seemed pleased when the news

came that her brother-in-law had secured the contract on Lick Run, for she loved the life in the forests, and the ranges of mountains which lay between the camp and the Valley of South Creek would be effectual barriers to any continuance of her daughter's romance with the undesirable lover. The autumn tints were bright among the gray birches, beeches and tulip trees along White Deer Creek, in contrast to the darkness of the hemlocks, as they drove from Logansville (now Loganton) to the new camp. It was a beautiful drive, the zest of which was added to by old Adam Hawk handing the lines over to his niece in order to pick up his rifle and shoot the head off a fine wild turkey gobbler, or 'Bubbly Jock,' which was crossing the road near the Sand Spring. All were pleased with the substantial-looking stone house, with its red tiled roof, and the solid-looking log stable, so much in contrast to the usual flimsy construction of lumbermen's buildings. It would be an 'all-year-round' camp, as in the summer months hemlock bark could be peeled if the price kept up.

"Hazel looked south from the house to where the mountains gradually rose, ridge upon ridge, to the final culmination close to the clouds, known as 'South Mountain,' and thought of her lover, and that such a barrier could be dissolved by the will of love. She probably wasn't at all sentimental, was of a jolly and matter-of-fact disposition, yet the greatest aspirations of her nature welled up in her just at that moment. When with her mother she had driven past her lover's

home, after the Fourth Gap job was closed, she had felt that she would never see him again. As they left the valley her mother had said, rather harshly, "Take a good look, Hazel, for you will never visit that valley again, not if I have anything to say about it." Now, after an interval of a year, they were located directly south of the forbidden valley, with only mountains intervening. The first Sunday afternoon at the Lick Run camp most of the crew took naps, soothed by the genial warmth of spirit of Indian summer. Hazel's mother was among the sleepers. Others went for walks. Hazel said that she wanted to climb to the top of the mountain, but I did not take the hint and go with her, as I was not in sympathy with her mission.

"Taking a small Indian basket, and walking ahead of some of the young men who were going to gather chestnuts, she started up the steep path leading towards the giant backbone of South Mountain, every step revealing her trim ankles and the rounded outlines of her figure. The air had just enough crispness to it to prevent fatigue, and there were copious springs along the way to alleviate thirst, consequently it did not overtax her to reach the mighty eminence and look down on White Deer Hole Valley, and through the openings of the trees see the tiny speck which was her lover's home nestling at the foot of the Muncy Mountain on the far side of the valley. Seated on a log, under the biggest hemlock tree on the mountain top, listening to the 'twee, twee, twee' of the wild pigeons

in the dark, shaggy branches, she feasted her glorious brown eyes on the scenes she loved so well. Suddenly she heard a cracking of twigs, and her heart gave a jump. Could a bear be coming after her? It was a reckless act to be all alone in such a wilderness. Before she could get up, a pair of hands were clapped over her eyes from behind, and a familiar voice said: 'Guess who is here!' 'I thought you were a bear. I almost died of fright; now I am dying of joy,' replied Hazel. It was a gladsome meeting, and the moments sped by rapidly, until soon the lengthening shadows betokened the coming sunset. 'Oh, I must be hurrying back,' said Hazel, 'and I haven't a single chestnut in my basket; if I return empty-handed mother will suspect me.' 'Don't worry,' replied the young man. 'My pockets are full,' and he emptied them into the basket until it was filled to the point of overflowing. They then started across the flat summit of the mountain, towards the gorge of Lick Run. 'You must not come too far with me,' said the girl, 'lest we meet some of the chestnut-pickers from the camp, and they might accidentally let it out at the supper table.' The shadows were falling fast, and Hazel kept urging her lover to turn back. 'I know the way down the hollow; the path is clearly marked, and I'm so afraid if mother finds this out she will never let me take any more walks. This way I can meet you again next Sunday afternoon.' The lover, realizing the wisdom of her words, kissed her many times and reluctantly turned on his heel.

"Hazel, left alone, redoubled her pace, but she had walked so slowly with her lover that she could not reach the brink of the gorge before darkness fell. But she kept on and on. Was ever a plateau so wide and dreary? Were there such big or black trees elsewhere? Soon it became pitchy dark, and yet the trail did not dip downwards toward Lick Run. Hazel, at first worried, began to feel hysterical. She thought of her mother's wrath, and the ending of all hopes for future meetings with her lover. Why had she stayed so long? It had only taken her an hour and a half to climb to the top of the mountain; how did it take so much longer to return? She kept on walking and walking. A few stars came out, disclosing the path. It looked natural and she seemed to be going in the right direction. At length she came to a pool, surrounded by giant gum trees, whose bare, twisted trunks and branches stood out like ghosts against the cold starlight. A natural crossing or breast was near the outlet of the pond; surely that rivulet was one of the headings of Lick Run; if she followed its course she would come out at the main stream, and thence to the camp. She decided to follow the path, on across the table land. She kept on and on. Where could this path lead her out? It seemed as if she was walking all night, for the stars began to fade into the sky, and she felt desperately tired. Streaks of rose pink appeared in the east, yet she kept on and on. At length the path began to dip downwards; she must be on the way home at last. She came to the verge of a

tremendous precipice, but it was all obscured with fog. Only the rough tops of a few old yellow pines appeared above, and Hazel hesitated about descending into this crater. She sat down on a bed of moss, too bewildered to go further. Gradually the fog lifted, and the lost girl, despite her utmost efforts, fell asleep. When she awoke it was broad daylight, and the haze of Indian summer touched the whole landscape with a lilac veil. Down below her opened a vast crater-like 'kettle,' or valley, part in open meadows, part in forest. From the sides ran several milky waterfalls, which spread out into pools and disappeared into crevices at the bottom of the valley, like Engler's Falls in Nippenose Valley. As her eyes became accustomed to the vastness and grandeur of the view, she noticed great numbers of animals and birds, of kinds she had never seen or heard of. But she did notice herds of shaggy buffaloes, groups of moose, elks and a larger variety of deer than inhabited these mountains. Along the slopes of the great cavity moved huge, tawny panthers, wolves, red bears, white bears, lynxes, wild cats and other animals. Beavers had a long series of dams on the streams before they disappeared into the depths of the valley. Above soared the lordly bald eagles and golden eagles, and innumerable varieties of hawks and other birds flew hither and thither. It was a hunter's paradise. Hazel gazed at this unusual scene fascinated. She forgot her earlier hunger, and was no longer tired. She had heard that a stray red bear had been killed in the White Deer Creek re-

gion, and beavers and wolves and panthers were occasionally seen. All these rare forms must come from this Lost Valley. Why had no gunners ever found this happy hunting ground, where was it located, that it was so difficult not only to find, but to get away from? She sat there all day long, charmed by this glimpse of the pristine wilderness. She was neither hungry, thirsty, cold or tired, and she went gently to sleep when night fell. The next day she continued her observations, endeavoring to count the numbers of the various larger animals and birds. The trees were most remarkable, used as she was to forests or enormous original white pines and hemlocks. These trees were veritable titans, and floating among them were innumerable flocks of wild pigeons. Here and there the bright green and orange tints betokened the presence of great numbers of Carolina parrots.

As the afternoon progressed Hazel gathered herself together, resolved to resume the long journey to Lick Run. There was nothing to do but to retrace her steps to the pond, and follow the stream until it joined Lick Run; she would soon be home then. When she reached the pond she noticed that about a dozen beavers were at work along its banks, felling aspen trees and building dams. At the breast of the lower dam she walked into the bed of the runnel, and followed it down its jungled bed. The spell of the mountain soon began to leave her; she began to feel terribly tired and hungry again; her feet ached so that she had to repeatedly lean against trees to rest herself. It was

all she could do to continue, but she kept on until it grew dark. She was so tired and nervous that she wept copiously. At length, through the gloom, she heard shouts and several rifle shots; evidently a searching party was out after her. Gathering together all her strength, Hazel answered at the top of her voice, and to her infinite relief was replied to—she was saved. Sitting on a log which lay across the streamlet, she waited for her deliverers. At last she could hear their voices as they drew nearer. Armed with lanterns and torches, the party clambered through the brush, under the overhanging boughs of the hemlocks, up to where she sat. In the party she recognized about every member of the lumber crew, headed by her uncle. They were overjoyed to see her, and eagerly asked her story. She held up her basket full of chestnuts as evidence of her truthfulness to prove why she had lost her way. She was so exhausted when they found her that the young woodsmen, including myself, took turns carrying her—a delicious burden, to be sure—down the glen until they came out on the main stream of Lick Run. As they bore her along she told of her adventures, the beaver dam, and the Lost Valley teeming with game. It seemed incredible; perhaps she was overwrought by her night in the wilderness, so they humored her, yet each secretly hoping that what she said was true, for they were all hunters. When she saw the light in the window at the stone cabin, gleaming through the gloom, a veritable 'star of the glen.' Hazel's joy knew no bounds. The men shouted, and

the dogs began to bark. Hazel's mother ran out and was so overjoyed to have her girl back again that she never uttered a word of reproof. It was all like a great big love feast around the lamplit supper table on which the best red tablecloth was spread. During the meal Hazel repeated her marvelous story, and as no one present had ever been in that locality before there was no one to deny her assertions.

"The next day Hazel awoke none the worse for her outing, but found that all the men in the camp had 'knocked off' work for the day and gone in search of the Lost Valley. They came back long after dark, unsuccessful, but they could not shake the girl's story, and those glorious brown eyes shot with gold beamed only candor and truthfulness. Old residents, including the venerable tavern keeper, Jake Zimmerman, at Tea Springs, grandfather of the present 'Jake,' were appealed to, but none could approximate the location of the Lost Valley, though they remembered the little pond on the high table land. Hazel never receded an inch in her story, yet she never returned to the mountain. The strangeness and terror of her experience appalled her, and she began to even doubt in her heart if the meeting with her lover had been a reality.

"The following autumn she married a reputable young man in Lock Haven, and now lives in Sones-town, above Williamsport.

"A third of a century later, Smith, the half-witted boy, found the beaver pond, saw the Lost Valley, which he described exactly as Hazel Hawk had done, and went her one better by returning and killing one

of the beavers and taking a second look at the valley on the way back. He could not induce any of the crew at his father's camp to return with him to the mountain, but as his story was gossiped about, a fresh impetus was given to seekers for the Lost Valley."

The guide paused, took a puff at his W. H. Mayer cigar, then added: "We must not give up the quest. After you are back from the war, and peace is declared, and we all have more time, we will make a systematic search for that pond until we find it, even if we have to stretch a cordon of men across that whole upland territory. I fully believe that the red bear which Edgar Schwenk killed on the Buffalo Path in the fall of 1912 wandered from the Lost Valley, as did the beaver which the Smith boy shot in 1913."

It was growing late, and the third attempt on the part of the writer to locate the beaver pond above Lick Run had ended in failure, yet to live on as a hope deferred until more favorable conditions would render another search party possible.



## VII. Whippoorwill's Shoes

OLD "BLACK LAURA," a deformed squaw of the Lenni Lenape persuasion, whom the gifted historian, Walker L. Stephen, in his interesting paper on "Walnut Tree Tradition" describes as "sitting in front of Reading's first Lutheran Church—a log structure where now Trinity parsonage graces the corner of Church and Washington Streets—and sold walnut leaves wherewith to cure fever and small-pox by concocting a tea for internal and external use," was also a flower seller of no mean ability. Her specialty were the rare, exotic orchids and similar flowers, which were then, as now, found principally along the Blue Mountains. At the proper season the twisted old woman would appear with a basket of *cypripedium pubescens*, called today "Yellow Lady Slippers," but in the old days Moccasin flowers, or Whippoorwill's Shoes, the roots carefully wrapped in moss. They were called moccasin flowers because of an old tradition which Black Laura said her mother told her when residing along the upper reaches of the Conococheague, and whippoorwill shoes because they bloomed when those weird night birds were at their most controversial period. Needless to say, the old Indian herbalist knew many legends, but few persons took the trouble to converse with her. She had her regular customers for walnut leaves and Blue Mountain tea and for her rare flowers, which members of the first families of Reading—Hiesters, Muhlenbergs, Clymers, Biddles,

Hillegases and Nagles—liked to plant in shady places in their front yards; but the whippoorwill's shoe was a true child of the forest and a rebel, and refused to reproduce itself in captivity, no matter how charming were the hands that planted it.

There was one young lady, a scion of an ancient house of Burston, for whom the old squaw had a particular liking. On her way to and from the Quaker Meeting House on Sixth Street she would stop and say a pleasant word to the palsied old woman, and was a good customer as well. One day when she sold her entire basket of whippoorwill shoes to this fair lady bountiful, she said: "I have a mind not to charge you a penny for those flowers; they are yours by right, for you remind me so much of what I have heard my old mother say of the beautiful young girl who was the origin of those flowers—only she was more wild and wayward than you." "Thee does not know me," said the pale Quaker lady, blushing. "We Friends are really human underneath our bonnets. We have red blood in our grays and drabs. But come home with me," she added, "and set out the flowers as they should be planted, under the old white pine in our front yard, and then while thee are placing them perhaps will tell me the story of the girl who resembled me, for I confess that what you say interests me mightily, for of all flowers I love most the whippoorwill shoes."

Picking up the old squaw's basket and bundle, she led her across town, the old crooked woman hobbling and bobbing along with her ironwood cane, towards

the spacious mansion overlooking the Schuylkill, where the ancient Quaker family resided. The flowers were planted in rich soil in the lea of the old original white pine. Then the young girl said: "Come, Black Laura; the sun is very hot; let us sit on the porch and while resting tell me thy story."

Comfortably seated in the shade the old, weazened creature began her narrative. It was hard to talk so much, and at times she was lacking in English words, but she always found a Dutch equivalent, so the narrative did not lag.

"When my mother was a very young girl," she began, "she lived with her parents at the lower end of the Kittochtinny range of mountains, not far from the upper waters of the Conococheague. Nearby, on a flat, by the stream, lived the great Chief Octararo, whose name still survives in a beautiful creek yonder across the South Mountains (of Berks and Lancaster Counties). He was not a warrior, but his influence over his people was mainly due to his knowledge of magic. He could cast spells and change people—by that I mean he could make people do his bidding, whether they wanted to or not, or turn them into animals or birds or even trees. He was proud of his power, and very overbearing and disagreeable. He was so generally feared that he achieved more of a sway over his people than many another chief who might be more human in his conduct. He had five daughters, who, despite his powers at changing, were ugly to look at, and cruel and selfish by nature. They

were spoiled, had everything their own way, and were constantly quarreling among themselves—much as idle rich white girls do, who have not the calm spirit of the Original People. Before I was born, a white family moved about a mile down the stream from the lodge-house of Octararo. The Indian and his family resented this intrusion, but as the Quakers and Indians were living in perfect amity—the first William Penn was still in the flesh—there could be no measures taken to drive the pale faces away.

The white couple had a daughter who even the Indians thought very beautiful. My mother used to creep through the tall brush to gaze at her before I was born, hoping that I would look like her, but, alas! the spell which Octararo cast on the fair girl's young life blighted me also, so that every joint in my poor body is a misfit. But I think I have something of her disposition, for she was kindly. She was wonderful to look at, so I have heard my mother say a hundred times, and she had seen many white women of degree when she lived near the Tri-Mountain Road, where most all the travel to the west went by. I don't know the girl's name, but from the first time I saw you I have called her 'Elgie'—your name—because you are so much like her. Her hair was very soft and very black, as were her eyebrows and long lashes, but her face was as white as that white-washed fence along the garden, and her deepset gray eyes always had that thoughtful look of flowers in afternoon. Her nose was turned up just a little at the end, and her mouth

was very red. She was not so very tall, but so smooth and white and shapely! My mother longed for such a daughter, but Octararo's deviltry made me what I am! But I am not dissatisfied. In seeing you I have found a mirror of my dreams, and I would rather see you young, with life before you, than be that lovely Elgie myself. There was a large pool of dead water across the meadow from Octararo's abode, shaded with the biggest buttonwood trees I have ever seen, with sloping grassy banks, which were covered with all kinds of flowers in the springtime. This was the favorite bathing place of Octararo's five ill-favored daughters. They let it be known that no person dare bathe in that pool under penalty of being changed into some hideous shape, and, needless to say, their privacy was not invaded. When the white family moved into the valley my mother told the story, which amused them greatly. 'How very foolish,' said the pioneer, stroking his long, dark beard. 'However, if it is the wish of Octararo that no one but his family use that pool, neither my family or I would think of disturbing them.'

"Elgie, who was about seventeen, was a girl of active temperament, and secretly resented this Indian overlordship. She liked to feel that the scope of the valley was hers. She hated a forbidden district, when all the woods should be free. One afternoon in May, it was a warm day, much as today, and Elgie was walking along the stream, proud in the display of a pair of elegantly beaded moccasins which my admiring mother had made and given her, and wearing only a blue

denham smock which came half-way to her knees, she noted the calm, cooling waters of the forbidden pool. She looked about. No one was to be seen. Not a sound came from the chief's long lodge-house across the meadow. Might she not risk it and jump in just for five minutes? Looking about again to make sure of her privacy, she pulled her smock over her head and stood poised on the bank. Then she thought of her wonderful moccasins, and, stooping down, she untied them and took them off, carefully placing each on little twigs which overhung the water. She splashed in, and was soon up to her neck in the cool, refreshing waters of Conococheague. In the midst of her enjoyment she heard voices. Looking up, she beheld the five ugly daughters of Octararo approaching. How hideous they were—short and squat, with huge features and enormous heads! They were already menacing her with coarse epithets, half in English, half in German. There was no time to be lost. Elgie forced her way through the water to the bank, sprang up it, and, picking up her smock, slid it over her head. There was no time to rescue the pretty moccasins. Flight was the only course left open. How she ran across that meadow, under the big trees! A Halcyon raced her, rattling loudly. ‘Can it be,’ she thought, as she locked up at the uncouth bird, ‘that it is some poor soul whom Octararo found in his pool and changed?’ She was out of breath and sank down on a bench outside her home, her pretty white feet cut and bleeding, for she had had no choice of steps. She had never

looked back once, but when she sat down she was facing the direction from whence she came on her mad race and was relieved when no pursuers hove in sight.

"She was resting there, trying to appear unconcerned, smoothing the masses of hair at the sides of her head, when her father emerged from the cabin. As if to amuse him she related her adventure with the ugly daughters of Octararo. While she was talking her mother appeared in the doorway to listen to the recital. Instead of laughter, the Quaker's face darkened, and he looked grievously provoked. 'Thee has disobeyed my orders, girl,' he said, 'and little know what the consequences may be. We were only allowed to settle here on condition that we observed all the rules laid down by our Indian neighbors.'

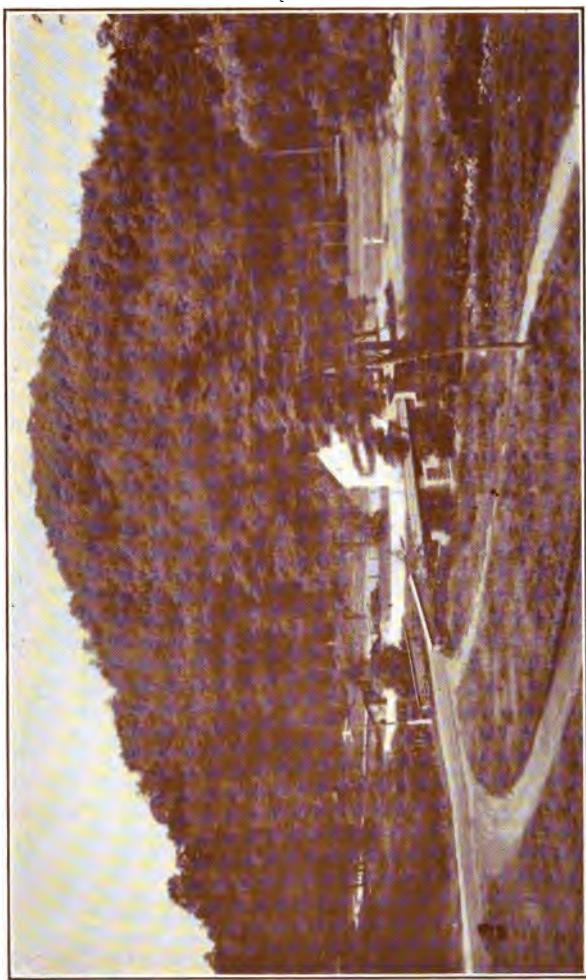
"I detest such a life of bondage. Those Indians are only savages. Why can they dictate to us?" broke in Elgie, with considerable spirit.

The father looked at the girl sternly, then turning to the mother, said, 'Whip-her-well.' Picking up his long rifle he started off towards the forest as if not caring to witness the cruel punishment which he had decreed. The mother made no move to start proceedings. Either she disapproved of the chastisement or concluded to wait until bed-time, when she could have more time and lay her over a chest and whip her well until her arms became tired, as was the custom of the mountain people. The mother soon returned to her tasks indoors. Elgie, left to her own devices, bethought herself, as she kicked her heels

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she could not help but feel a sense of foreboding as to the probability of a possible escape from her captors. She thought of her mother - what would the friendly squaw who had presented them to her if seen without a way? Enough time had elapsed for the two daughters to have finished their wash and to be supper to the lodge house were built, and she could reach the pond which was never far from the moccasins and slip off without being seen anywhere, perhaps to her mother's house on Piney Mountain for a few moments. ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ run away in a wild panic. She was all upset; the chase by the Indians, the fear of capture, the unsympathetic father and mother, the thought that she might be captured again, all excited her, and she was too young even to penetrate into the depths of her own self if occasion demanded.

She walked along the bank, the last rays of the sun shining through the budding leaves of the tall trees. There was a sweetess in the air, the breath of Nature yawning after a long sleep. As she neared the pool and gazed across it below she saw a trail of smoke rising from the house. Evidently the horrid girls were home. There was no cause for alarm, however, as she had been very narrow in her backwoods training and the moccasins assume greater importance than they would have done at another time.





and place. She was glad to risk her safety to secure them, for she had owned little of what might be called finery. She began to quicken her steps, saying to herself: 'The folks expect me back for supper. If I am not there they will start out to hunt me. I must put enough distance between us so as to give me time to escape. Let them stay and live under the rule of those horrible Indians.' Soon she spied the moccasins, still hanging side by side on two tiny whitewood bushes. She rushed forward, leaning over to grasp them. Just then she heard the twigs crack. 'Could it be father after me?' she thought. Her heart beat and she looked up nervously. Beside her stood the great, dark form of Octararo himself. The huge Indian was in a towering rage.

"What do you mean by coming to this private pool, not once, but twice in one day? Has not your father warned you to keep away from my possessions? I have a mind to throw you into the pool which you seem to love so well and hold you under until you are drowned. I have a mind to turn you over to my daughters to tear you to pieces. I wish I knew of a punishment severe enough to answer your froward conduct."

"Poor Elgie was crushed to the earth by this unmanly tirade, and hung her pretty head. Not a word could she say.

"I believe that I will lock you up in my house, and tell your father to come and get you, and if he doesn't make you suffer, I will report him to William Penn.

"Elgie thought that the chief was beginning to modify the extent of his threats and raised her head with renewed courage. As she did he reached out his arms, saying: 'You are too beautiful to harm; take your shoes and go your way in peace.'

"Just at that moment they beheld the five ugly girls coming across the meadow to join their father. They quickened their pace when they saw with whom he was talking, and soon surrounded him, jabbering to him in the Lenni-Lenape tongue, and making, from the rising tones of their voices, ugly threats. The chief soon repented of his kind offer, and saw that he must punish the white girl severely in order to keep peace with his daughters. He knew that they were jealous of Elgie's white skin and matchless beauty, and had long plotted her destruction. Pushing his way through the mob of shrieking ugliness, he came very near to Elgie again.

"'Girl,' he said, in stern tones, you have committed an offense for which there can be no forgiveness. I will punish you in a way so that you will always remember your crime.' Looking at her steadfastly, she became as if rooted to the spot, experiencing queer pains, like 'growing pains,' all through her body. As he looked at her, her skin began to coarsen, feathers appeared, her arms became wings, and her pretty feet ugly black claws. Even her mentality changed. She did not appear to realize the enormity of the change that had come to her. It was not long before she became a large, dark-brown bird, and with wobbly, un-

steady flight arose into the dusk, and, reversing her earlier intention, started to fly homeward. Her parents were the best friends after all.

"As she reached the cabin, she saw the old folks outside, apparently looking for her. The open hearth supported a goodly fire. Evidently supper was nearly ready. At the sight of them she tried to utter a cry, but it died away in a sound like the gargling of a throat, and she fell in a heap before them, flopping about on the ground. Both father and mother, divining the tragedy, ran forward to pick up the poor wounded bird, but as they touched her they uttered terrible screams and quickly turned into birds, away from the sight of which 'Elgie' rose into the air, sobbing with inarticulate misery. The parents flew after her, with painful, unsteady motions, the father calling to his wife, 'Whip-her-well, whip-her-well.' But 'Elgie' kept ahead of them, and they circled about through the pearly dusk, finally sinking down on branches of trees to rest, when it became dark. Octararo had wreaked a horrible vengeance, not only changing the girl into a bird, but endowing her with the property of also unwillingly changing her parents on touching her.

"The next evening, when Octararo and his five ugly daughters were seated on deer skins in front of their cabin smoking long pipes, three ridiculously unsteady birds appeared in the silver sky of twilight. They were full grown birds, but their wings were as badly man-

aged as if they were fresh from the nest. The two larger birds kept chasing one that was slightly slimmer and smaller, and with each dive and circle would call out in strident tones, 'Whip-her-well, whip-her-well,' but they never seemed to catch up with her, though she was as clumsy of flight as they.

"Old Octararo chuckled and pointed up to the birds; the girls understood and laughed uproariously. 'I hope they catch her and whip her well,' said the ugliest girl, as she almost expired with merriment. Their sacred precincts had been invaded, but the trespassers were punished. And from that time on this sad, mournful bird of the dusk has been known as the 'whip-her-well,' from its cry on the wing. There appeared simultaneously a wonderful new orchid by the streams, which came to be called moccasin flowers, or whip-her-well shoes, by the Indians, 'yellow lady slippers' by the whites. The beautiful white girl of the Conococheague won a deathless heritage, but it does seem that her punishment was more than she deserved."

"And dost thee think that there is such a fate in store for me?" said the real Elgie, rather timidly looking at Black Laura from under her long lashes.

"I do not, dear," replied the deformed squaw. "I believe that the curse will end through you. Your beauty, so much like the poor girl I have told you of, coming into this world to refresh it, will release the imprisoned spirits from Octararo's unjust spell."

Elgie Burston often thought of the old squaw's prediction years afterwards as she heard the "whip-her-wells" crying on the wing in the summer evenings as they flitted across the lawn. Black Laura's hopeful sentiment was not realized, and the birds' penance is still going on, and will go on as long as there is rustic countryside enough left in Pennsylvania to shelter the mournful birds, or deep meadow woods to nourish the beautiful moccasin flowers, or "whip-her-well shoes."



## VIII. The Star of the Glen

ANDREW CONTARINE was a young Ulster Scot who established himself as a dealer in jewelry and precious stones at Harris' Ferry, later known as Louisbourg, and now as Harrisburg. He was a well-educated youth, and took credit that his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, had been the friend and correspondent of the celebrated Oliver Goldsmith. Hearing of the great activity of business and the abundance of money in the Ohio River Valley, he decided to transfer his energies to the newer town of Pittsburg. Accordingly, accompanied by clerk and a servant, he started overland for the future Iron City. His stock and personal belongings were loaded on two horses, while the three members of the party were also mounted on good, serviceable steeds. These were rented from a packing company at Harrisburg, and were to be turned over to the agents of the concern at Pittsburg. They would bait the animals and put up at the inns recommended by the packers. The route to be traversed was from "the Ferry" to Carlisle, to Upper Strasburg, across the Broad Mountains to Horse Valley, across Kittochtinny Mountain to Path Valley and Fannettsburg, over the Tuscarora Mountain to Burnt Cabins, thence to Fort Littleton, and along what is now the Lincoln Highway to Pittsburg. From Upper Strasburg to Burnt Cabins the trail was then called, and is still known as the Tri-Mountain Road, and from Fort Littleton the route traversed the

famous line of march of Forbes and Bouquet when they marched west to capture Fort Duquesne in 1758, and later when Colonel Bouquet returned to relieve Fort Pitt from pressure from the French and Indians in 1763.

Andrew Contarine was of a cheerful and agreeable disposition, a lover of natural scenery and outdoor life, consequently the trip promised to be most agreeable to him. His clerk and servant were both non-resisting Quakers, but the perils of the road were reduced to practically nothing by the orderly regime of the Confederation. He was not entirely unarmed on the journey, for in one of his packing cases was a set of Irish dueling pistols and a gentleman's sword cane, also a new Lancaster rifle, in case he wished to hunt big game in the wilder parts of the western country. But on his person he carried nothing except a heavy brass match-box, or tinder box, which was in one of his hip pockets. He had intended to get a good flint lock pistol, in case a bear or wolf crossed the road, but omitted doing so before his departure.

The trip from Harrisburg to Carlisle and Upper Strasburg, through a populous, smiling country, was uneventful, and the Cumberland Valley never looked lovelier, for it was in the month of May. In making up his itinerary he had arranged to spend the second night at a tavern on the top of the Broad Mountain recommended to him by one of his Irish friends in Harrisburg as being kept by a fellow Ulster Scot, and though it was rather further on than he would have

cared to go, his natural clannishness proved too strong an incentive to resist. There was a commodious inn at Upper Strasburg, and the lights were all aglow as his cavalcade moved by it. It was on the list of public houses furnished by the packers, but he had later substituted the inn on the mountain kept by his fellow Irishman. The climb of the mountain was arduous, and the horses began to show the effects of their long day's journey. All three men dismounted and walked beside their horses, blowing on their fingers, for the night had grown suddenly cold. As they neared the summit they climbed back on their jaded horses, and spurred them forward, so as to ride up to the mountain inn in good style.

As the great square structure emerged from the gloom they were surprised that no lights shone in the windows, though it was only eight o'clock, and no "watchdog's honest bark" greeted their arrival. As Contarine reined his horse in front of the door a dark figure emerged from the hallway. Instead of a friendly welcome, the figure called out, "Halt! Hands up!" This might have stopped an easy-going Pennsylvania Dutchman, but not a mentally alert Ulster Scot like Andrew Contarine. Reaching in his hip pocket he clicked his metallic match box loudly. "I have the drop on you, stranger," he called back. "Go back in that house, or go to hell." The stranger hesitated a moment, but when he saw the horseman's hand, evidently holding a revolver pointed at him, he dropped his flintlock rifle, his only weapon, and re-

treated into the building. Contarine kicked his heels into his horse; the other members of his party lashed their mounts into motion, and soon the outfit were clattering down the rocky mountain road towards Horse Valley. After traveling on for a mile or more, they were relieved to see a light gleaming from the valley, "a star of the glen," and they urged their horses on to this promised haven.

It was not long before they pulled up before a genuine inn, a large stone edifice. Lights were aglow in all of the windows on the ground floor; out of the door emerged a genial boniface, who greeted the wanderers with a wholesome North of Ireland brogue. The horses were quickly put away by a Negro stableman, and while a supper was being prepared they entered the bar-room to enjoy Irish conviviality with their landlord. The narrow room was filled with travelers, hunters and farmers, coming and going, and much whiskey was being consumed. Contarine did not intend telling of his adventure, but after a few drinks his servant became loquacious and blurted it all out. "We were approached by a highwayman on the top of the mountain, but Mr. Contarine surely did outwit the wily blackguard; why, he had only to click his match box, and the thief ran away." This raised a great laugh in the tap-room from all except the landlord, Thomas Ancketell, who looked very uneasy.

Just then a very pretty, tall, slim girl, with light-brown hair, very *distingué*, appeared in the doorway to announce supper, and the party, followed by the land-

lord, filed into the kitchen across the hall. When they were seated the landlord said: "Gentlemen, pardon my intrusion, but I think you made a great mistake to tell the story of your ruse on that highwayman in the tap-room; it was full of strangers, and some local men who like to live without working. When you continue your way tomorrow I will loan you a first-class horse-pistol, so if the thief was present when you told your story, and attempts to hold you up again, you can give him a dose he'll long remember. I often think of a story that my father told me, that happened in the old country, in the Limerick Mountains.

"A good friend of his, an agent for Lord Pery, was entertained at supper at the home of an acquaintance, a gentleman of rather extravagant tastes. The agent told of the large sum of money he had on his person, and how he carried no weapons of defense. After supper he mounted his horse, being in a hurry, and rode off into the night. It was in the country of Boid Brennan, that noted highwayman 'who took it from the rich to give it to the poor,' and as he rode along the Shallee Turnpike he became nervous, not for his own safety, for he was a brave man, but for the money which he carried belonging to Lord Pery. He stopped at a public house about a mile further on, where he knew the landlord, and borrowed a good cap and ball pistol, all primed and loaded. A mile still further he came to a deep cut in the road, the way narrow and overshadowed by hedges and trees, and it was a dark night. A figure emerged from the gloom and ordered

him to halt. Instead my father's friend quickly drew his Kavanagh from his belt and shot the highwayman through the heart. He then dismounted and examined his victim, who wore a black cotton mask. Lifting the mask, he found it to be his host of an hour before.

As they were both gentlemen and moved in the same social circles, the slayer did not wish to bring disgrace to the highwayman's family, as the hold-up might have been a jest to impress on him the danger of carrying great sums of money on his person when unarmed. Tieing his horse to a tree he carried the corpse behind a hedge, and finding a spade nearby, buried him, remounted and rode on. I have a good horse pistol here. You must take it in case you were overheard in the tap-room by any one concerned in your recent unpleas-  
antness."

Contarine demurred at first, but at length accepted the weapon, promising to send it back from Pittsburg with one of the packers. "What is your name, land-lord?" he said, as he was getting up from the table. "Ancketell," replied the boniface. "Why, I was told that you kept hotel on the top of Broad Mountain, where the fellow tried to rob me." "I did, until April first, last," replied the boniface. "But old Jacob Barner built this fine stone tavern stand and made me such a good offer that I decided to leave the mountain and bring my family nearer to civilization." "Is that your daughter who waited on the table?" queried Contarine. "She is," said Ancketell. Then Contarine told of their mutual friend who had recommended that he

stay with Ancketell, and they became very good friends. Chairs were drawn up about the inglenook, pipes were lit, and after the dishes were wiped Eleanor Ancketell, the fair waitress, joined them.

Contarine was charmed by the beauty and refinement of this girl, who was destined to go down in history in the narrative of the Pennsylvania travels of Thomas Ashe, an English globe trotter, who spent a night at the tavern on Broad Mountain in 1806, and was deeply impressed by her extraordinary beauty and intelligence. After the others had retired Contarine and Eleanor continued to sit by the fire, far into the "wee small hours," as the girl was always glad to meet gentlefolk and to exchange ideas on a par with her educational advantages. It was late, therefore, the next morning when Andrew Contarine's caravan resumed its journey towards Pittsburg. The clerk and servant had gotten pretty well "yorked" in the tap-room, as had Ancketell himself, and they were a sorry looking crew in the morning. The rest was good for the horses, so no real harm was done.

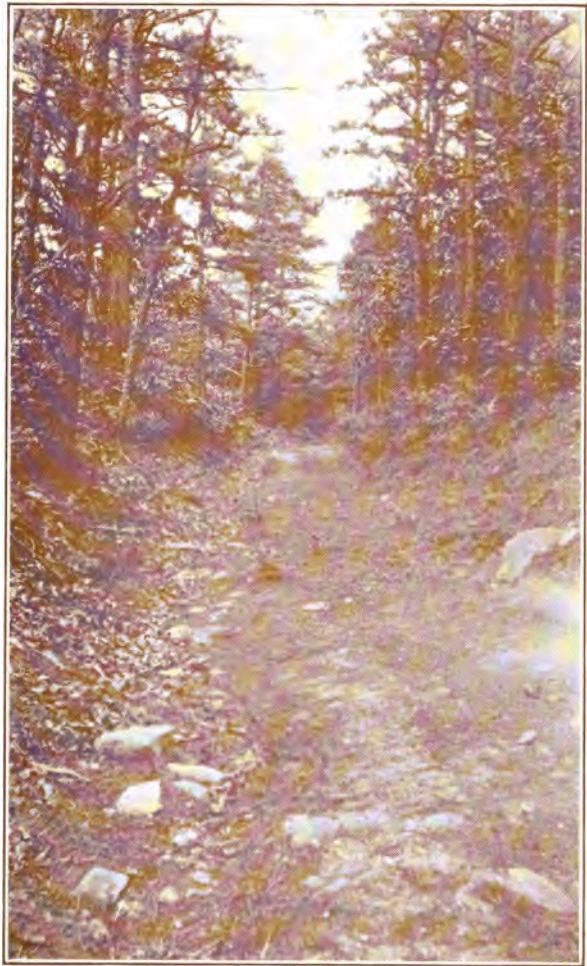
It had been Contarine's intention to put up at the McCormick tavern on Sideling Hill for the night, and he could easily have reached it before dark, if he had gotten started in time. As it was, darkness fell before they were within five miles of that public house. Again the horses showed signs of weariness and lagged beneath their loads. Again the night set in chilly, with a raw wind. They espied a light gleaming in a small stone cabin by the road at a spot which commanded a

marvelous view of the surrounding country, and Contarine decided to stop there to get warm. An old soldier, MacCochran, a Highlander from Forbes' army, opened the door and welcomed them. A cheery fire was burning in the great open fireplace, throwing its light at times upon a framed but stained engraving of Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, and his wife, Madame d'Albany, which hung on the opposite wall. The old man brought out some good West India rum and the entire party regaled themselves for an hour. "This is an historic fireplace," said the soldier. "As we were marching to the west in '58, General Forbes had one of his fainting fits and we carried him in here. After he recovered consciousness he talked to himself concerning an early love affair, and imagined that the girl was in the room. I took a fancy to the little place at the time and bought it when the Revolution ended, and have kept the wood-work of the fireplace painted and in good condition for its historical associations. The soldier urged them to remain all night, but Contarine deemed it the best judgment to press on to McCormick's.

They had gone on for a couple of miles up the steep, rocky face of the mountain, when suddenly out stepped a man, cloaked to his heels, from behind a big pine tree. "Halt! Hands up!" he shouted, just as the figure had done on Broad Mountain. Contarine had been riding with his hand on the holster, and like a flash whipped out his pistol. "Drop your gun, or you are a dead man." The highwayman laughed and

sounded it solently. "You cannot fool me with your  
ruse nox twice." As I spy Contarini fired at him,  
killing him dead, turning his horse over to his  
servant, he dismounted and examined his victim.  
There were no distinguishing marks about him, but by  
the light of a fire which pine kindled from the matchbox  
the landlord's servant declared that they had  
seen him in the upper-room at Anketell's the night before.  
After some sharp stakes, the men set to,  
and after a frozen exertion of the ground, an  
old man was found dead along the trail. He had been  
shot through the heart, the bullet coming out of his  
right side. They passed their way, and in another  
hour were safely within the home-garth of McCarron's  
jeweler's shop. The genial landlord and his  
hostler came out to receive them. Needless  
to say, the poor ~~old fellow~~ would not say anything about  
himself, though he heard much talk in the sub-

A road agent had been operating about along the pike  
from Antietam to Hagerstown to Bloody Run; he was probably  
a desperado, as no one had recognized him. He had  
already murdered a score of victims, as that number of  
persons had embosomed their hard luck stories at McCarron's. "It is a great wonder that he did not try  
to shoot you," said the landlord to Contarini. The  
servant who was listening spoke up. "Mr. Contarini  
carried a revolver fastened at his belt, and any highwayman  
who would have shot him might get a bullet in his heart." "I am not a desperado character," said the jeweler,





quietly ; "I am quite the contrary, but I must stand up for my rights on the highway." "That is right and proper," replied McCormick ; "they should be shot down like wolves."

Supper was announced, this time by an Indian woman, and after the meal Contarine sat for a long time by the inglenook, sipping toddy. When the others had left the room he drew up an empty chair and placed it in the same position that Eleanor Ancketell had sat by him in her father's kitchen the night before. He was thinking, thinking deeply, not of his two adventures with the knight of the road, or the newly-made grave on the crest of Sideling Hill, but of the fair, slim girl he had left behind in the valley of the Conococheague. Half a dozen times before he retired he was firmly resolved to return to Horse Valley the next morning and make known his love, but his mind would veer about when he thought of his ambitions in Pittsburg—he could return after his new business was running smoothly.

Next morning his cavalcade were again late in getting started, but the fault was not with the servant or the clerk or with McCormick, but with Andrew Contarine himself. He had passed a restless night, and it was only towards daybreak when he secured any sleep at all. As it was, he looked gaunt and haggard when he mounted his horse and started on towards the new life beyond the Alleghenies. It is said that he prospered in Pittsburg and built up a large business, married and reared a large family ; if he returned east again

there is certainly no record of his having stopped at Ancketell's and renewed his brief romance with the landlord's unusual daughter. That was a chapter in his life, like the killing of the highwayman, which was locked forever in his heart of hearts, and not for mortal confidences.

The passing of the highwayman was noted, but no one, not even landlord Ancketell, coupled his disappearance with the Contarine cavalcade. A careful scrutiny was made of all the questionable characters along the pike, but as no one was accounted missing, the highwayman must have been a stranger in the neighborhood. He was amazed one evening when a packer came into the tap-room and handed him back the pistol, with Contarine's thanks and compliments. On the handle was cut a deep "nick," such as Indian killers were wont to mark on their firearms in the early days. It set the good-natured boniface to cogitating. Could his guest who told him of his encounter on the top of Broad Mountain have met and slain the robber further on? He queried the packer closely, but he was able to tell nothing. Ancketell offered the fellow a jorum, and as they drank together, the landlord was soon telling him the story of how his father's friend on the Shallee Turnpike had shot his erstwhile host, who had counted on finding him unarmed when he halted him on the dark and lonely highway.

## IX. Ghosts of the Living

WHEN the English traveler, Thomas Ashe, visited Ancketell's tavern on the top of Broad Mountain in 1806, he may have met an old Highlander who, irrespective of cold' and warm weather, wore a shawl of the McGarrah clan, and was generally in evidence about the hostelry. He came every morning from his farm on the Horse Valley side of the mountain to get his drink of usquebaugh, and later, when Ancketell moved to a new stand in Horse Valley, he remained about the premises all day long. He was slow to make acquaintances, lacking as he did that easy approachability so noticeable in the Pennsylvania Dutchman, and never "scraped up" conversations with the hosts of travelers who passed in and out of the wine room where he had his favorite seat by the inglenook. If he was spoken to he would be civil enough, but he had enough of self-pride to hold himself aloof from familiarity. That Thomas Ashe did not mention him in his inimitable pen-picture of the Upper Strasburg public-house evidences that even with the distinguished young Englishman he maintained his wall of reserve. With Eleanor Ancketell, the landlord's daughter, he was on more friendly terms than with any one else. He intimated to her that he had had a very adventuresome life, and that some day he would tell her about it. It was a year or more after conveying this bit of information that he finally unbosomed some phases of his existence. It

was a snowy afternoon, and the old man was storm-stayed, and as there were no other guests he became very talkative. He had been born in the Highlands of Scotland, near the romantic little lake of Lochabar, "the lake of the horns," where the Highland stags were wont to cool their crests at the time of mewing, and the tangle of reeds and moss would facilitate them to loosen their antlers, which were often strewn thick along the banks at some seasons of the year. He was the son of a small landed proprietor, but his tendencies were more towards wandering about through the hills and glens, and hunting, than to settle down to the calm existence of overseer of a bleak upland pasture farm.

Nearby was a similar property known as Primrose House, the daughter of the laird of which appealed greatly to the fancy of the young mountaineer. She was several years younger than he, with very black hair and eyes, and a complexion like old ivory, very slim and of more than the average height, lithe and graceful. There seemed to be no reason to retard the romance, especially as the parents of both families approved, and the happy hours moved along towards the day when a marriage would result. The young lover, though passionately devoted to his fiance, whom he called Argyra, was of a quick-tempered and jealous disposition. Proud and reserved, he was always looking for slights, and before he was twenty years of age had fought several bloodless duels. His belligerent spirit worried his parents, but the old minister of the

neighborhood suggested that the lad would find an outlet for his nature in a military career; that amid the clash of arms would find an expression for his active personality. Accordingly a commission as a subaltern in one of the Highland Regiments destined for service in America was obtained for him by considerable wire-pulling on the part of his father and other relatives, and with very brief training he embarked with one of General John Forbes' convoys for the conquest of Fort Duquesne. He served with the ill-fated Major Thrale in Grant's badly judged attack, was captured by the Indians and forced to run the gauntlet on the "race ground" below the fort, between stakes, on which were impaled the heads and effigies of many of his former companions and men. Almost beaten to death, he had enough vitality to knock down the last Indian who struck at him. He had been carried down the river on a batteau to an encampment, where after many months he recovered sufficiently to take a retrospective view of the past year's follies. He had gone to Edinburgh in response to an urgent message that he could have the commission if he appeared at once at the castle; only his parents had gone with him, and he had not time to say farewell to Argyra, it had all been so sudden. It was take the commission and go, or return to say good-bye and perhaps lose it, and his taste for adventure across the seas appealed to him more than to see the girl whom he knew loved him, and who would probably be waiting when he returned, like in the old ballad of Glencoe.

In London, where he was stationed for two weeks before sailing for America, he became enamored with a girl of good family, and forgot the great part of his vows to Argyra. This girl had wealth and influential relatives, would help his military fortunes, besides was very beautiful. This romance had not progressed very far when he was ordered away from London, and soon began his journey to America. He put off writing to Argyra from day to day, ending by not writing to her at all.

He had been nursed back to health by a comely Shawnee maid on the Ohio, and, feeling a sense of loneliness, married her and was adopted into the tribe. But a self-contained, dignified Scot soon felt himself out of place among the out-spoken and uproarious Indians, and rued his bargain. He was glad to include himself among the hostages to be turned over to Colonel Bouquet at the time of the treaty of 1764, and though he pretended to part from his Indian wife and child with many regrets, and fervent promises to return for them the next year, he secretly rejoiced at being carried to Carlisle. He was a good-looking youth, of average height, well built and of sandy complexion; he had those acutely clear-cut features so distinctive of his race, and eyes of a peculiarly transparent shade of blue.

On the way east he became very much attached to the beautiful Regina Hartman, of Schuylkill County, who was in the party and was to be restored to her mother after a captivity of nine years among the In-

dians. He would have married her if she had in the least encouraged him. Regina was a girl of religious nature, almost to the point of fanaticism, and her dream was to be reunited to her family to become a religious devotee, aid was cold to the advances of her Scotch admirer.

Marie Le Roy, a French girl in the same contingent, proved more responsive, and before they had reached Carlisle the Highlander fancied he cared for her as much as the unworldly Regina. In the excitement of family reunions and rejoicings the Scotch lad lost sight of both Regina and Marie and emerged from his captivity fancy free.

He went to board in a North of Ireland family, at Carlisle Springs, named McCauley, people of considerable means and strong connections. He took up the profession of surveying under old Thomas Jones, and showed a natural aptitude for the profession. In his quiet hours he began to feel pangs of remorse over his treatment of his Indian wife and child on the Ohio and started overland in search of them. To his dismay he learned that they had moved further west, and he tracked them with Scottish persistence almost to the banks of the Missouri, only to find his wife married to another white man, a German, and his child adopted by its stepfather. He did not like to force himself into this home, and made his informants promise him that they would never tell his former wife that he had been within five miles of her home. His analytical mind told him that he had done wrong to plot to

abandon them, and he should not expect to profit by an eleventh hour repentance. Resigned to this situation, especially as he heard that the Indian woman had married a man of some means and that his child was well cared for, he turned his head eastward, and was back at Carlisle after an absence of three years. He became connected with the early surveying parties in the mountains west of the Cumberland Valley, and took up considerable bodies of land in what became Cumberland, Franklin and Bedford Counties. He still made his home with the McCauley family at the Springs.

At one time they had as girl-of-all-work a very pretty German girl named Molly Ludwig, who later was famed as "Moll Pitcher," the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth in the Revolution. After the war Molly married a son of her former employer, who had served through the Revolution, but had previously been the wife of Sergeant Hays, of the Revolution, who died during the war. The Highlander was very much impressed by Molly Ludwig's charms, and contemplated marrying her, as he had never been legally united to the Indian girl, yet he could not quite bring himself to do so, as he was absent so much, and had acquired the restless, wandering spirit of the frontier. He thought that Molly liked him quite well, though in reality her heart was given to young McCauley, yet whom she dared not aspire to marry because of his social position. What the outcome of this romance would have been is hard to divine; it dragged along

several years, until the outbreak at Lexington told the canny Scot that a war between the mother country and the colonies was imminent.

Surely his sympathies were not with the colonies, ungratefully trying to break loose from the apron strings of their parent; he had seen much of the wars of Forbes and Bouquet and had imbibed a thoroughly British point of view. He could not remain and refuse to serve in the Colonial Army in such a patriotic valley, and to be a Tory was unthinkable, so he decided on another course—to return to his native land. As he turned his head towards the coast he began to think of Argyra, possible over there still waiting for him. He had never inquired about her in his infrequent letters to his parents; neither had they ever alluded to her in their letters to him. It was all very strange that she had dropped out of his life so completely. He had dreamed of her a number of times while he was deciding which course to pursue in the war. She appeared to him always attired in white satin, as a refined specimen of femininity, far superior to all the strange love affairs he had been through in the American wilderness. He must go back to her; his duty to a first love was as great as to his nation. Yet he had no cowardly sentiments, for it was also his resolve to enter some military organization in England, to serve in India, or anywhere, as he merely did not wish to take part in what he called "that silly American difference." His thoughts became filled with images of Argyra, and he began to feel that the

war was incidental to carrying out his mission towards making amends. He was only seven and thirty, and decidedly young looking, not stout, and with no signs of grey in his fine head of auburn hair. Argyra might not look girlish; she would be about thirty-three, and dark folks are said to age faster than fair ones; still he was sure that if she looked half as well as in his dreams she could not be otherwise than beautiful.

The trip to Scotland was not without its difficulties, as eastbound ocean travel was forbidden from all ports controlled by the Colonists. It took a lot of bribery and some political influence from Scotch acquaintances to get him safely aboard an outgoing vessel. After a long and perilous journey, during which the ship was chased out of its course by either an American man-of-war or a pirate, a landing was made at a small Scotch port called Campbelltown, and the prodigal Highlander set out by way of Inverary and Fort William for the remote regions of Lochabar. It was in the early part of 1776 when his final overland journey to the Highlands commenced. The country seemed as wild as what he had left behind in Pennsylvania, only more desolate, as forest fires and the reckless destruction of timber had made the mountains barren wastes, treeless except for a few birches or aspens, as far as the eye could reach. "How can such lonely views be called beautiful?" he mused, as he rode along, his horse sinking sometimes breast deep into the snow. "My taste has

changed since I have been in Pennsylvania; to my mind there is no beauty in scenery where there are no trees." The destruction of the timber had worked havoc among the game. The wolves were gone, the deer and roes very rare, and game birds scarcely ever met with. He must have seen a country and noted conditions strikingly similar to that existing in Pennsylvania today, for the forest fires and the reckless lumbermen have destroyed the forests, the wolves are gone, deer are few, and one can travel from Carlisle to Burnt Cabins and never see a game bird, grouse, quail, plover or woodcock!

After riding for three days he came into the vicinity of Lochabar, could see it lying below him like a crystal mirror of the vale, surrounded by snow-covered, desolate mountains. There were some superb beechwoods near Lochabar; also some magnificent plantations of larch and fir, made by local noblemen, which gave an intimation of the pristine beauties of the neighborhood. It was while passing through one of these beechwoods that he saw a marten, and put up a covey of black-game. He had heard as a boy that these native woodlands were once filled with wolves and when the edict went out to burn all forests to drive out the wild beasts the local landowners had objected so strenuously that they were saved. He wondered if these great woodlands still harbored the last stray wolf of Scotland; he hoped so, and if they could talk, what tales those noble, gnarled old trees could tell! It was a chill evening, with a sharp

wind which blew the snow into his eyes when he alighted from his horse in front of the bright lit windows of the old stone mansion, "Glenturret," his family home. His parents were no more, but his three brothers and a married sister greeted him affectionately. They led him into the great hall, where a fire of beech logs was blazing in the ancient fireplace which gilded the sombre cuirasses, burgonets, morions and Highland broad-swords hanging on the opposite wall. It was a sad homecoming with the parents gone; he was self-contained, but old memories of a better and happier day rose incessantly before him. He asked no questions concerning Argyra for some time, but noted that nothing was said concerning her. Before retiring, while the midnight gale was blowing down the stone chimney in biting gusts, the four brothers sat about the fire for a final toddy and talk. The young man from the American wilds so directed the conversation as to cause Argyra's name to be mentioned, but there was a silence, and the brothers looked at one another in a manner which might indicate that the subject was one that ought to be changed. The prodigal did not press the matter, but waited until his youngest brother had lit him up to his room; he invited the lad in, and boldly asked him why there was such a silence when Argyra's name was mentioned. This brother, who was only a child when the Highland officer went away, probably knew less of the story than any other member of the family. He

finally consented to talk, and stood leaning against the fireplace, fidgeting nervously while he told all that he could of the strange episode, the rushlight flickering in his unsteady hand. "We always supposed that you went away so suddenly because shortly afterwards a gilly named Keating, who worked for Argyra's father, disappeared. It was said that you disliked him because she talked so much about him, and would have been jealous if a gentleman can have such feelings for a fellow, and it was thought that you had him made away with, if he was too vulgar for you to have killed him yourself." The returned soldier's eyes opened wide in excitement. "It is absolutely untrue," he said. "I knew nothing of this; I did not return to say farewell to Argyra because I was afraid of losing my commission—but pardon my interruption, please go on." The lad resumed his story. "You did not return to say farewell to Argyra, neither did you write her from Edinburgh, from London or from the ship. In fact, she never got a letter from you at all. She was very much humiliated and felt that it was all caused by her ill-advised remarks concerning the gilly Keating. You did not write father or mother until long after you reached America, just as you were starting on the expedition for the Western wilds with General Forbes. We, too, ascribed that silence not to forgetfulness but to your affray over the gilly." The soldier hung his head. "What a terrible misunderstanding this is! It is true that my face did flush when Argyra praised

a gilly, but that was all; I would no more have harmed him than one of my brothers; I should have treated Argyra better, but a soldier sees many pretty faces, and my head was in a whirl of excitement; that was why I never wrote her and waited so long before penning to my dear father and mother. "But where is Argyra?" he broke in.

"Where is Argyra?" repeated the brother. "She went to Carlisle—the English Carlisle, not the town in Pennsylvania—to visit some of her kin, as she was heart-broken by your silence, and the story that was whispered about concerning the disappearance of the gilly. There she met a young clergyman of the English Church who was going to the Indies, and married him; her parents, too are dead, her immediate family moved away, and we know nothing further about her. The last I heard of her was that she is the mother of two fine sons."

The Highlander thanked his brother and retired. He passed a sleepless night for the most part, in one of his drowsy moments he saw Argyra before him clad in white satin and she reached out her arms and said, "I love you!" Then he awoke to all the desolation of his wasted life. In the morning he was downstairs long before the other members of the household, eager to disabuse their minds of the cruel aspersion that had rested on him all these years. He had acted reprehensibly but was no skulking inciter of a homicide. This created a better feeling all around, and the soldier fancied that his soul felt more

quiet and happier. On the following Sunday afternoon he went for a walk across the hills and neared the old stone kirk just before afternoon services were beginning. There were very few worshippers in the Church as he entered, and made his way to the family pew. In the pew nearest the altar, on the side of the aisle on which he was seated, he saw a slim, girlish figure, with very black hair, clad in a white satin gown with a high collar, masses of black hair showing from under a large felt hat. In the gloom, for it was a dark afternoon, and the candles had not been lit, she appeared much like Argyra had looked when he last saw her eighteen years before. Might it be her daughter? Suddenly the figure rose up, walked to the end of the pew and down the aisle towards him. The soldier expected her to come into his pew, and half rose as she drew near; she passed by, looking straight at him, but did not speak. *It was Argyra!* He sank back on the seat, his heart beating with violence against his breast. He had about composed himself when to his infinite surprise the same figure passed up the aisle and re-entered the pew before the altar. The soldier should have gotten up and gone towards her and whispered "Argyra," but he did not, and just then the lights were lit, the pews filled up, and a young minister began the services. The soldier was violently agitated, so much so that he was compelled to go outside before the close of the sermon, and walk up and down the icy porch to prevent falling down from dizziness.

He did not leave the porch, and he knew of no back door to the Church, consequently when Argyra came out, her devotions over, he would accost her in the vigor of his renewed composure. The services closed, and the little congregation, for the most part tenants on his father's property or villagers, came out. He would have liked to have hurried away, as many recognized him and stopped to greet him, and he was afraid that Argyra might slip past him. He waited until the last person emerged, the old sexton, who knew him after he gave him his name. "Did I see Argyra McCooey of Primrose House, in the kirk?" "Argyra McCooey," said the old verger, speaking the name with surprise, "she has not been in these parts for near to fifteen years, and after her good parents died all her family moved away, and that was more than five years since." "That is remarkable," said the soldier, "I was sure that I saw her in the Church." "Young man," said the sexton, after looking around and seeing that no one was present, "there are ghosts of the dead, and ghosts of the living; the ghosts of the living are the most terrible kind of ghosts. They come back to haunt us for wrongs of our doing, while ghosts of the dead come to right wrongs of their own. You did not see Argyra McCooey, for she is many thousands of miles from here, but you saw her ghost, a ghost of the living!" The soldier was trembling like a leaf, as he thanked the sexton and walked hurriedly away. He kept on walking at a brisk pace for he was ter-

ribly distressed in body and soul, until he had reached the shore of Lochabar, to a shaw of dark firs where he had often sat with Argyra on summer afternoons in the long ago and watched the gulls skimming over the rippling surfaces of the "lake of the horns." The stars were out, and shone with silvery effulgence on the expanses of icy waters. The Highlander approached the lake side to an eddy where the water, cold and unfriendly, lapped the frozen shore. Reflected on the calm surface he saw, like a star, not his own image, but the face of Argyra of Primrose House. Quickly turning away, he moved with rapid steps towards his old home across the hill. He would return to America, and, in more seamy adventures, try again to forget her.



## X. Fire for the Ghosts

THE Jack o' Lanthorn still appears at times in the deep ravines between Cove Mountain and Tuscarora Mountain, in the dark jungles of the Aughwick Valley, where the modern has not routed the primitive or ghosts and goblins of the long ago. Jack o' Lanthorns are becoming scarcer for some reason, "farmers draining off swamps," so our scientific friends say, but the old people ascribe it to the materialism of this dollar-mad age, which has left no human hearts for a belief of ghosts to dwell in. For, after all, to believe is to endow realty to a ghost, and with no believers there can be no hearts to harbor them, to release them, and see them at the witching hour! Sad, cold, cruel world without ghosts, casting aside as proof of intellectual progress the only visible grip to base our oft-insistent dream of Immortality.

There are many stories told of the early doings of the Jack o' Lanthorns or Will o' the Wisps—"fire for the ghosts," the North of Ireland settlers called them, believing that they were tiny braziers carried about by goblins to warm the graves of those who rested in lonely places or unhallowed ground. On the other hand, the Indians considered that they were lanterns carried by ghostly guides to lead the spirits of the dead into the land of shades, to prevent them from getting lost in the long, perilous journey thither, otherwise they would wander about aimlessly in the world which lies

between the living and the dead to disturb the lonely places by their melancholy wailing.

About Cove Mountain and Tuscarora Mountain, and in the depths of the Aughwick Valley, the tradition that the Will o' the Wisp was "fire for the ghosts" has lingered until the present day. Whenever one is seen it is believed to be some kindly spirit bearing a little warmth to some forgotten corpse lying freezing amid the wilds waiting for a long-off resurrection. Often, in the old days, when there were Indians and outlaws and robbers in the South Mountains and on Cove Mountain, Tuscarora Mountain, Scrub Ridge and Sideling Hill, murders were more common than now, and the bodies of many a victim of redman or robber were recovered by following the unseen bearer of this "fire for the ghosts." It would be a long journey most always, generally unfruitful, as the sprite traveled far too fast for human strength, and the seeker would find himself at dawn waist-deep in some creek, or struggling in a marsh or quagmire. But there were cases where the light would be met with near the end of its journey, and after hovering over a mound, drop down and rest quivering, radiating a warm, white glow over the dreary sepulchre. It must not be approached or disturbed, but at daybreak it would vanish. Then the digging could commence. If molested while shining no bones would be found.

There was one story of finding a grave that has lingered on from generation to generation because of some very unusual features. It was a year or two

after the return of Colonel Bouquet to Carlisle with his convoy of prisoners released from Indian captivity, that two hunters from the Cumberland Valley, Calvin McCreight and Aleck McLanahan, in the early spring trailed a band of elks across Horse Valley (which meant Elk Valley, as the early settlers imagined the elks, when they saw them after they had shed their horns to be wild horses), over Kittochtinny Mountain, near the Tri-Mountain road through Path Valley, along the Tuscarora Path, into Aughwick Valley, and up to the very crest of mighty Cove Mountain, near to where the versatile Leslie Seylar, of McConnellsburg, has his wonderful recreation centre and observatory. There it became very dark and very cold, and a fresh snow was fast obliterating the tracks of the elks, which were moving southward<sup>1</sup>. The hunters paused to build a fire, and while they warmed their numb fingers the snow abated, and they regretted their decision to stop. They were about to "outen" their fire by putting snow on it, when they noticed a ball of light moving among the knotted, dwarfish chestnut trees which grew along the brow of the gigantic mountain, on the side facing Aughwick Valley. The elks were forgotten, as the kind-hearted hunters saw a chance to be of some aid to a victim of a violent death, and perhaps be able to transfer his remains to hallowed ground. When they approached the Jack o' Lanthorn it started to move more rapidly, and down the steep face of the mountain height. There was nothing to do but to follow, and it was just as easy to follow a well-intentioned sprite as a

band of elks. Down, down it led them, over rocks and crevices, among logs and windfalls, through underbrush and briars, until they came into easier traveling among the giant white oaks which grew along the lower levels of the mountain and stretched out towards Aughwick Creek. It was at a point directly across the creek from about where the State Forest Ranger's house is at present, that the ball of fire stopped, and seemed to hover over a pile of jagged rocks, like a mound. Evidently the body was buried with care, as the stones were put there so that it could not be exhumed by wolves or other wild beasts. The light rested on the grave, as if warming it by its bright rays, while the two hunters stood at a respectful distance trying to conjure out whose body it was. After viewing it for a time they made their way across the valley, camping for the night near the gap leading into Path Valley—the gap where, a century later, the mountaineers felled the trees across the road to prevent the ingress of the Confederate raiders. The hunt was forgotten; their main thought was to get back to Carlisle and try to solve the mystery of the lonely grave. It was over a year before they were able to learn anything very definite concerning the case, and then it was probably too late to run down the murderer. Widow McCaleb kept a lodging house opposite to the gaol, that grim old fortress which sheltered many noted political prisoners and criminals, among them Frederick Stump and his servant, John Ironcutter, who in 1768 murdered White Mingo and nine other Indians

in cold blood on the Christunn, near Stinefordstown, only to be released by a mob and carried about the streets of the town as heroes and not like murderers. It was during this stirring episode that the hunters McCreight and McLanahan were in Carlisle at the behest of the Sheriff in a feeble effort to preserve law and order. They happened to lodge with Widow McCaleb. After the release of the prisoners and the quieting of the uproar the two hunters sat with the landlady by the fire, discussing the day's regrettable events, the subject gradually turning to other crimes. It was nearly midnight, and the yawns of Widow McCaleb's pretty, brown-haired daughter Mary, as she rubbed her china-blue eyes, hinted that it was time to close up for the night. "What makes you yawn like that?" said the good woman, testily. "Don't you have any interest in all the important things these gentlemen have been telling?" "I was *interested*," protested the round-faced, overgrown girl, who was sprawling on a bench, as she patted the knots of chestnut-colored hair which covered her ears. "But I was up before day-break and scrubbing floors and washing windows and doing all kinds of work, and even if you talked ghosts I'd feel tired now." "Do you believe in ghosts?" said Widow McCaleb, addressing the hunters. "We surely do," answered McLanahan, and he proceeded to tell of the finding of the grave on Cove Mountain through following the Jack o' Lanthorn. The woman got up from her chair and began pacing the floor with suppressed excitement. "Mary, shall we tell the gentle-

men what *we* saw?" "Of course, tell them," said the girl, as she yawned again, and stretched her long, shapely arms like some big Pussy-cat. "It is a strange story," began the landlady, "but it shows that murder will out, and though you weren't able to hold those Dutch blackguards in jail today, you have helped to solve an unfathomed mystery. Five years ago—it was the year that my husband died and we began to take lodgers—we were lucky enough to accommodate several officers in Colonel Bouquet's command, soon to leave for the western country. Among them was Captain Denning, of the Royal Americans, an Irishman by birth, and a close personal friend to Colcnel Bouquet, and for a time his adjutant. The officer was about thirty years of age, undersized and not very attractive-looking, for he was flat-faced and wore spectacles. He took a great shine to Mary, and always said, half-joking, that when he came back a general from the west he would make her his wife; she was only fifteen, and very babyish for her age, so we thought little of his remarks. He was a great admirer of pretty women, though he said that Mary, even in her rough working clothes, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He said he would not mind being killed in battle except for one reason, that he could no longer see the pretty faces of the girls who thronged the earth, and never to see Mary again would be the greatest deprivation of all. At the end of a year Colonel Bouquet came back recommended for a general's commission, but Captain Denning was not with him. The report given out was

that he had wandered away in the mountains and fallen over a precipice. We had reason to think differently, and tried to explain our case, but failed. It happened this way: One night I was waked suddenly. Mary and I slept in the same room, but in different beds. I was always afraid to sleep alone since losing my husband, fearful of ghosts, I suppose, and thought I saw a man standng by Mary's bed. At first I thought it was my man come back, as he doted on Mary, and hated to leave her, but as he kept so still I believed it was an Indian or a robber. There were a few stars out, so I could see a little. I felt for my blunderbuss and was getting ready to fire it, when the light became a little trifle brighter, and I saw that it was neither my husband nor an Indian or a robber, but an officer in uniform of the Royal Americans. The figure continued to stand by my girl's bed, looking at her, until she woke with a start and screamed out, causing the apparition to vanish. I jumped out of bed and ran to her side. She was in a cold sweat. I said, "Mary, who was that standing by your bed?" "It was Captain Denning," she replied. She was much upset all day, but I told her that if he came again not to cry out, that if I was awake I would cover him with my pistol and shoot if he attempted to hurt her, but to try and find out what he wanted. That night I was again waked by the feeling that some one was in the room. It was the Captain again, and this time he spoke to Mary, in a voice just above a whisper, 'My dear girl,' he said, 'my whole life was centered on seeing you

again and making good my promise to urge you to be my wife. You could not love me as I loved you, because I was not a handsome man, but my great love would make up for what yours lacked. I was almost home—not a general, but cited for distinguished conduct on the field. On almost the last night of the march I left the camp at the foot of the west slope of Cove Mountain, and climbed to the highest point where I was told I could have a view of the Cumberland Valley, where my beloved resided. I had been followed by two ruffians, whom I had court-martialed, and just where the highway crosses the top of the mountain I was struck from behind, dragged down the hill into the forest, stripped of all my valuables, and buried. My slayers covered my grave with stones, not through fondness for me, but to prevent wolves from carrying bits of my body and clothing into the valleys where the crime might be detected. My murderers were——,’ and mentioning the names of two well-known young men of loose character, who, before enlisting, lived in the Great Cove. The recital had been a terrible one, and Mary, shivering as if with ague, screamed out again, and the shade of Captain Dénning vanished. The next day we saw Colonel Bouquet marching into town, followed by his troops and the motley caravan of released Indian captives. Mary and I were on the front steps as he rode by, and we waved to him, and he saluted us in return. What a prince of men he was—so brave and capable, yet so friendly and democratic with it all! That night we ex-

pected a return of the unquiet spirit of Captain Denning, so I gave Mary a big jorum of rum, so that her nerves would bear up better than on the previous nights. Again at midnight we were waked by Captain Denning standing at Mary's bedside. He began by saying that he did not want Colonel Bouquet to think that he had wandered away or deserted, but that he should know the facts and the names of his assassins, for us to go and tell the Colonel, and have him avenge his murder, that his grave could easily be found, and skull crushed in by a bullet wound from behind would prove his assertion. He was sorry to have troubled us, he had now appeared too many times, that he was growing faint. He stooped down and kissed Mary on her full, red lips. The ghost vanished, and I found that the girl had fainted dead away. I managed to revive her, and she fell into a quiet sleep. The next morning we repaired to General Bouquet's headquarters, and, through his orderly, who knew us, we secured an audience. He was shocked to hear our recital, and by the way he talked promised to start an investigation. That night we hardly expected the ghost, from what had been said, but he came again. This time his form was more hazy, and his voice so low that I could not hear him in my bed across the room. Mary says that he told her that Colonel Bouquet had made no move to investigate his death, that he had a peculiar gold ring with a Hindu inscription on it that the Colonel had noticed, that it was now being worn by a very estimable girl beyond Fort Bedford, with whom one of

the murderers was in love. He asked that she tell the Colonel to summon the girl, and ask her where she got the ring, and it would prove the story to be absolutely true. He kissed Mary again and embraced her, then faded away. The next morning we sought another audience with General Bouquet. He received us pleasantly, and was deeply impressed when Mary told the story of the ring. He promised to send a detachment of Black Boys after the girl at once, and bring his friend's murderers to justice. We left much gratified at the result of our interview. That evening we saw the cavalrymen clattering out of town, leading an extra horse with a fine side saddle on which the murderer's sweetheart was to be brought in. While they were gone Colonel Bouquet received orders commissioning him a Brigadier General, and ordering him to take command in Florida. He had to leave hurriedly, though one of the sentries at his headquarters told us that the day before he departed he sent his orderly out on the Cove Mountain Road, to try and hurry back the cavalrymen and their hostage, in case they should be traveling slowly. A week after the General's departure the cavalry troop rode into town, all covered with dust and grime, and with them a dark girl in Indian garb. When Colonel Marmaduke, General Bouquet's successor, heard the story, he ordered the girl restored to her home without an examination. She elected to return without delay, which we thought peculiar, and the troopers had to escort her away back to Schellsburg, fifteen miles west of Fort Bedford. We wondered if

we would receive a visit from Captain Denning's ghost to express his dissatisfaction, but never did we see him again. While the whole affair was still fresh in our minds we were shocked to hear of the sudden death of General Bouquet at Pensacola, immediately after his arrival in Florida. That settled the question as far as punishing the murderers of Captain Denning was concerned. Perhaps the General greeted the Captain in the other world, and planned some celestial vengeance. Mary, as you can see, looks none the worse for her ghostly visitations, but I do think may be she liked the Captain after all, as she always looks at the floor when the lads gaze at her, as they all do, in admiration. She used to be so bold that it worried me, but since she was kissed and embraced by a visitor from the land of spirits all earthly attentions must seem tame to her." Just at this point of the narrative Mary again struggled up from the bench on which she had been sprawling, and, showing too much of her pretty, plump, brown-stockinged legs. Yawning and stretching her smooth, white arms, she exclaimed, "Mother, for goodness sakes, don't praise me like that, else I will grow conceited. I would never be satisfied with a ghost's kisses; they blow icy breaths on me like come out of the Caves in Doubling Gap."

"I guess the poor Captain needed that fire from the Jack o' Lanthorn," said McCreight, "if he had a frozen breath like that."

As Widow McCaleb was locking the door for the night, she could hear the ribald shouts in the alleys, and snatches of German songs; the revellers were still celebrating the gaol delivery of Stump and Ironcutter in a manner never to be forgotten in staid old Carlisle. It seemed to the good woman that the merriest and freest people on earth were either murderers or friends of murderers.



## XI. The Proof of Ossian

IT IS not generally known that General Simon Fraser, the British Commander at the Battle of Stillwater, who was killed by the Pennsylvania sharp-shooter Tim Murphy, was engaged in important literary labors at the time of his untimely death. These labors were none other than the publication of a parallel edition of the works of Ossian, translated from ancient manuscripts, collected from entirely different sources, and proving beyond a shadow of a doubt the authenticity of James MacPherson's productions. These had been in the possession of the General's mother, Mrs. Catharine Fraser, of Culbockie, and entrusted to her son for editing and publication. This was to be done not to vindicate the aspersions cast upon MacPherson, in whom they had no interest and who is today generally regarded as the composer of the poems, but to prove the existence of ancient Scottish poetry, and confound the English critics. The work proved so engrossing and so arduous that when the General was ordered to America he brought the manuscripts with him, entrusted in the particular care of one of his orderlies, Farquhar McGilvray, who had been a retainer in his mother's family for a number of years.

The story of the General's taking off is so graphically told by historians that it will hardly bear repetition here. Suffice that the late Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, the lamented Pennsylvania Game Commissioner, in an

article urging the conservation of game to promote the use of the rifle by the mountain boys, states that "Tim Murphy's shot was the turning point of the Revolution. After that all was favorable to the cause of the Colonists." It was at a time when the tide of battle seemed going against the Americans that General Morgan requested Murphy, who was considered the ablest long-distance shot in his forces, to remove General Fraser. At three hundred yards the redoubtable Tim made short work of the gallant Britisher, and killed one of his orderlies for good measure. This was on October 7, 1777, and the surviving orderly, McGilvray, collected the manuscripts into his personal possession, while the General's body lay in an adjoining room in his headquarters, hoping to take the precious papers back to Scotland after the war.

The story of Tim Murphy is confusing to an historian. Benson J. Lossing, in his marvellous "Field Book of the Revolution," relates that, after the Revolution, Murphy resided in the Mohawk Valley, New York, marrying a girl from that neighborhood. In Pennsylvania history it is stated that, after the Revolution, Murphy resided in the West Branch Valley, below the present town of Williamsport, at what is now Sylvan Dell. Could there have been two Tim Murphys? The Keystone State, unless most excellent proofs are adduced, will never concede that her Tim Murphy became a New Yorker.

The Tim of so many unique records was champion of champions. For instance, on September 13, 1775,

his friends joined him in his celebrating the killing and scalping of his twenty-third Indian. As Indian scalps were paid for at the rate of \$134 apiece, Murphy must have enjoyed some little prosperity as a man-hunter. At one time in his life he estimated that he had killed four thousand deer; only a few hunters in the whole United States can equal that record. With twenty-three Indians, four thousand deer and General Fraser to his credit, Murphy was able to take pride in what hunters today call a "mixed bag" second to none. Tim Murphy's rifle, the stock "nicked" to bits by the marks of its frequent victims, would be a relic fit for a great private collection or museum. Robert Couvenhoven's rifle, still in existence, has thirteen nicks, which means it counted for the lives of that number of redskins, and Couvenhoven and Murphy were close friends.

At the close of the war Farquhar McGilvray did not return to Scotland, but turned up as a squatter settler in the South Mountains, on Conewago Creek, in Buchanan Valley. Probably he had been captured and exchanged, or allowed to escape, but why did he elect to remain in America? At any rate, he appeared in Pennsylvania, bringing with him the precious "proofs of Ossian." He had a clearly defined idea of their value, and possibly he sought the quiet of the South Mountains to himself take up the task of translating and annotating the manuscripts where his illustrious master had left off. He may have preferred to do this than to turn them over to outsiders in Scotland, who would rob the General's

memory of the credit, or make a "botch" of the important task. It is strange, however, that McGilvray did not communicate with Macpherson or his friends, who might have been willing to bring out the translation at no expense to the old soldier. It may have been the hardships of the frontier, and the irresponsibility of the squatter's life that caused him to dawdle with his work. He seemed to do little more with the documents, if that was his reason for coming to Buchanan Valley, than to read and re-read them; they were always lying on his desk during the period when bad weather kept him indoors. But for all that the few neighbors forgot that McGilvray was a British veteran of the war or was the possessor of one of the most valuable manuscripts in the world. He seemed to spend most of his time clearing a small farm, and later tore down his log cabin after he had erected a more substantial structure, a square stone house with old-fashioned hooded chimneys, under which the owls harbored in changeable weather. Some people thought that he intended to get married, as the house was much too large for a lone squatter, but no wife appeared. That he was industrious is proved by this stone house, which is still standing; practically all of the work of which he did himself.

Yet as for literary activities he made no stir. What was his motive for keeping the manuscript in the wilds of South Mountains? Was he negotiating to sell it, or would some one come after it? It is a

great mystification to those who are interested, and as yet no solution can be even guessed at!

As years passed McGilvray found the responsibilities of the house too great, and entered into negotiations with a couple then in the prime of life, Adam Ludwig and wife, that if they would care for him as long as he lived he would turn the house and land over to them at his death. Adam Ludwig was a bright, active man, and younger brother of Molly Ludwig, better known as "Molly Pitcher," the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth, and the widow of the Revolutionary soldiers, Hays and McCauley.

Relieved of his chief responsibilities, the Scotchman began to think more and more of his old home beyond the seas. He was attached to his Pennsylvania mountains and valleys, yet he desired, as he expressed it, "to take one more look at his own Highlands." After deliberating for many months, he finally decided to make the trip, and completed all the legal arrangements so that if he was lost at sea or died abroad the property would pass to the caretakers. He would be gone about two years, no more.

When he left he entrusted the manuscripts, which he kept in an iron box, made for the purpose by a blacksmith at Chambersburg, to Ludwig, enjoining him to save them above all other chattels if the house caught on fire.

If McGilvray was waiting for someone to come for the papers it was strange that he would go off on a two year's trip, leaving them behind, and with no

orders to his agent, except to hold on to them, and carry the chest out first of all the household goods in case of fire.

Adam Ludwig, not hearing from the Scotchman in nearly two years, began to feel that perhaps he had been shipwrecked or died. Just as this period was expiring a letter came from him, stating that he was very comfortably situated among relatives and would probably remain away for three years more, also the interesting information that he was to be married to an old-time sweetheart.

Soon after this the trail across the mountains, near to McGilvray's house, was opened as a public road to Arendtsville, and was much frequented by travelers. Many of these sought accommodations at the stone mansion, but the Ludwigs were loath to advertise the place as an inn without the knowledge and consent of the owner. Travel became so heavy that Ludwig wrote to McGilvray and asked him if he might rent the house to use it as a tavern, and offering him a fixed rental per year for three years. There was a prompt reply that he would be glad to let the house for the purpose indicated, the amount of rental was satisfactory, but that he would prefer to have it paid in one lump sum on his return.

At the end of the three years McGilvray wrote that if Ludwig was willing he might continue on the same terms for three years more, and to pay the taxes which could be deducted from the rental.

The tavern was a favorite resort for travelers, and

the rental was renewed every three years, until Adam Ludwig, who became known as "Old Adam," died, and was succeeded by his son, "Young Adam." McGilvray also must have died about this time, for no other letters came from him, and Young Adam continued to pay the taxes.

In the house-cleaning incidental to the new landlord's accession the iron box, which had been kept for years under "Old Adam's" long-legged bed was taken upstairs to the garret. There under the dark, cobwebby eaves it continued to rest for many a year, becoming steadily rustier and dingier, a forbidden-looking box of mystery. "Young Adam" had often heard his father and mother talk of the box, and in a vague way knew that it contained the manuscript of some ancient poems relating to the early history of Scotland in some obsolete language, but he never tried to delve into the subject any deeper.

Years passed, and "Young Adam" in turn became "Old Adam," and by virtue of paying taxes and possession for upwards of twenty-one years, became the actual possessor of the stone house and its surrounding lands. He was an honest man, and openly stated that if McGilvray or his rightful heirs returned he would turn the house and farm over without a protest, but he did not feel like hunting for people who showed such a lack of interest in a property.

For many years Ludwig's wife and daughters attended to the wants of the travelers, but the girls

finally married and went away, leaving too great a burden on the middle-aged landlady.

One of the sons, Adam 3d, had become a landlord in Mercersburg and married there. His wife had a sister who said that she was willing to work out for a time and agreed to go to the South Mountains. This volunteer, named Linda Hatcher, was a girl of more than ordinary good looks. It was reported that she was in love with Johnny Kilgore, the great hunter, who sometimes came to the tavern with his pack of deer hounds. Linda had met him while on a visit there, and it was not long after that she expressed a desire to "help out" at the remote spot where few town girls, even at that early day, would have cared to linger long without such an ulterior purpose.

Adam Ludwig, 3rd, in Mercersburg, became acquainted with a young professor at the college, a man of about the same age, twenty-three, and in describing his boyhood home in the mountains told of the mysterious old Revolutionary soldier and the box containing the manuscripts of early Scottish poetry.

"Were they the Poems of Ossian," said the professor, who was an omniverous reader and student. "Yes, sir, that's the name, I'm sure," replied the young boniface.

The educator was tremendously impressed, and felt that he was on the threshold of the most important literary discovery of the century. One matter and another prevented the weekly-planned, but inevitably

postponed "trip" to Buchanan Valley until a year had slipped away imperceptably. Finally a date was set for the last Sunday in August, about the year 1842, the professor to furnish the horses, and the young boniface to attend to the accommodation. They would leave at three o'clock in the morning and arrive at their destination in time for Adam 3rd to introduce his friend, arrange for him to stay, then, after supper he would return and, by urging his horse, be back in time to open his hotel on Monday morning. In those times "days off" and vacation were seldom taken, and all that the average man could see was an endless vista of work.

It was a crisp, cool morning as the two young travelers started away on their prancing steeds, the hoofs rattling on the cobblestones of the inn-yard. The Robins had begun caroling gayly in the tops of the old maple trees along the street, the Martins were singing their sweetest about their ornate brightly painted home on a tall pole across from the Seminary. Everything was bright and crisp, and the dew sparkled on the grass catching the first rays of the sun as it rose from behind the South Mountains as they rode out of town into the wide country. The young men were well mounted, consequently arrived at the old stone house on the Conewago before the deepening colors of mountains and pines told of the approach of the golden hour and sunset. The parents of Adam 3rd, with several of their grandchildren and their helper, Linda Hatcher, were sitting on the benches

which flanked either side of the front door, enjoying the cool stillness of the afternoon atmosphere, when the two horsemen came into view beyond the ford. There was a giant buttonwood tree close to the creek, which threw its capacious branches and shade so far that it seemed to be sheltering the old tavern under its outstretched arms. Up in the branches a handsome cock Passenger Pigeon was chirping to his Quaker colored mate, and this and the rippling of the Conewago had put the sitters on the tavern porch almost into a trance state, in a calm accord with quiet serenity of the long Sunday golden hour. They jumped up quickly when they saw the approaching travelers, and the wild pigeons, frightened by the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the loose stones by the ford, flew away into the dense woods on the slope of Piney Mountain. Even the dogs were aroused, and ran forward barking vociferously. It did not take Adam 3d's parents long to recognize him, and while they were exchanging greetings, the young professor from the College at Mercersburg was standing nervously patting his horse's frothy chest and staring at the pretty Linda Hatcher, who stood on the hotel porch, her hands on her hips. She, from under her lashes, looked at him, but not in the same terms of admiration. He was a curious looking youth even for that day. A great brown beard covered his face, and hung down below his waist, his soft, grey hat was pulled down low and the color of his eyes were concealed by heavy spectacles. "I wonder what

he looks like back of that disguise," thought the girl.  
"Perhaps that is why he acts so bold."

The unattractive man always looks hard at lovely specimens of the opposite sex, whereas his attractive brother is supremely indifferent because all the girls are looking at him. After all were introduced the young men accompanied the elder Ludwig to the stable and put away their horses. Adam 3d explained how his friend, a great scholar, would like to go over the contents of the iron box and it was arranged to have it placed in his room the following morning. In the living room before supper, during supper, and all evening long the young savant could not keep his eyes off pretty Linda Hatcher. He had never seen her equal before, not even in Mercersburg, which was famous for its beautiful girls. He was surprised when he heard that she had until lately lived in that town; evidently there were many things that his studious life compelled him to miss. Linda was of the semi-blonde type, very slim, with well chiseled features, blue eyes and very red lips, she was above the medium height, with quick, nervous movements and knew her beauty enough to be self-conscious about it. She felt that it entitled her to choose her admirers, and she detested homely men. Perhaps the professor was not bad looking beneath his shock of hair, his big spectacles and shaggy beard, but he had no business to wear such disguises if he would look at a girl of her pretensions. She evidently forgot that Johnny Kilgore, the great hunter, also

wore his black hair very long and had a beard of ample dimensions, but *his* eyes were uncovered by glasses and were piercingly and vividly black, besides, all the girls who saw him called him a handsome man, and that was *everything*. Would she ever be lucky enough for Johnny Kilgore to fancy her, she thought.

Linda resented the professor's silent attentions, and disliked to see those spectacled eyes following her wherever she went. She had to show him to his room, a task she hated, and while she handed him the key he kept eyeing her all the while, until she felt so uncomfortable that she used "cuss words" to herself as she ran along the hall and down the stairs. In the morning Adam Ludwig recollects that he had no key to the massive lock which held the iron box inviolate. He did not like to break it, as it had been closed by the old Scotchman, whose heirs might send for it some time. At the same time he had never been told not to open it. If the professor did not object he would yoke up his team of oxen and take it to the blacksmith down the creek, and have it back before dinner time. The professor acquiesced and meanwhile he would take a stroll up the mountain, across the ford, and examine the flora and avi-fauna of the neighborhood. He wanted a Passenger Pigeon's nest, perhaps the pair that had flown off the big sycamore as they crossed the ford the day before had been breeding, and their nest might be found in one of the ancient beeches or hemlocks along the "first bench" of Piney Mountain.

Then there was the Blue Spring to visit, so beautifully situated among wide-spreading chestnut trees. Ludwig took the box to the blacksmith and had a key fitted, returned and had the musty pile of parchments and vellums on the table in the professor's room by nine o'clock. The bed as yet had not been made up, and the contents of the educator's saddle bags, apparel, boots, note books, specimen cases and the like were distributed on all the tables and chairs.

While the professor was botanizing and looking for a pigeon nest the sky grew overcast and a heavy and cold wind commenced blowing. He was a long ways up the mountain side, but hurried down over the rocks, as the fierce wind was shaking down leaves from the trees like on a day in Autumn, and the frigid gusts betokened a severe thunder storm. At the tavern the gale beat against the old house unceasingly, and the professor's window being open, the wind swept through with fury, blowing all the papers and vellums of the Proofs of Ossiam down on the floor. The room was in fearful state, with the rain pelting in when Linda entered to "make the bed." "What a fool man," she said to herself. "Why can't he be orderly and neat? He thinks no one cares since he is disguised." She slammed the window angrily, and began mopping up the water which had run all over the wooden floor in big pools. Then she commenced picking up the dirty papers and sheepskins until her arms were filled with them. "Where could that crazy man have kept all this trash; there's

no room for it in his saddlebags or anywhere." There was a ten-plate stove in the room, with the door standing wide open. "I'll store the things in there, and when I see him after he gets back I'll tell him it's as good a place as any."

She made up the room hastily and carelessly, and rushed out, glad to get away from such hateful surroundings. Downstairs she heard Ludwig remark that he had put "the valuable papers in the professor's room," but she made no comment.

It was not long after that Ludwig's wife, shuddering from the sudden change in the weather, told one of her granddaughters, "Little Molly," named for her illustrious relation, to go upstairs and light a fire in the guest's room. The child obeyed, and when she got there struck a flint, and soon had the mass of parchments blazing away furiously. She waited until all was burning then slammed the stove door and started down the hall. At the head of the stairs she met Linda Hatcher coming up with a jug of water. "Where are you coming from Molly," she inquired, seeing the child carrying the flint box. "Grandmother told me to light a fire in the professor's stove, and I made a good one." Linda Hatcher did not know whether to laugh or cry; she did neither, but gripping the jug firmly ran towards the professor's apartment. "What have I done" screamed Little Molly, running after her. "You have set fire to all those valuable papers that Grandfather took out of the old iron box this morning." "Then I'm

in for a licking sure," shrieked the child. "No, you're not," said Linda, almost out of breath. "If anyone's to be licked it's me. It was my fault."

Reaching the room, she put her hand under her apron, and flung open the swinging door of the stove. A glance told her it was too late; only a few corners remained uncharred of the priceless proofs of Ossian. She was on her knees before the stove, trying to sort out and piece together what few remnants that survived when, unheard by her, the professor entered the room. The girl did not speak, but went on with her work as if no one was present. The professor broke the silence. "Can I help you clean out the stove, or do anything," he queried. She did not answer, but swung the stove door shut with a bang, and sprang to her feet. As she reached the door she stopped, saying, "I've done a very foolish thing. I put your old manuscripts in the stove for safe keeping; Mrs. Ludwig had a fire started to take the chill out of the room; I only heard of it too late; I came running; there's nothing left but the ashes." She slammed the door and her defiant manner vanished.

She was crying as she went down the hall, for she knew that it was her pride that had made possible this lamentable conflagration. As for the professor, he sat speechless before the smoking fragments. "The literary sensation of the century," which he had hoped to sponsor, would never take place! After a time he recovered himself and sorted the ashes and charred papers with careful touch; all was destroyed.

beyond recall, yet the Gaelic characters on the corners of the few pieces of heavy parchment which were left told him beyond words that the mass of manuscript had been the long-missing proof of Ossian. It seemed that the fates had conspired to prevent MacPherson's memory from receiving an eleventh hour vindication.



## XII. A Ghost Flower

IN Fulton County, in the Township of Ayr, there is a high grazing land which overtops many mountains and commands a superb view in every direction; there is no underbrush among the few oaks and chestnuts which remain, and there was not in Colonial days, as the bison had made it a favorite resting place, cleaning it as effectually as if a force of men with grubbing hoes and brush hooks had been over it. It was known to the earliest white settlers as "the Park," and the "Pasture," but between the time that the buffaloes were driven off and the white pioneers came in it was used as a tarrying ground for beleagured Indians, moving from place to place in vain trying to rest quietly away from their implacable pale faced foes. From this high, wind-swept elevation they could note the light of camp-fires in cabins in the far distant coves and get a general idea of how to best protect themselves. Gradually the Indians came less frequently until the last party, possibly Senecas, driven south, and then north again by the white enemies, and unfriendly Indians of other tribes, came to lay away, according to their tribal custom, the daughter of the chief warrior of the band. The girl was of extreme beauty, and but eighteen years of age, when overcome by a sudden cold, pneumonia developed and she passed away after a day of intense suffering. It would have pleased the bereaved parents mightily if they could have brought

the body of their loved one back to the shaded, peaceful burying ground overlooking their old home on the Ohe-yu, or The Beautiful River, which the white men arbitrarily re-named "The Allegheny," near the present town of Roulette, in Potter County, and where her brothers and sisters rested, for she was the last of the family, but it was hard enough to transport themselves and find enough food to live on, without taking a corpse as part of their caravan. Besides, it was May, warm weather was coming on; it would not do to transport a body at that period, which the Senecas called the Moon of the White Blossoms. Nature was resplendent in her white dress of purity, and if the dead girl at this time could be likened to any blossom, she might be called a ghost flower.

In order to protect the body from wolves, yet give it a view of the beauties of the surrounding region, for the Senecas ascribed a certain sentience to the body until it had crumbled to bits with the wind, a high platform of hickory poles was constructed, on which sat the fair corpse upright on a chair, as if in life. Ten feet below the wolves might leap and snarl to their heart's content, and howl and yowl at their discomfiture, and chase their shadows on the lawn, but they could not touch the body sitting up there so serenely, with the moonlight shining full in her face! The panther could climb the poles, or bring the whole structure down by his weight, but this giant cat never would touch dead flesh, though there are stories of extant panthers poisoned by eat-

ing carcasses of horses and steers saturated with strychnine. At any event, they did not touch dead flesh in Indian times, maybe later on when famished for food they may have been pushed to this extremity and perished for their hardihood. There is a story told by the very old people in Bedford County of how a panther visited a back pasture near Scrub Ridge and killed a two-year-old colt. The monster sucked the blood and went away, leaving its great tracks in the soft ground in the field. The carcass was dosed with arsenic and the panther, returning the next night, on sampling the meat, fell dead not many feet from the remains of his victim. When the settlers visited the spot the next morning they were appalled by the size of the monster they had slain, and declared that lying there, even in death, with claws clutched convulsively, it looked every inch a king. As the Indian girl who died was the last of her family, and was so amiable as well as beautiful in life, her bereaved parents wished to make their final offering to her in keeping with their great love. They dressed her in the best of her meagre supply of clothing, wound her with strings of many colored beads, painted her face white, with red cheeks and red lips, propped open the eyes and painted the most graceful brows, arranged her hair most tastefully, and decked it out with blossoms of the hawthorne, while her beaded raiment was half buried behind garlands of spring flowers, ground pine and pipsissewa. Her couch or settee was completely twined with evergreen

boughs and vines, interspersed with bunches of flowering blossoms, trillums, columbines and gentians. The poles and cross-stringers of the funeral edifice were decked with hemlock boughs, made ornate by flowers. It was a skilful mingling of life and death, and every effort made to have in it as little of the gruesome as possible. The grief of the desolated parents was pitiable to behold, especially the old chief, who, like his race, shed no tears, but his lined and furrowed face spoke volumes.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the Moon of the White Blossoms that the ornate corpse was to be left seated in solitary grandeur, facing the west, the supposed original home of the progenitors of the Indian race. Could the expression, "gone west," as applied to death by the British soldiers in the World War be of Canadian-Indian origin? It was the belief of many of the Eastern Indians that their souls went west at death, to take a long sea journey. John Smoke, a Clinton County Indian eighty years of age, told Seth Nelson, Jr., about 1850, that the Senecas believed that they came to America across a narrow strip of land from a far-distant western Continent; storms had washed away this peninsula; that they could not return except after death, when their spirits essayed towards the setting sun. The Indian girl's body bedecked, and hung with flowers, and beads and all the ornaments that could be gathered up, was carried gently up a ladder by her father and placed on her silent pedestal. The father then re-

turned by the ladder, which he hacked to pieces so that no one might use it again, and after both he and his squaw had taken a last lingering look at their beloved seated up there all alone, at the head of their little band, they started towards the north, to try and fight their way back to the more secure regions at the headwaters of the Beautiful River. It was a bitter blow for the old couple, and they seemed to have aged ten years by it, but they maintained their stoical composure and marched with heads held high, as if to show their understanding that the Gitchi-Manito, or Great Spirit, knew best. The brief Spring afternoon faded into the Golden Hour, the long shadows presaged the setting sun, which from beyond Ray's Hill shed its ashes of roses against the unblinking eyes of the dead maiden. The sunset softened into dusk ,and soon it was dark and a new moon, the moon of the White Blossoms, poured its calming incandescence upon the rigid upturned face.

Morning came and went and the days and nights passed, the coolness of nights closely approaching frost, so that decomposition did not hasten its dreadful course. It was the last night of the last quarter of this moon that a wild pigeon hunter, who had been fishing for squabs with a torch at a distant nesting ground, passed through "the Park" on his homeward journey to his cabin in the Cove. He carried a burlap bag chock full of squabs, over his shoulder, and used the pole on which he had fixed

his torch, as a staff. As he proceeded through the grove of tall oaks and chestnuts he noticed the platform on the four high poles, and as he neared it the cold moonlight was shining full into the placid face of the dead Indian girl. The pigeon hunter stopped in front of the platform, laying his bag of squabs on the ground. He was struck by the beauty of the girl even in death, the savage make-up of whitened skin, red lips, red cheeks and black brows only made her charm of features stand out in bolder relief, all shimmering with the silver of a dying moon. He caught hold of one of the poles, and tried to shake it, as if to test its stability. He was not a heavy man, nor tall, so in an instant he "shinned" up the pole, and was standing on the platform, looking into the face of the corpse. He could not believe her dead. "Oh, why," he said, looking at the unblinking moon, "must such beauty die? If only I had known her and loved her she might have still been alive; she could not have left one who appreciated her loveliness like I would have done!" Several times he turned away, as if to leave, but always came back to stand before the corpse. Suddenly an idea came to him and he spoke aloud. "Perhaps she is not dead, but merely in a trance. I will take her to my cabin, for it is cold, and build up a good fire, and lay her on my couch before it, and she may be warmed back to life. I have heard the old witch women say that many persons die from lack of warmth of love; I shall try this on her, and I may win her back from

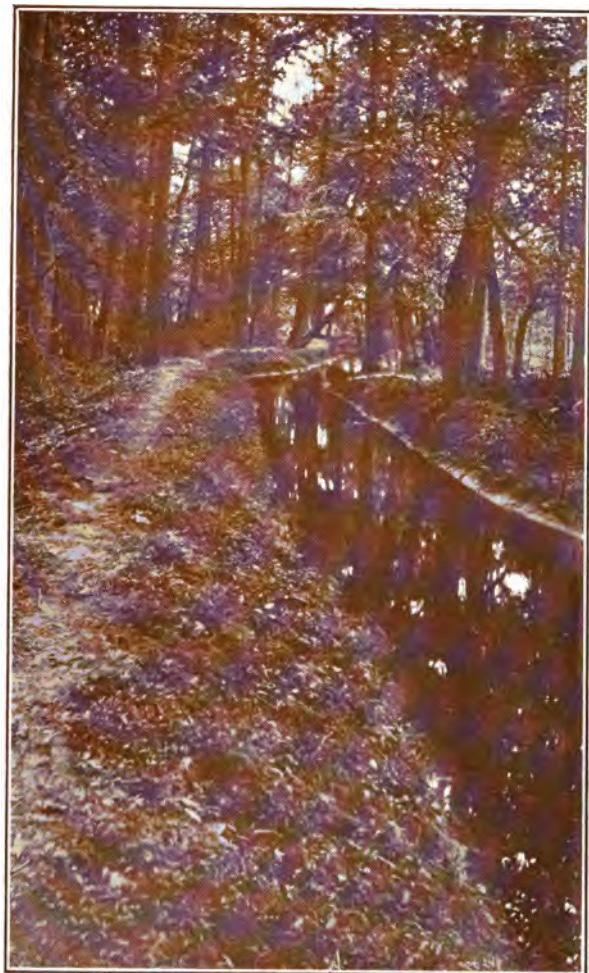
the worms." Stooping down he picked her up in his arms, the corpse was as light as a feather, and with rare agility brought her down the pole in safety. Leaving his staff on the ground, and tieing his bag of squabs to a limb of a tree out of reach of wolves or foxes, he resumed his journey, carrying the dead Indian girl like a mother would dandle a baby. It was a five mile walk, over a steep uncertain trail for the most part until he reached his little log cabin by the boiling spring in the Cove. He unbolted the door and sat the corpse in a chair while he lighted a fire in the huge chimney. He put on plenty of knots and rich pine, so that soon the entire room was alight with the lurid glow throwing into relief the rigid figure on the chair, as well as the flint-locks, powder-horns and antlers hung about the walls. He moved his bunk, with its buffalo robe coverings, in front of the fire, and stretched the body of the dead girl out on it. Then he sat down in a corner of the hearth to tend the fire. He kept a great blaze going; every now and then he would feel the dead girl's hands to see if they showed any signs of life. It was a fantastic thing to do, and would have been termed morbid if done by a person of education, but to this uncouth hunter it was merely trying to put into practice what the old witch women of the mountains declared was possible to renew life. After a while the warmth sent out by the fire, and the spices on the corpse, made the air very heavy in the room and continued to lull him towards slumberland. His

head nodded on his breast several times and he pulled his beard and tried every resolution to keep awake, but he was finally caught up by the whirlpool of dreams and swept away into that border realm of eternity. He must have dreamed, though he was sure he did not, that it was all real—that as he watched the dead girl she began to stir on the couch, gradually raising her head, and blinking her eyes. She pulled herself up a trifle, and looked around. She sat upright, tossing aside the buffalo robe which had covered her limbs. She looked into the various corners of the room, noticing the hunter seated on the rush-bottom chair in the inglenook. The light that showed in her eyes may have come from the fire, but the hunter was sure that it was the light of life and understanding and something of love. She whirled around on the couch and sat with her pretty moccasined feet tapping on the buffalo robe which she had tossed to the floor, her hands resting on the couch. With her hands she braced herself and stood erect on the buffalo robe, swaying a trifle from side to side, her eyes fixed on the hunter. For some reason he could not rise to assist her, but allowed her to stand there swaying, swaying, swaying, like a ghost flower in a Maytime gale. She stood for some time, as if not quite sure enough of her strength to make a step. The hunter had every confidence that she would soon walk, but as she looked at him so steadily he was sure that she would come towards him. Was ever mortal happier than he; if she took

## SOUTH MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

she was surely of the quick, and not of the dead, even I would long to him. He had heard the old Scotch women say that if a person is called back from death, they can never die again, so that if she could live she would be his forever, or until he would be called to leave her for eternity. Why did she ~~not~~ die long? She had the strength to rise up on the couch, and seat herself with her feet tapping on the floor, then to stand erect, why would she not attempt to walk. As he watched he noticed that her feet began to move ~~now~~ ~~now~~, she was beginning to walk. He took one step towards her, two steps, began to tremble, in two more ~~steps~~ ~~he fell~~ at her side. His heart beat in狂喜 of emotion. As she approached the chair she suddenly doubled up, and fell with a crash upon a bag of bones at his feet. He stooped over her, and she came all apart in his arms. The head fell off and rolled on the floor, almost into his hands. Arms and legs dropped off and at last he could hold a part of the torso in his grasp which he had dropped to the floor from sheer excitement.

The boy, now wide awake, was never more so in his life. He could be found himself standing before the couch, holding her. Her hair was strewn with the disjoined relics of the dead girl. When the fire had begun to singe her hair he had rescued the precious head before it was too late, and placed it with torso, arms and legs on the floor, and gazed with a mangling of sorrow and despair on all that was mortal of one from whom the soul had surely fled. He gathered the





remains together in the buckskin skirt, so decorated with gaudy fringes and heads of many colors, and left the bundle on the couch until morning. Then he stretched himself out on the floor and slept until daybreak. By the first rays of dawn he started up the steep uncertain trail, carrying the remnants of the Indian girl. When he reached the platform at the "Park" he nimbly climbed up one of the poles and deposited the bundle on the settee, then came nimbly down. He found his staff and cut down the bag of squabs and started homeward along the steep, uneven trail. Even if he had returned the girl's bones to her place of sepulture chosen by her parents, the spiritual part of her, the ghost, or wraith preferred to stay back at the cabin by the Boiling Spring. As he neared his cabin, in the broad daylight of noon, he saw the Indian girl walking in his little flower garden, looking radiant and happy, the very antithesis of death. He was too steeped in mountain lore to even be surprised; a mountaineer must never allow anything to disturb him; he is taught that all things are a part of Nature, that nothing is supernatural, and that the words "marvelous" and "surprised" are unworthy of memorizing. He made no attempt to go near the ghost, as he wanted her to come again, and feel at home, so he went indoors and put a mess of squabs to boil, when he went outside to get some more water the ghost was gone. He had judged the situation rightly, for every day the ghost walked about the garden, so he tramped to the county seat

and got the seeds of many tame posies and transplanted many wild flowers from the forests to please her, making the tiny plot a veritable bower. Every night she would appear in the cabin, even when the hunter's friends were present; and on cold nights would be shivering as she came, and stand close before the fire to warm herself. He never spoke to her, nor would he allow his friends to do so. He felt that if he spoke first he might "lay" her, and she could never return, and that might make her very unhappy, and she would wail but could not be seen. If she spoke first all would be well, but never did she break her silence, just walked in the garden or enjoyed the inglenook, and faintly smiled. But it delighted him to have this charming ghost about the place, and he truly loved her more than most men could a woman of flesh and blood. Many men have worshipped an ideal, yet here was one who saw her, if not in the flesh, in the spirit! And as he grew old the ghost ever seemed young, and even more beautiful, and when he passed away at the age of eighty-eight it was with a sense of joy to go. Those who tended his last illness knew the reason why, and the ghost was in the room, standing by the fire on the night he breathed his last. The next morning, it was in the month of the White Blossoms, when the neighbor men came to lay him out they saw him walking in the tiny garden with its slab fence all over-grown with trumpet vines, hand in hand with his Indian girl. They laid out the corpse and carried it to its last.

resting place on the Pike, but they knew that his spirit was in the garden, where a ghost flower was its choicest bloom.

Out on the high pasture there is present every summer a wonderful jungle of sumac just where the funeral pavilion of the Indian girl was located, which aptly proves the belief of the Indians that there was also an immortality of the body. Every Spring the fresh vigorous growth completely shades the spot, the stems at that same rare yellowish pink brown that was the color of her lithe body, and as the season waxes from Summer into Autumn the flaming brick red berries in great luxurios clusters are of the hue that she was so fond of rubbing on her smooth cheeks in the brief days of her hectic life. It is by such symbols she lives, and enjoys the sunrise, the sunset, the breezes and the rains, just as when she formed a part of the endless cycle of existence with her beautiful body.



### XIII. The Wolf's Glen

ON Wolf Camp Run, in Bedford County, in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, stood an old log water mill, the first one built in that section of the State, and such a curious looking structure that no person could see it and ever forget. Though it was the only place where one could get a grist ground for miles around, the meagreness of the population and inefficient management caused it to close down every few years, until it was permanently abandoned. It was left idle at one period for nearly five years, the surroundings becoming overgrown with rank weeds and grass and the building itself an abode for snakes, lizards, toads, skunks, woodchucks and screech owls. It was also rumored that the mill was haunted, but these stories may have come from the variety of sounds of the wild denizens which inhabited it, or rats in the wooden machinery. To the west of the mill the Wolf's Glen opened into the narrow valley of Wolf Camp Run, and in days still earlier had been a favorite "crossing" for great packs of wolves, and in the pools of Little Wolf Run, in the Glen, they often bathed in the warm evenings of Summer. The large packs which howled about the old mill when it was first built came no more; they had crossed the run on the ice about the breast of the dam, and made good shooting from the upper windows of the mill on nights when there was clear moonlight. They seemed to prefer being shot down

than to change their route, which they had followed for centuries, and fell ready victims to an unflinching principle. Once in a while a wolf or two would be tracked or met with in the forests, sometimes chasing deer, or stealthily crossing some wood road. On nights in the fall of the year wolves would howl at one another from the loneliest knobs, making the residents of the valley shiver with terror.

There was an early settler on Wolf Camp, named Harman McNeely, who had a very strange experience with a wolf, that has been whispered down the generations as absolute fact. This young man was a noted hunter and trapper; in fact, his love for the chase was so great that he never cleared a farm in his life. There was nothing to show for his strenuous career except on the Bounty lists in the Court House. He made his home with a married sister and her husband, a well-to-do, thrifty couple, very different from the forest-straying young Nimrod. On one occasion, in the late summer, McNeely was walking down the hollow, after an unsuccessful day's hunt. It would be close to sundown when he passed the deserted mill. His gun was across his shoulder and he was meandering along as he was in no hurry, and the shady trail seemed as good a place to be as anywhere else. All at once he heard some slight stir of the branches, and noticed a black wolf come out into the middle of the path about one hundred feet in front of him, stand still, looking at him intently. Then the animal dropped its bushy tail between its

legs and galloped down the path towards the mill site. For once in his life Harman McNeely had suffered from what the mountaineers call "harsh fever." It had attacked him virulently, as he had not even taken his rifle off his shoulder. But he soon recovered himself and started in pursuit of the wolf in order to get a shot at it. As he emerged from the forest he saw it dart into the abandoned mill. It would be a dark place to go in and shoot it, and besides it might be a spook wolf, so he stood on the verge of the woods and watched for the animal to reappear. It was a somewhat tedious wait. After the sun had disappeared behind the knobs above Little Wolf Run, and a dreary stillness was overshadowing the scene and the air grew colder, the hunter noticed the form of a beautiful young woman emerge from the open door of the mill. What was she doing there, and what had she thought of the sudden visit from the wolf? If she was a ghost of any kind he must not speak to her first, she would vanish; if real flesh and blood it would embarrass her if she found herself observed. To his surprise the girl came towards him, innocent of all clothing, and he stood rooted to the spot in admiration. She was quite tall, with rounded ultra-feminine features, dark brown hair and very smooth but rather swarthy complexion, her whole form being supple and graceful in the extreme. When she saw him, like a bearded satyr standing among the leafy boughs, she professed to express surprise and chagrin. It was all so

very terrible to encounter a man in her condition, but perhaps if he would forgive he might help her. Early in the afternoon she had gone swimming in the race, and while she was in the water and her back was turned, some malicious person had entered the mill where she had disrobed, and made off with her apparel! She had been traveling through the country with friends, she feared that they were not waiting for her, and she was stranded without a garment in a strange country; had he seen a number of travelers where the highway crossed the head of the run, if he had come that way?

McNeely listened pretending to be impressed, but all the while cherishing his own opinion of the strange beauty. "I have not seen anyone this afternoon, but if you will wear my coat you can come to my sister's home for the night or until I can find your companions." No matter what she was, it was worth the adventure. The girl was lovely to look upon, and spoke in a voice so melodious that it resembled the tinkling of a silver bell, like were sometimes put on sheep to charm away the wolves. He explained that his sister lived about two miles below the mill, that they might arrive there by dark, if they walked briskly. All the while the girl bemoaned her lost clothing and friends, but the hunter did not believe a word she said. He maintained his very sympathetic attitude, for he loved good looks and saw only too few fair women in the wilderness. Once in Philadelphia he had stood on the curbstone and watched the belles of

that city going to the Assembly Ball, and they all had faces like the charming creature walking at his side. When he reached his sister's house he knocked, and the good woman came to the door. He explained his fair companion's predicament which was, of course, believed, and she was immediately provided with clothing, his sister's black silk dress, of course! It was the only silk dress for miles around, the envy of the mountain women, but nothing was too good for this elegant looking female in distress. She told a long story, to which McNeely's sister, her husband, and all the children listened attentively. The hunter pretended to listen, but in reality he was more intent on outwitting his visitor than to hear her glib falsehoods.

"She must feel very tired from fright," the hunter's sister suggested. The best room in the house was up a ladder, with a grand bed in it that came all the way from Philadelphia. It had been made in Dublin, of the finest Irish walnut. The stranger, still anxious to create a favorable impression, went up the ladder without a murmur, and closed the trap-door after her. The whole family wanted to talk at once about her terrible misfortunes, but the young hunter stole away to his room and threw himself on his bunk, so as to think succinctly. He left his door ajar until all the members of the household had retired, then stole softly out of his room, and out of doors. He hurried up the hollow until he came to the deserted water mill, which he entered.

There was an almost full moon, and on the floor he saw a fresh wolf hide, very dark, lying there like a snake would shed its skin! He picked it up and carried it over to the disused mill wheel and securely nailed it on. It was in a place where it could not be seen, and would amply serve his purposes. Then he chuckled to himself, and as in the afternoon meandered down the moonlit path, which followed the creek, until he was at home. He went indoors, and into his room, where he lay on his couch, with his face to the door, which led into the kitchen or living room. He strove to keep awake, but fell into a doze many times before daybreak. He got up early and went into the kitchen, sitting by the fireplace, cleaning his rifle, his eyes intent on the ladder. It was not long before he heard footsteps on the floor above, the trap was opened, and the fair stranger descended. Oh, what a change there was! She must have had a terrible night with the unseen forces. Her beautiful face was as white as chalk, her lips were bloodless, great dark circles were under her eyes, her hand was cold and trembling when she bade him "good-morning." McNeely thought to himself, "What iron nerve she has, even when she's defeated. I admire her pluck!" She knew that he had her in his power and was resolved to make the best of it. The girl apologized for her nervousness, said that she never slept well in a strange bed, and the window was nailed shut. She made herself very agreeable to the simple householders and showed no desire for going away. She

turned in and worked, and worked hard, and became as if she was one of them. Her elegant manners modified, but her silvery voice, "like an angel's tones," as McNeely's sister called it, remained the same. She stayed and stayed, but the good-hearted people were too glad to have her to question.

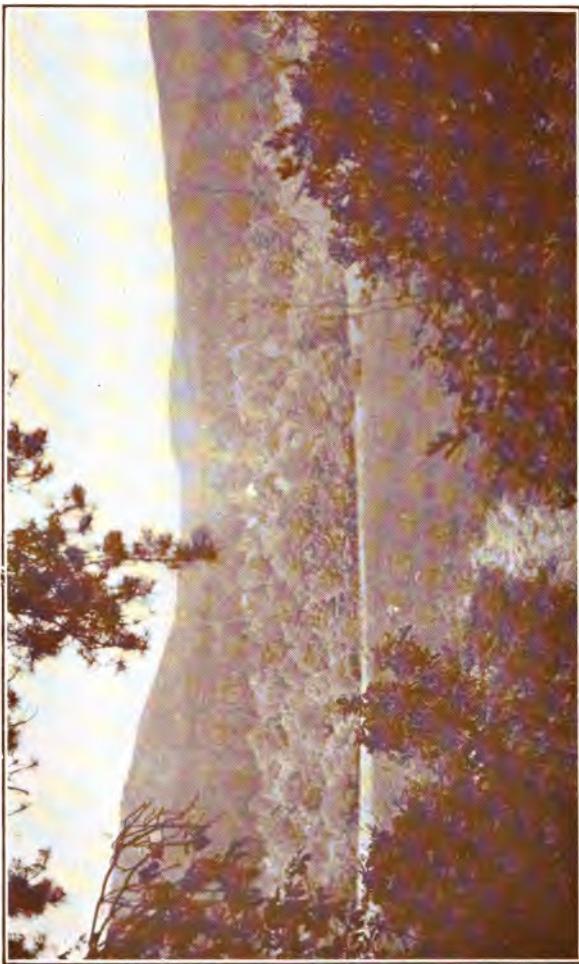
In the course of a few months the hunter took her to the County Seat and was married to her at the Court House. For nearly a year all went well, until McNeely built a new log house near where the old Indian path to Maryland crossed the mountains. It was not far from the mouth of Wolf Camp Run, and still further from the creek, the deserted water mill. Instead of being happy in a home of her own, the mysterious bride became restless and irritable. She had restrained herself before his relatives, but now had nothing to hold her in, so chafed and fretted incessantly. McNeely tried to humor her, and got her all kinds of posies for her garden, and tried in every way to please her. At first he had been charmed by her physical perfections and by her resemblance to the high-bred beauties of Philadelphia, but now he genuinely loved her, and had forgotten her devilish origin. It pained him that she was dissatisfied and he asked her what was wrong. "She's not happy, she wants to go away," was all that he could get out of her. "I will take you anywhere," he replied, "to Philadelphia, or even to Ireland, if you will only love me and be good to me." He was no farmer, and mostly hunted and trapped to make a living, consequently

was away a good deal. "Come with me on my hunts," he would say, "or shall I give up hunting and stay with you all the time." She would not accompany him to the forests and bullied him when he remained at home. Upset and distracted, he was glad to seek solace in the wilds, for he loved her dearly, and the unkind treatment cut him to the heart. One morning in July he went up Wolf Camp to bring in a mess of trout leaving the sulky bride standing in her flower garden, black faced and muttering to herself. He passed the deserted water mill, and thought of the wolf hide nailed to the wheel, and went in and tore it down. Perhaps she would rest easier now, the nails might be running into her and making her steadily more unruly. He tossed the hide into the run, where it was carried away in the dark, foamy current.

A short distance above the mill he met a strange caravan moving down the trail. It consisted of sixty-three Indians and seven squaws, having in their custody a white man prisoner, charged, one of their number told him, with having murdered their chief. This prisoner they were conveying to General Washington to ask sanction of the Great White Father, as they called the former President, to make the blood atonement; in other words, to sacrifice according to their custom, to drive his body full of blazing pine knots and burn him at the stake. The prisoner seemed to be a man about twenty-six years of age, of great self-composure and nonchalance, as he marched along surrounded by his captors. McNeely rather despised

at full, of waggons filled with men and cattle. There were many signs of danger, but his dispositions were free. The Indians explained that they had leaders. General St. Clair's defeat by the Indians was well known, and felt that they would receive no opposition at Mount Vernon. McNally watched them until they were out of sight, then began a consultation. As well that day, he had the right idea, and a son to forget all his troubles like a true disciple of said Washington.

What the dis-satisfied bride was thinking we cannot know, but she was greatly agitated, and I immediately sent a great number of men to her rescue. She left the house, but instead of entering meanness was singing a strange, high key. She looked over the fence and discovered ~~the~~ **hostile** **well** set up working and the other people. She saw the Indian caravan coming on, the great company of colored warriors, the Indians leading under their heavy loads, the unaccustomed visitor in the midst. As the captive girl saw the spade arm sprang over the fence, holding flowers and seeds to the fence. "Where is the dog with that man?" she shouted to the Indians who surrounded him. Her old master is not slaves but broken, stopped the carriage. The very tall, very courageous warrior, who seemed to be the leader, came to the fence and asked the Indian as he had to McElroy a hundred dollars, and probably a hundred more if you will give us permission to have left the town of Lexington,





the name of which had been lately changed to Harrisburg. "That man is my husband, and I mean to go with him to Washington to see that justice is done." The prisoner opened wide his fine dark eyes, was about to protest, but one look at the beautiful woman made him hold his tongue. He needed just such a companion and champion, as he feared that the Indians, if they lost heart of obtaining a favorable opinion from General Washington—they had already been to see the President at Philadelphia—might murder him along the way.

The girl vaulted over the fence and ran towards the captive. The young man caught her in his arms and covered her swarthy face with kisses. "My long lost wife, my darling," he exclaimed fervently. Then, with the prisoner and the girl in their midst, the squaws picked up their bundles and the caravan resumed its march. Harman McNeely was so intent on fishing that he missed his dinner, but towards sundown came home with a string of several hundred fine trout. The door was open, the spade lay in the garden. There was no fire on the hearth? The mysterious bride had gone.

"Well, wasn't I the double-dyed fool this morning to tear that wolf's hide off the wheel. That she-devil only stayed with me because she could not resume her wolf's form while her hide was nailed to the wheel. When I pulled off the hide she was free and she has lit out for parts unknown, but I am glad to be rid of a wolf-wife, pretty as she was." He hung his fish

pole on the rafters in the kitchen, left the fish in a bucket in the spring house, lit his pipe and walked down the road to his nearest neighbor's, just beyond where the Indian trail crossed the ridge. The neighbor's wife, who was on the front steps smoking an Indian pipe, jumped up at his approach. "Oh, Harman!" she called out, "we saw a big Indian caravan go over the trail this forenoon, and my man would take oath that walking beside a white prisoner was your woman." "No doubt it was, bad cess to her," said McNeely, calmly. Then he sat down on the steps beside the good woman, and between puffs of his pipe told her all the incidents of his wooing and losing the bride that had come from the Wolf's Glen or from the *deil*. As the woman heard the narrative she felt all the while that he was lying to blacken a woman who had run away from him, but she noted every detail of the story in her memory and told it to many persons in after years, until it became accepted as a matter of fact in the mountains.



## XIV. The Blue Girl

TWO old traveling men were talking together in one of the back parlors of the Graeffenburg Inn. They were sitting close to the stove, for it was a very cold night, and seemed loath to exchange such cozy quarters for the frigid bedrooms upstairs. They had never met before that evening, although they had often heard one another's names mentioned in a business way. Jacob Asbaugh traveled for a whiskey house, Jacob Lobengeir for a cigar manufacturer. As their talk progressed the old men found that each had been born on the 21st of August, 1845, had both served in the Civil War, Asbaugh in the infantry, Lobengeir in the cavalry. They belonged to families having some historic significance in the sections of Pennsylvania where they originated, and withal looked enough alike to be twin brothers. They were tall, well set-up men, with white beards and shaven upper lips, faultlessly attired, and could have passed for fashionable clergymen as easily as purveyors of two of the chief weaknesses of humanity. They had many mutual friends and had traveled over much the same territory. It was strange that they had never met before.

As the evening wore on they began telling of trips and unusual experiences that had befallen them during their many years "on the road." Old Asbaugh was fond of nature and outdoor life, and whenever he could traveled by horse and buggy, combining that

way, he said, business with pleasure. He could never forget a sleigh ride he had taken one winter morning from Hamburg, in Berks County, across the Blue Mountains to Drehersville, in Schuylkill County. The sleighing was at its best, the sun shone brightly, the air was crisp and cold, the sleigh bells chimed merrily. His driver was an old-time liveryman who knew all the bits of local history for miles around. As they toiled up the steep mountain road, after having viewed the marvelous amphitheatre where the majestic mountains make a semi-circle about the quaint old town of Eckville, Asbaugh had looked back and noted a peculiar blue emanation rising from the mountains, an atmospheric phenomenon that had escaped the historians of the Kittochtinnes. Calling the driver's attention, that worthy had stated that the blue vapor could always be seen on bright days, and especially on days which were clear and cold. This Alice blue *aura* had given the mountains their English name, all the early settlers had noticed it.

Then he proceeded to tell a legend of the beginnings of the Blue Mountains, away back at the dawn of history. A famous Necromancer, in wandering through the forests, came upon a beautiful girl lying asleep, clad only in a blue gauze veil. He had watched every curve of her body for several hours, struck by her extreme loveliness, and the grace of her recumbent pose, until at last, having to leave, and not wanting to disturb her, changed her into the Blue Mountain, so that her faultless outlines could be before him to

the last day of his life. The seeming blue vapor was but the veil of the sleeping beauty, and never had Asbaugh seen it so clearly as on that sleighing trip to Drehersville. Lobengeir had become interested by the recital, and when the other old drummer had finished said that he could tell a story of another Blue Girl, closely associated with the Kittochtinny Mountains, but at a later period, during the Civil War. At the time Lobengeir was a member of the famous fighting Seventh Cavalry, and was stationed in the valley beyond Casey's Gap. Confederate raids were expected through the gap, but as none materialized discipline was relaxed and the troopers had a very enjoyable time in the rich farming country, unspoiled by the ruthlessness of warfare. Private Lobengeir, as he was then called, had taken to frequenting a picturesque old tavern, just on the "divide" in Casey's Gap, where on Sunday afternoons good chicken dinners were served, and there was always congenial company. The woman who kept the house was said to be a Southern sympathizer, as was her German hired man and hostler. Outwardly they rallied for the North, but they dropped words occasionally that seemed to indicate a different partiality. However, Confederate sympathizers in the Southern Counties of Pennsylvania were more numerous than pro-Germans in the World War days, and there were less concerted measures for suppressing them. What appealed most to Private Lobengeir was the landlady's girl of all work, called the Blue Girl, because she always wore a

blue frock and had the bluest eyes he had ever seen. She was an orphan girl, about eighteen years of age, very willing and cheerful, which caused her to be loaded with an enormous burden of miscellaneous work. When the hostler went away to visit his children at Emmitsburg the Blue Girl watered the horses of the travelers, and would have attended to the unsaddling and saddling had the guests been so unchivalrous as to have permitted it.

Lobengeir liked to look at her, waiting on table, or cooking or scrubbing. She was so pretty with her transparent azure eyes, dark curly brown hair and blue gown. Of all the young soldiers who frequented the inn he had gotten to know her best, and learned from her a few facts concerning her life and her point of view. The more he saw of her the more he cared for her and wished for the power and the means to take her away from her miserable surroundings and make her his wife. He pondered for hours as he rode on his rough-riding, raw-boned horse on practice marches, how he could adjust things so that he might have the Blue Girl with him always. She became the inspiration of his military life, and it would have been a crushing blow if he had been ordered elsewhere. The Blue Girl was destined to become a leading figure in what might have been a sanguinary midnight foray, and as she prevented it, the Congressional Medal in some shape or form should have been hers. But she was merely moving along towards realizing a fortuitous destiny of another kind.

The Blue Girl was strong in her Union sympathies, and was very suspicious of some characters who fraternized with the landlady, especially as they preferred to come after dark. Most of them held conferences with the woman in upstairs rooms and left before daybreak. The Blue Girl felt that she was not a person of enough consequence in the world to interfere, but she disliked the disloyal atmosphere. Sometimes the young cavalrymen joked her about the hotel being a Copperhead's Den, but she said if such was the case, she was Northern true blue. They believed her as instinctively as they doubted the landlady's loyalty. The Blue Girl often wished that she could repeat her suspicions to Lobengeir, but feared that she would be only laughed at, and that some one in authority would say, "It's no business of hers."

One cold night—it was much the same kind of night as when the old traveling men were talking by the stove in the cozy back parlor at Graeffenburg Inn, rain that had turned to sleet, and frozen after it fell, and a sharp, penetrating air, that several mysterious individuals appeared at the tavern in Casey's Gap. The hostler had taken them upstairs to the landlady's own room, and had been carrying whiskey from the bar all evening long. The Blue Girl occupied a small room back of the bar. It could only be reached from the bar-room or from the back yard, and she was wakened repeatedly by the hired man coming through the swinging door for more bottles, clinking glasses and the like. "What deviltry are they up to " she

thought, as she tossed about on her narrow, uncomfortable bunk. It must have been a couple of hours past midnight when they came downstairs to leave. Evidently some knotty problems remained unsolved, as they stepped out of the hall in to the dark bar-room to finish their arguments. The hostler, who slept in the barn, had gone to fetch their horses, and they felt perfectly secure to talk as they pleased. From her little room back of the bar the Blue Girl could hear every word they said. They were Southern spies, surely enough, reconnoitering on the chances of a cavalry raid for the next night through the Gap, a raid as swift as an Arab *Rassia* that would throw the camp of the Seventh Cavalry into such confusion that they could over-run the whole valley by morning. The secret of the plan was that the Northern troops were not guarding the narrow defile of the Gap; they could get a flying start and over-ride the camp and make a hundred square miles Confederate territory. It would be a long ride, but they were sure of success by catching the Northern forces napping in more respects than one.

Just in the midst of their recapitulations, when their voices were rising to a high pitch of enthusiasm, the landlady, in her wrapper and carrying a candle, burst in among them. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," she whispered, "speak low, or speak not at all. My hired girl is in the room back of the bar, and she must have heard everything. I don't know anything against her, but too many must not know plans such as ours. I

supposed that when you left me you were waiting for your horses on the porch, but I heard your voices clear up in my room and came down to investigate and warn you."

The Southern spies, judging from their faces as reflected in the candlelight, were much chagrined by their careless conduct. The leader, whose wavy black beard hung to below his waist, called out, "Bring the girl in here, we will determine what to do with her; we cannot be sure of anybody these times."

The Blue Girl from her narrow couch heard this and realized the time for action had arrived. She had never worn a nightgown in her life, but slept in a canton-flannel shirt. It was only a moment's work to slip her blue gown, which lay across the foot of the couch, over this and, barefooted and barelegged, to dart out the back door into the icy night. Quickly running around the corner of the house, she dashed down the road towards the valley as fast as her shapely legs could carry her.

The landlady hurried through the door at the end of the bar, and groped in the darkness to the Blue Girl's bunk. "Rose, Rose," she called, "get right up and come with me." There was no answer. The woman ran her hands over the couch. The girl was gone! With a scream the woman stumbled back into the light of the bar-room. "The girl is not there; I fear for the worst," she shrieked at the top of her nasal voice. The conspirators drew their cloaks about them like stage villains, and ran in every direc-

tion but the right. Finally the woman guided them to the door where, befuddled from too much liquor, they shouted for their horses. Not one had the quickness of wit to run towards the valley, to where the Union forces were camped, to where the girl had gone, if she meant harm. Any fairly good runner could have overtaken her. The German handy-man soon appeared with the horses, and was cursed roundly by the spies. As the black-bearded leader attempted to vault into the saddle his horse rose up with him, he was thrown on his head on the frozen ground and rendered unconscious. His followers picked him up and placed him on one of the horses in front of his chief lieutenant, and the cavalcade moved off, not towards the valley, but back in the direction from whence they came—to bring tidings of the failure of the scheme and advise that no raid take place.

The Blue Girl never ceased running until she came in sight of the outposts of the Union Camp. She stopped, and when she got her breath, shouted to the nearest sentry, and was taken charge of and led to headquarters. She was in a sorry plight when she reached the Major commanding. Her matty hair was streaming down her back, her blue gown was not buttoned and was half off, her feet were cut and bleeding from running on frozen ground; her heart beat against her breast, and she was too nervous to talk coherently. The young Major stroked his beard and bade her be seated in his easy chair while he inter-

rogated her. She had brought valuable information; there could be no doubt of it. The forces must be concentrated so as to guard the defile or be mobile for defense, but he was strategist enough to feel that there would be no raid, the spies would report against it.

Next morning the gap was camped full of cavalrymen, and several regiments were posted about the valley to swarm up to cut off any ingress should the raiders get by the guardians of the pass. Needless to say, there was no raid. The Major was right. The landlady of the inn and her hostler were placed under military guard. The Blue Girl was sent to a friendly farm house in the valley under care of Private Lobengeir, to whom she repeated her earlier misgivings that she had longed to bring in to headquarters.

This episode clinched the incipient romance, and the young cavalryman and the Blue Girl exchanged tokens and were married at the close of the war. "We celebrated our Golden Wedding last year, in the presence of ten children and fifteen grandchildren," said the old salesman, proudly. "So you can see that I did not have to change my Blue Girl of the Kittochtinnes into a mountain in order to keep her in sight. It was a happy day for me that I was stationed in the vicinity of Casey's Gap. Fate has always something nice in store for the young men who let it come to them and do not grow impatient!"

## XV. The Black Cat at Peter's

See E. W. Fisher or Black Cat, all  
adults completely extirpated there; but  
this species was put to a painful  
and untimely death by the  
is sat down to eat the last meal of  
ruthless, callous savagery. It  
was marked for destruction by  
the less ferocious and more  
cruelty, but even so it had  
as the Indians did for many centuries  
in a state of complete  
ignorance or the  
**W. P. FISH**  
and a natural tendency  
to an **(old)** cautiousness.  
Is it more plentiful in  
Pennsylvania and New Jersey  
than in the West? See  
notes more than suggested in the  
Journal of First and Second class  
of collecting at Philadelphia, &c.,  
the five species now known  
and sent to J. J. Audubon as  
specimens from great Berk's Creek, in  
Montgomery Co., Penn., Dec.  
9, 1807, and those early in Dec., 1808,  
to J. J. Audubon, Dec. 11, 1808, a single  
specimen from Lancaster County, in Penn.,  
and another from the Welsh Mountains,



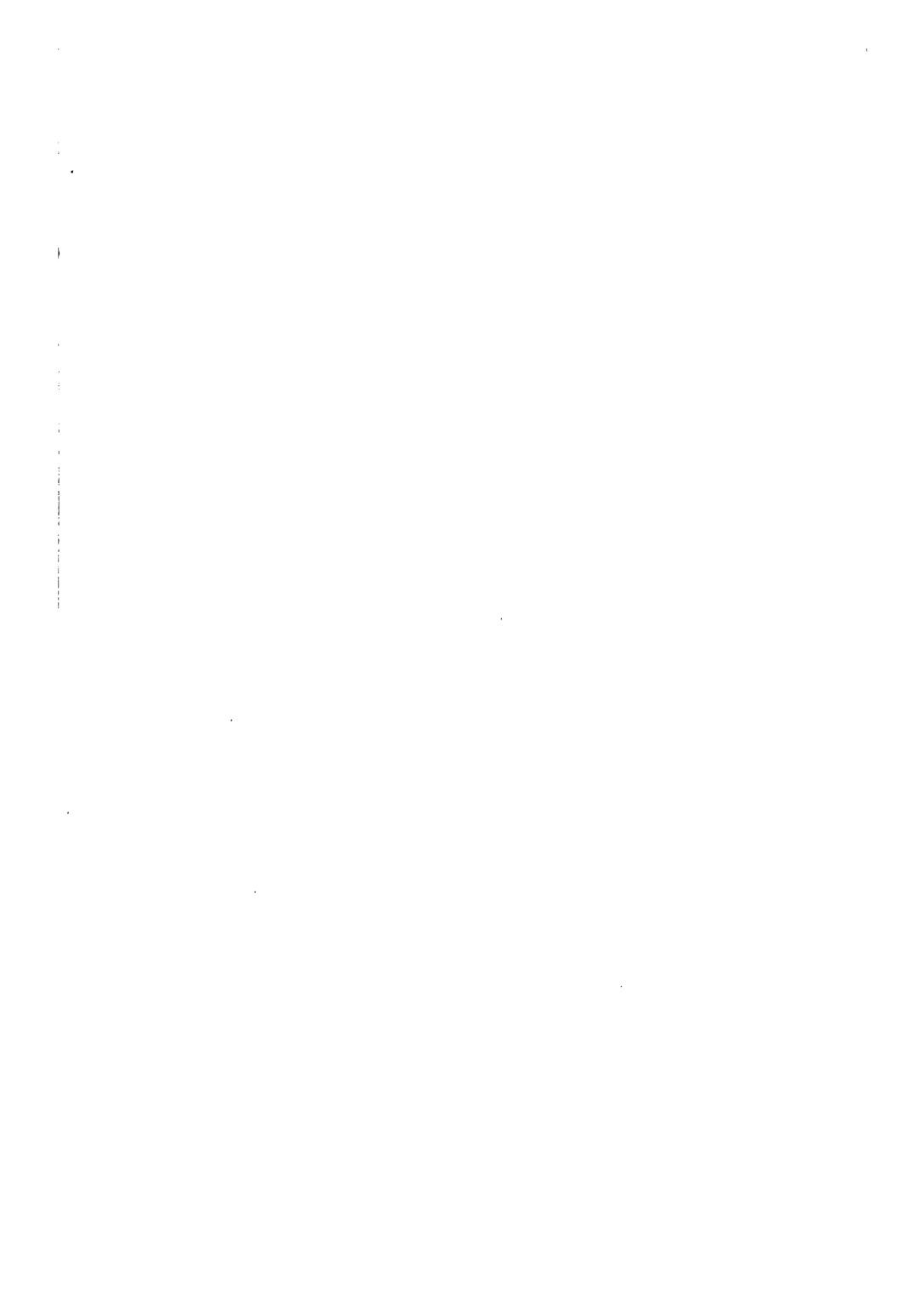
## XV. The Black Cat at Peter Allen's

IS the Pecan, Fisher or Black Cat (*Mustela Canadensis*), completely extinct in Pennsylvania? If this question was put to a jury of the most expert woodsmen and trappers of the South Mountains it is safe to assume that the answer would be in the affirmative. Why this shy, inoffensive creature should have been marked for destruction by the insatiable hunting class remains a mystery. True enough its fur was valuable, but even so, it should have been trapped as the Indians did for untold centuries within reason, within season, with common sense.

Unlike the Wolverene or the Pine Marten, the Black Cat enjoyed a habitat including pretty much all of what is known as "Mountainous Pennsylvania." In no region was it more plentiful than in the South Mountains, Conewago and Pigeon Hills, as well as in the chains of mountains which the Susquehanna River bisects above Harrisburg, the Kittotchinny or Blue Mountains (First and Second ranges), Peter's Berries, Mahantango and Mahanoy Mountains. It is stated that the live specimen which Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird sent to J. J. Audubon was one of two Pecans which the great Berks County naturalist captured on Peter's Mountain, not far from Peter Allen's Stone Trading House, early in February, 1844.

As late as March 11, 1896, a magnificent Black Cat was killed in Lancaster County, on Mill Creek, a stream which rises in the Welsh Mountains. Profes-

Peter Allen's  
(Photograph by  
Mrs. Christian W. Lynch,  
1919)



sor Elliott Coues in his "Fur Bearing Animals of America," published in 1877, states that at that time Black Cats were fairly plentiful in the Mountains of Cumberland and Perry Counties. These Counties contain the Kittochtinny and the Broad Mountains, the Tuscarora Mountains and other chains.

John H. Chatham, "Poet of Central Pennsylvania," saw a Fisher bathing in the mill pond at Farrandsville, Clinton County, about 1874. A number of years earlier than that John G. Davis, also of Clinton County, saw one crossing the Crispin Fields, a clearing on the Bald Eagle Mountain, east of Lock Haven.

Jacob Quiggle, a venerable raftsman of Clinton County, who died in 1911, recalled that the skins of fishers were sold by Indians at the mouth of Moshannon Creek, in Centre County, previous to the Civil War period. The old gentleman stated that at no time was the Black Cat as plentiful as the wild cat or the wolf, but in the Colonial days it was to be found frequently enough to warrant hunters devoting their entire time to its chase and capture. Its glossy, horse-chestnut colored fur was very popular at one time for capes, which were worn by Indian princesses and young women of the leading pioneer families. It was a favorite token of backwoods lovers to present these handsome raiments to the objects of their devotion. One story, dating back to colonial days, the aged river-man was particularly fond of relating. It had been told to his grandfather, Ensign Philip Quigley, of Revolutionary fame, by Captain Peter Pentz, of the

Rangers, and gave an insight into colonial life on the frontier, and the excessive popularity of the fur of the Black Cat among the Indians, the frontiersmen and their ladies.

The scene of this particular incident was laid at the foot of Peter's Mountain, at Peter Allen's stone house, for half a century or more the favorite stopping place and resting place for travelers already weary of their journeys from Conewago, Nazareth, Heidelberg and Louisbourg (Harris' Ferry), who had many more mountains to cross before reaching their ultimate goal at Shamokin, "The Place of the Horns," now called Sunbury. So many were the travelers that the entire second floor of the long, solidly built structure—it was completed about 1729—was given over to their accommodation. A hempen curtain hung across one end showed where a place was reserved for female guests. Near the ladies' department was the opening of the stair-case from below. Wooden bunks, one above the other, ranged along the sides of the big sleeping room, these being packed with straw. One window in each end furnished light and ventilation. The windows were nailed shut in the winter time, as there was no way in which to heat the vast apartment except from the hall of the stairway from the kitchen and living room below. In the centre of the room were piled the tackle and baggage of the sleeping travelers.

When the Rangers or other military bodies came there sometimes as many as half a hundred men

slept in the rows of bunks. No pillows or coverlets were provided; the pioneers always carried feather quilts or buffalo robes and put their saddle bags or packs under their heads, if they needed pillows. Travelers of quality, such as officers, land agents, church dignitaries and the like were invariably accompanied by servants who arranged their bunks with feather "ticks," sheets, blankets, and pillows before their haughty masters retired. Generally the compartment reserved for women was given over to the male travelers of high degree, as they desired the exclusiveness which it brought to them.

On a certain afternoon in November, 1781, the stone house was honored by a visit from Captain Cecil Goheen, of Philadelphia, sent there by the *de facto* government to settle the scalp bounty with the Rangers. As it happened this was the last payment ever made on Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, so in this respect it was an historic occasion. John Penn, Governor, at the instigation of several of the virtuous and churchly leaders of the Proprietary Government had instituted this humane policy of ridding the Pennsylvania Mountains of the last remaining Indians, it was continued through the greater portion of the Revolution, when it was abandoned partly through lack of funds, partly because the hunted became so scarce it hardly paid men to spend their entire time seeking them. In other words, the red men and the red women and red children, too, were trapped for the bounty on their scalps much as

big, hale, hearty men today who ought to be in the foundries or in the mines, spend weeks and months capturing minks, weasels and wild cats for the few dollars' bounty secured for them by the crafty, dirty politicians, who sponsor the Hunters' License Fund.

Captain Goheen, on this particular expedition carried on his person no less than £5,000 sterling; a paymaster accompanied him to engage in the actual handling of the "lucre," also a detail of guards and orderlies, for ambush attacks by Indians and white marauders were still likely to occur. The bounty at this time, figured into American currency of present value, amounted to about \$134.00 per scalp for a full grown male Indian, \$50.00 for the scalps of Indian women and children. Many Rangers had huge "kills" of Indians to their credit. For instance, when on September 13, 1775, Tim Murphy, of Captain Parr's Company, killed and scalped his twenty-third red-skin, it was a signal for a general celebration. Later, when Indians became scarce, the humane Maclay, for whom the politicians secured an \$11,000 monument, proposed that they be hunted down with bloodhounds.

Captain Goheen was a very handsome young man, splendidly educated in England and France, and heir to a vast fortune and immense landed estates. Like most of his class, he espoused a military career, cutting a fine figure in his shako and sword, as shown in Duche's portrait, still in the possession of his descendants. Previous to this journey he had never been west of the Conewago Hills, let alone in the No Man's

Land beyond Harris' Ferry. It was a wonderful trip for him, through vast and gloomy forests, over steep mountains and rushing streams; it seemed like going to the end of the world. He had tarried at the military post at Harris' Ferry long enough for word to be sent to Peter Allen's that he was coming with his entourage, consequently all was in readiness when he dismounted from his handsome iron gray stallion.

The living room on the ground floor had been set apart for his exclusive use, a roaring fire was in the huge fireplace, a pot of tea steamed on the crane, some chestnuts were roasting in an alcove of the inglenook.

The young Captain was gratified at this show of respect in the outposts of civilization, so he stood before the flaming logs unbuttoning his military great coat, for the day had been more like January than November, with a biting wind off the river. He recalled the legend that in this same room John Penn was wont to meet Maria Cox, his peasant-born wife, from whom he had been separated by his aristocratic relations, and who followed him to America, only to be again discarded for a new wife of his own class, the daughter of the Chief Justice. Mrs. Barbara Schwartz—her husband was a soldier in the Revolutionary War—who was the chief cook and housekeeper for the young members of the Allen family, knocked and entered. Bowing low with the respect she had learned as a girl in Alsace, she explained that she had forgotten to take away the skin

of a Black Cat which had been left to dry in the Dutch oven by the fireplace.

As she opened the small iron door, her hands covered by her apron, the Captain with well-bred curiosity inquired what a Black Cat might be, for he was clever enough to infer that the animal in question was not the regular old-time domestic tabby.

A Black Cat, explained Mrs. Schwartz, in her best broken English, was a fur-bearing-animal about the size of a fox, which was very plentiful in the pine forests on the mountain above the stone house; that its fur was highly regarded by the mountain people, that she wanted to get together enough furs to make a cape for her youngest daughter, Elizabeth, who was soon to marry a prosperous settler, who resided on the Christunn, about forty miles further up the river.

The woman handed the fur to the officer. Certainly it was very pretty, he thought, as he ran his fingers through the long, smooth hairs, but what would anybody living so far from all creation as forty miles further up the river want with anything so luxurious as a fur cape! It was an ornament for gentlewomen.

His curiosity satisfied, Mrs. Schwartz withdrew, leaving the distinguished guest to amuse himself as best he could until the arrival of the Rangers. There were other souvenirs of the wild life of the adjacent mountains in the long, high ceiled room. He found that he was standing on a rug made from the hide of a panther, though the head was missing. It must have measured nine or ten feet from throat to tip of

tail; it was the first Pennsylvania lion's pelt that he had ever seen and it interested him mightily. There were several magnificent buffalo robes, very dark in color, the hair crisp and curly, thrown across the four-poster bed. The horns of a shovel-horn buck, palmated much as were the fallow bucks in English Parks where he had visited, were nailed above the mantel shelf. As a dust-brush, on a hook by the fireplace, hung several wings of paroquets; the soot had tarnished the gaudy green plumage somewhat. They had been killed from a flock which tried to ravage a corn-shock just back of the house the winter before.

His sporting instincts pleased by this modest display of hunting trophies, the young man passed an hour until a knock on the door announced his paymaster, Sergeant Andrew O'Kane. The paymaster was an Irish youth of good family, but for some reason or other did not hold a commission, his clerical abilities having side-tracked, as it were, his military advancement. He came to announce the arrival of Lieutenant Michael Grove, of the Rangers, his orderly and bodyguard.

Captain Goheen smiled condescendingly. The idea of a rough frontiersman who scalped Indians for the bounty to travel with the same military aides as himself, who had learned the art of war from an Aide-de-Camp of Frederick the Great. But Captain Goheen was interested to meet this noted backwoods figure, so he ordered the paymaster to bid him enter.

O'Kane explained that Lieutenant Grove wished his orderly to come with him; that the orderly kept the accounts and could perhaps explain them better than he was able to do. Captain Goheen nodded that the orderly might be admitted.

The Paymaster opened the door wide, and Lieutenant Grove strode in and saluted. Certainly he was a curious looking person. He was young and not very tall or very straight, his black hair was worn long, it fell over his shoulders, his narrow chin was hidden under a heavy dark beard, his nose was hooked, his deep set eyes were very black, giving him the expression of a hawk; he was noted for the keenness of his sight, and could travel in the dark as well as by daylight, even when seventy years of age. He was dressed in a suit of buckskin, with gilt buttons of the King George pattern; several cartridge belts were about his waist, he carried a long knife in a sheath, his legs and feet were encased in leggins and moccasins.

To Captain Goheen he typified the savage, the primitive man, the Indian, but when he spoke it was with a Dutch accent, for his parents were of Hollandish stock, the name had been originally Op den Graeff, when the first bearers of the name in Pennsylvania signed the immortal protest against Negro slavery April 18, 1688.

Captain Goheen soon saw that the bearded frontiersman was no ruffian, that he had a fine sense of the proprieties, in other words, knew his position. Then the Captain's eyes drifted to the orderly who stood

by the Lieutenant's shoulder. A tall, very slim youth, still in his teens, he seemed to be, with a delicate oval face, aquiline nose that turned up a trifle too much at the end to be truly masculine, eyes very black and very restless, much soft, dark, wavy hair and a complexion like old ivory. The orderly, too, was dressed in a buckskin suit, the coat hooked close under the chin, but without the brass buttons; the long slim legs were encased in buckskin leggings and on the small feet were red leather moccasins. A strange looking person, thought Captain Goheen, very effeminate looking, very youthful, too mild for the rough life of an Indian killer.

He was further amazed when the orderly, in low, gentle tones, read the long vellum record of Indian butcheries, producing in every instance the horrid scalp from a leather knapsack, to match each recorded designation. It was a terrible, bloodcurdling recital from beginning to end, and the candles were lighted long before the last scalp had been verified, and the payments turned over to Lieutenant Grove by Sergeant O'Kane. When the business was finished the Lieutenant and the orderly withdrew, leaving the Captain and the Paymaster with a pile of scalps to dispose of as best they could.

Soon after they had taken their leave Mrs. Schwartz came in to ask the Captain if he was ready to have his supper served in the room. Instantly the young man, as if divining some mystery, asked the woman concerning the identity of Lieutenant Grove's

Orderly. The woman smiled broadly; then she came close and whispered:

"Your honor, that Orderly is Lóverhill, the Indian Killer. She is a girl, Genevieve Loverhill. She comes from the Karoondinha, fifty miles up the river. They say she became infatuated with Lieutenant Grove; her parents could do nothing with her; she followed him to the forests, and he had to enlist her to prevent her from killing herself. She is the worst Indian butcher in the Rangers; she is absolutely without mercy and without fear. They tell it that she has one hundred notches on her rifle."

Captain Goheen was amazed. He felt rather queerly, but he asked no more questions. He did not eat much supper, even his favorite Madeira did not taste good. He never noticed the *piece de resistance*, a roast wild turkey poult, stuffed with acorns and chestnuts. He felt very restless and ill at ease. Perhaps it was due to the pile of ill-smelling filthy scalps which were still on the panther rug by the table where he sat. At any rate he got up and hurriedly left the room, the best of his carefully prepared supper untouched.

Back in the kitchen Lieutenant Grove and most of his party were seated about the huge fireplace. To add incongruity to the scene there was an enormous Indian—he must have been over seven feet tall, with a shaven head, beady eyes and long mustaches—seated on a bench beside Sergeant O'Kane, the two smoking their pipes and conversing together, not an

arm's length from the bloodthirstiest band of scalp hunters in all of Penn's Woods.

Captain Goheen scanned the faces of the Rangers. Loverhill, as they called her, was not among them. When the motley group saw the Captain they all rose and saluted and O'Kane approached him and whispered that the Indian, Long John, who lived about thirty miles up the river, had something to show him. It was a cape made from the furs of a dozen especially choice Black Cats; he wanted a pound for it; he had it in a sack outside the house; should he send him for it?

"No," repiled the Captain, "it is very warm in here. I will go out and see it."

He was amazed at the height of the Indian, who had to stoop as he went through the door. As they filed out, O'Kane explained that Long John was a friendly Indian whom the Rangers permitted to remain at his home in return for valuable information obtained from him, that he was hated by the other Indians as much as the Rangers liked him; that he was *seven feet tall*. His grave, discernible today close by Herold's school house, across the Susquehanna from the town of Herndon, amply proves this statement. A taller Indian, known as Big John, in an eight foot grave, rests in a corner of the old Presbyterian church yard at Jacksonville, Centre County. It surely was an age of giants!

Outside the air was crisp and bity cold, in the words of the old French song, "The Heavens were bright,

the stars were shining," several dogs began to bark. When Captain Goheen's eyes became accustomed to the starlight, he noticed a figure seated quietly on a bench against the house. Moving a step closer, he could see that it was Loverhill, the Indian Killer. He did not lose time in closing the bargain for the cape with Long John. The Paymaster counted out the money, the big Indian went to a shed where the sheep bells were tinkling, to get some sleep in the hay; O'Kane discreetly went indoors.

With the cape on his arm, Captain Goheen approached the girl seated so quietly on the bench with her back against the stone house, smoking a short pipe and looking out at the stars.

"Good evening," he said, in his courtliest tones.

The girl got up reluctantly, taking the clay pipe from her mouth and knocking out the ashes against the settee.

"Pray do not let me disturb you," said the Captain, motioning her back to the bench. She sat down again without a word. Then he told her that he had heard that she was a girl, a great Indian killer, and of wonderful assistance to all the Rangers, including Captain Peter Grove, Captain Peter Pentz and Lieutenant Michael Grove. The girl still made no reply. Then he handed her the cape made from the furs of the dozen selected Black Cats, the prospective envy of the mountain girls. But she refused it, as a man would have done on receiving a gift of feminine apparel.

"It would be of no use to me," she said, "I always go about as a boy. I have no place for finery, no one I could give it to." But she was not rude or distant. Her manner was so reassuring that Captain Goheen, forgetting military discipline, sat down beside her. They seemed naturally congenial. Their talk, made easy by a hidden bond of sympathy, became very personal as time went on. The young officer, influenced no doubt by the beauty at his side and the weird romance of the place, confessed that a strange thrill had gone through him after he had seen her, that she must abandon her life as a scalp hunter and come to Carlisle or York or Philadelphia, where her beauty and personality would be appreciated.

"For no matter who you are," he said, "you are a lady. Your place is among persons of talent and refinement, and not here, perhaps in the end to be scalped like the savages you have been slaying."

Genevieve folded her long, thin arms and leaned her head against the wall, looking up at the moon, which had risen above Peter's Mountain and was now shining clear and silvery on the waters of Clark's Creek, in the vale below.

"I, too, had a strange feeling tonight," she said. "But I had a thrill once before when, as a small girl, I first saw Michael Grove counting scalps at my father's camp on Switzer Run, I said to myself, 'I will follow that man to the ends of the earth,' and I did, making myself an outlaw with my family for him, shedding

Indian blood incessantly to please him, for he has always been so gentle and kind. But tonight," she continued, "I felt another thrill a thousand times as strong and oh, so beautiful, and a clearer voice within me said, 'I would follow that man to the ends of the earth.' That is why I came out here to reason it out with the stars, for it was all so very foolish. I have made my place in life; I must follow it as long as there is an Indian left to kill. I could not vow the same regarding two men. Here I am Loverhill, of the Rangers; in Carlise I would be 'Genevieve Loverhill, arch-murderess,' a black-hearted fiend for indignant Quakers to make an example of. I will stay where my destiny has placed me—to the end."

Captain Goheen, overcome with emotion, tried to take her in his arms, but she drew away.

"Can I not come into your world in the wilderness? I own vast tracts of land all over these mountains; we can settle in some remote valley of the South Mountains, where I hear it is so lovely, and make a home away from the civilized standards which you think would condemn you. I would be happy with you anywhere."

Genevieve shook her small head with its masses of soft, wavy dark hair. "I am sure that I truly love you, but I have told you that early in life I vowed I would go to the ends of the world with Lieutenant Grove. I have done my duty to him; I will do so to the end, even though tonight, by seeing you, I feel that I am condemned eternally as a murderer and a

fiend. If I told you of the Indian women and children I have killed you would think I was the devil in the form of a girl. You would hate me at the sight of the first Indian widow. It can never be. You may kiss me and leave me alone to make my prayer to the stars."

Captain Goheen put his arms around her and twined her long fingers in his. She leaned against him while he kissed her waxen face and red full lips time and time again. The moon had been shining through the old yellow pines on the comb of Short Mountain and lighting up the sculptured outlines of the King's Stool on Magilligan's Rocks, now was going down, having completed the circuit of Orion. A few glimmering rays of starlight shone on the tall silvery trunks of the girdled original white pines on the far side of Clark's Creek.

When he went indoors only Mrs. Schwartz sat by the inglenook; all of the others, even Lieutenant Grove, had gone upstairs. The old woman stood up deferentially and curtsied. As he passed her he gallantly presented her with the cape made from the furs of the Black Cat taken by Long John.

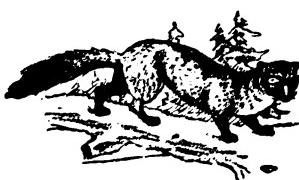
"Give that to your daughter Elizabeth for her wedding with my blessing."

"Oh, thank you ,sir, thank you so much, sir. God bless you, sir. It will be my daughter's grandest gift," echoed the woman as he closed the door. Captain Goheen did not take time to light a rushlight; there was still fire on the hearth, and only partially

undressing, he threw himself on the bed, among the dark, curly buffalo robes.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. He was feeling very ill. He had neglected to open the window, that was the reason. As he jumped out of bed his feet rested on something damp and hairy. It was the pile of scalps left there by Lieutenant Michael Grove and his Orderly the evening before. Lifting them up with the flat side of his sabre, as a farmer would a nest of caterpillars, he placed the horrible trophies in the Dutch oven and closed the door. It was proper that into the recesses from which had come the Black Cat's fur the symbol of his brief romance with Loverhill, of the Rangers, should go these ghastly reminders of her prowess in the forests.

Hurriedly dressing, the young officer went to the kitchen. Paymaster O'Kane was there and Mrs. Schwartz, who was stirring a rabbit pudding. Lieutenant Grove and his crew, Long John and Loverhill, the Indian killer, had departed before daybreak, he was told. It was all like some fantastic dream.



## XVI. The Squaw Man

PETER ALLEN, Colonial inn keeper and historic character, was uncle to one Francis Allen, who moved from the Macha Hills, now called Pigeon Hills, to the mouth of Buffalo Creek, about 1775. He was an industrious, capable young man, who bid fair to prosper in his new home on the frontier. He was married to a wife from the Little Conewago, as industrious as himself, and they had three small children. Indian affairs were very unsettled at the beginning of 1780; many massacres, more or less exaggerated, were reported from distant points, but they struck near home when on the eighteenth of May, "French Jacob" Groshong's mill, near the head of Buffalo Creek, was raided by the redmen and four of its white defenders slain.

Disasters such as this seldom come singly, for on the fourteenth of July the peaceable home of the Allen family at the mouth of the Creek was invaded, the husband and father was cruelly shot down in his corn field, the mother and one boy escaped, one other son, Peter, named for his illustrious uncle, was captured, while the baby was snatched from its cradle, swung around by the feet of one of the angry redskins and brained on the doorstep.

Peter, the captive, was six years old at the time of the tragedy. He was hurried off into the forest by the Indians and nothing was heard of him for more than twenty years. The unfortunate mother

and her remaining child, who was four years old, returned to her girlhood home near Carlisle, where she never ceased grieving over the loss of her husband, son and girl baby. The escape of the four-year-old boy was little short of miraculous. When he saw the Indians coming he ran towards the bank of the creek, ducking among some tall reeds, where he lay until the danger was past. When his mother, accompanied by a posse of neighbors, returned to recover the bodies, the tiny child crawled up the bank and ran to them safe and sound. The mother's escape was fortuitous. She was sitting on a stump fence knitting under the shade of a big oak, while her husband worked the corn, the season was a late one, when she saw the redmen approaching. Before they saw her she was over the fence and running for "dear life" to secure help. She knew that her husband, who worked with his heavy rifle slung across his shoulder, would start for the house to protect the little ones. When she came back with the band of indignant settlers, all was over so far as her happiness was concerned. Her husband lay scalped where he had fallen, trying to rescue the baby from her torturers, the oldest boy was gone, there was no one to tell her where, for the little fellow who was left had lain flat among the rushes too frightened to notice anything; he could recall only the rattle of the musketry and the fiendish scalp "halloo." The stricken mother was on the verge of insanity for a long time.

The strong men who had accompanied her to the scene of the attack were moved to tears by her affliction. But when she gradually came back to normal condition, she was very thankful to have the little boy, Francis, Jr., although he resembled her, being light-haired and blue-eyed, more than his dark-haired and Indian-featured father. Little Peter, the missing child, was the living image of his father. He not only looked like him, but acted like him; he was a veritable reproduction in miniature. Though the mother could never get over her gratitude that one child had been spared to her, she often wished openly that the little one had been Peter, so that in him she could gaze into the likeness of her martyred husband, whom she loved so well.

She remained true to his memory, never marrying again, though she had several offers that were considered excellent for the frontier. Her mind was focused on the past and the beloved dead and the cherished hope of some day recovering her long-lost and favorite offspring, Little Peter. After a time her husband's brother, Patrick Allen, moved to the homestead at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, ultimately persuading the young widow to return there to act as housekeeper. He was a widower with five small children, and this new responsibility did much to divert the unfortunate woman from thinking too much of her sorrows.

The day of Indian atrocities was passing, a more tolerant attitude between the two races existed, and

old feuds were so thoroughly forgotten that often Indians like Capain Logan, Long John, Job Chillaway and John Goodaway were entertained over night by Patrick Allen and his household, and it was thought to be nothing remarkable.

Young Francis Allen was fond of hunting from his earliest youth. He was a crack shot; when he was ten he was able to hit innumerable "dippers" in the river during the Spring floods, and many a loon fell before his well-judged aim. He was a trapper as well and once caught a big wild cat on his "line," which extended across the wooded hill to the north of his abode. As he grew older he carried his shooting operations to Jack's Mountains, killing numerous deer, and so marked became his success that he went every Fall to the Alleghenies or the North Mountains in quest of elk. These splendid animals, which were found in the hills about Sunbury in the days of Shikellemus, were gradually being found further in the wilderness as a result of the persecutions of the white hunters.

It was during the fall of 1800, more than twenty years after the sanguinary tragedy in the Allen family, that a party consisting of Patrick Allen, his son, Frederick, and his nephew, Francis Allen, with an old Indian named Dagonondo as cook, wended their way to the Elklands, as the extreme hinterland of the North Mountain was called. A camp was established on Elk Creek, which must not be confused with Elk Run ,also in what is now Sullivan County, and a

systematic drive through portions of the wilderness seldom visited by the white hunters commenced.

Rumors of elk on the northern slope of the main chain of Allegheny Mountains led them to remove the base of operations to the vicinity of Elk Lake. Dagonondo, while out reconnoitering, he was of an inquisitive disposition, happened into an encampment of redmen, on the north shore of the lake. He was well received by his fellow Indians and asked to invite his white principals to partake of an elk barbecue the next evening, for luck was all with the Indian marksmen on that occasion. As the Allen party had not seen a trace of an elk, they were glad to accept the courteous invitation.

The Indians came for them in birch-bark canoes which swiftly carried them across the rippling waters of the beautiful mountain lake along which grew the dense virgin forests of hemlock and hardwoods. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the members of the Allen family arrived at the scene of the barbecue. The mellow golden light brought out the rich tints of the woodlands and cast sombre shadows on the placid waters. In single file the Indians were arriving at the camp ground. It seemed as if every redman at large in Northern Pennsylvania was to partake of the feast. As it was they outnumbered the white guests twenty to one, and if evilly disposed could have made short work of the pale faces in their midst.

But one and all were cordiality itself, vieing with

one another to make the guests of honor feel completely at home. The carcasses of two elks had been roasting over a slow fire since morning, the steam being retained by a thick covering of hemlock boughs, though enough of the savory odors exuded to whet the appetites of Indians and white men alike. Among the Indians Patrick Allen noticed a tall youth who bore a striking resemblance to his murdered brother, Francis.

The young hunter was of swarthy complexion, but lacked the coppery hue so characteristic of the full-blooded "sons of the forest." His hair was black and was worn very long, and from his ears were suspended rings of coral-colored beads. On close examination it could be noticed that his deepset eyes were blue, though they shone dark beneath the heavy black brows and lashes. The young man wore a buckskin suit and cap and carried a long rifle. He kept his eyes on the white men, but made no attempt to enter into a conversation. The thought flashed through Patrick Allen's mind that the young "Indian" could be no other than his nephew, Peter Allen, kidnapped by the marauding redmen at the mouth of Buffalo Creek twenty years before. He sidled up to the youth and began questioning him. At first the young hunter was monosyllabic in his answers, but gradually, by giving him a "pull" or two out of his flask of spirits and by dilating on the loneliness and longings of the bereaved mother, he admitted his identity. But he quickly added that he was entirely satisfied.

with his treatment by the Indians, he had no desire to leave them.

After he had been carried away as a boy of six years, he had followed the declining fortunes of the band until, after a series of defeats, they had capitulated and accepted a domicile on the reservations in Cattaraugus County, New York. From there they made hunting trips into Pennsylvania every Spring and Fall, following up the remaining elk herds wherever they knew them to be. He had been adopted by an Indian family and, when in a fight with some white hunters six years previously, his foster brother had been slain, he inherited the chiefship and married the chief's young widow. She had one child by her first husband, and since then three more children had been born. They were all now on the reservation.

Patrick Allen stuck close to his newly-found nephew during the barbecue and before it was over secured from him the promise to take him and his new-found brother Francis, to visit the squaw and her little ones at the reservation on the Ohe-yu. To make sure that the wily self-constituted Indian would not give them the slip during the night, the Allens bivouaced with him. In the morning Patrick Allen's son was sent homeward to give the glad tidings to the patient mother that her son had been found. In the morning Peter Allen, or Peter "Strong," as the Indians called him—his foster father was the noted chieftain, Captain Strong—was in a glum and sullen mood. The liquor had worn off and

with it the sentimentality about the reunion with his mother. He was clearly opposed to leaving his Indian hunting colleagues in the middle of the big elk hunt and returning to the reservation. But Patrick Allen and young Francis were forceful characters, and literally compelled him to live up to the agreement which he had entered into the night previously.

If he had not been a sub-chief and of high rank among the tribe, his declaration that he was going home would have been received in even worse grace than it was. As it was, there was much grunting and groaning when he announced his intention. Clearly he was one of the best shots in the party and his absence would hamper the success of the expedition. At length all was explained and arranged and the Allens and their unwilling relative started on the long journey to the reservation. They were nearly a week getting there. With each successive day "Peter Strong" became more despondent and uncommunicative. It was not that he disliked the idea of seeing his mother, of whom he was fond and whom he had not forgotten, but he did not want to leave his wife and little children.

When the reservation was reached the white men could see the reasons for Peter's attachment. The Indian wife, who went by the extremely odd name of Cherry Wisdom, was most attractive to behold and the children were bright and cunning. She was a young woman, not over twenty-five, with a complexion sallow rather than copper-colored. Her figure

was slim, and she was above the medium height. Full face, she was decidedly pretty, there was a softness to the mold of her features, and her large black eyes with eyeballs blue-white, and long lashes and smooth black hair, which she wore parted on one side, all lent a charm to her looks that was indescribable. But side face she was not so pretty, the aquiline nose curved too low over the lips, there was too decided a set to the jaw, too much flatness to her figure to make her attractive to gaze upon in analytic mood. But her pleasant manner more than offset any possible physical defects.

For several days Peter Strong could not muster up courage enough to break the news to his pretty squaw of his impending visit to his white relations. At length he did so, but it almost broke the young woman's heart.

"I will never see you again, never again, never again," she moaned over and over, as she crouched disconsolate on a huffalo hide in her cabin.

Peter strove to reassure her, bringing his uncle and brother as witnesses to prove that he would be back in four moons. Peter lived in a tiny cabin across the path from where Tod-Kah-Dohs, notorious as the alleged slayer of his uncle, James Logan, resided with his aged father, Captain Logan, then over eighty years of age. Tod-Kah-Doh's wife was the aunt of Peter's wife, so she took the case before The Searcher, as Tod-Kah-Dohs was generally called. He opposed Peter's going violently, saying that it was a

trick, but that night the Allens plied him with liquor, and before he was able to be out the next morning "Peter Strong" was being hurried southward by his relatives. Cherry Wisdom and the children followed him for several miles along the forest path, weeping and wailing; the young squaw was disconsolate; evidently she had a premonition that she would never see her beloved husband again. At every step Peter kept telling her that he would return, but she refused to be convinced. Her last words were, "You will never return while you live."

After the final parting the poor fellow, torn between conflicting duties, remained speechless, moving along in mechanical fashion, until he came to the river opposite his mother's home. Patrick had sent word with his son that when they reached the bank that he wou'd wave a red shirt. The aged mother was watching from the window and rushed out joyously, expectant. She sprang into the dugout with several of her nephews and accompanied the long-lost Peter back across the river. Needless to say, her greeting with the rediscovered son was most affecting. Even the stoical youth showed signs of emotion and was proud when told of his exact resemblance to his lamented father.

But even on the night of his arrival he talked about returning in four moons to his Indian family. Patrick could see that this pained the doting mother and determined to thwart any intention of his nephew to be reunited with Cherry Wisdom and the half-breed

children. He was kept steadily occupied and watched day and night. Once when the subject of his remaining was discussed, he flew into a rage and aimed his bow, letting go an arrow at his uncle, narrowly grazing his forehead. When the four moons were up his mother plead with him so hard that he weakened and promised to remain almost until Spring.

When in February, Captain Harry Green and party, whom his mother had known at New Buffalo, were murdered by New York State Indians in the wild glen since known as Green's Gap, in Clinton County, "Peter Strong" expressed the opinion that the Indians were on his trail for not keeping his promise to return and had killed the Green party—that the crime was committed after dark and by mistake. After that he showed less desire to return to the reservation, believing that the bloodthirsty Tod-Kah-Dohs would have him murdered for not keeping his promise to be back in four moons.

He gradually took a greater interest in his mother and the home and was most assiduous in doing garden work as well as in helping to clear new ground in the Spring. But had he known the duplicity visited on him he would have undoubtedly bolted for the wilderness. During the month of March, when the rains pelted down unceasingly, and the roads were a sea of mud and all Nature looked dismal and inhospitable, a young Indian woman made her appearance on Buffalo Creek near its source in the mountains. She was slender and comely, but her large dark eyes

flashed like one possessed. From every person she met, and at every cabin where she stopped, she asked the whereabouts of her husband, Peter Strong. She was laboring under great excitement, as she would not eat, and could not sleep. At George Wilt's home, near the entrance to the Penn's Valley Narrows, afterwards the Stitzer Tavern, where she spent a night, she sang and danced in the kitchen until morning. Of course, her dancing was due to hysteria, not hilarity. She departed without breakfast shortly before the family appeared for morning prayers. The name of Peter Strong was unknown in the upper part of the valley, but in one house where she stopped over night the story of Peter Allen, or Peter Strong, the Squaw Man, was known.

As she sat around the fire with the family, one of the neighbors who was present quietly slipped away to the barn and quickly saddled his horse, riding all night through the darkness and mud to the mouth of Buffalo Creek, where he had a daybreak conference with Patrick Allen. It is certain that Patrick was opposed to strenuous measures, and severely cautioned the hot-headed youth before he departed. But after that no more was seen or heard of the unhappy Cherry Wisdom. Whether she was thrown into the creek and drowned, or died along the road from exposure, or wandered back into the mountains, no one will tell. Her children, grown up and married when Tod-Kah-Dohs died in 1840, averred that they never re-

membered any mother after she took her departure for Pennsylvania.

About the time of the visit of the heartsick squaw to Buffalo Valley "Peter Strong" contracted a second marrige, strangely enough to a sister of the youth who had apprised Patrick Allen of the Indian wife's presence in the valley. Four children were born and he seemed tolerably happy in the new life. To please the white wife, who probably cherished jealous sentiments towards her predecessor, he cut his hair short, grew a beard and threw his gaudy earrings into the river. But his habits and manners were ever those of an Indian. He refused to discard his bow and arrow, using it on small birds and wild ducks; he was also a keen rifle shot to the last. It was his pride that his senses were so acute that he could not be approached by anyone. It was his dare to everyone in the neighborhood to creep up on him unawares. Only once did anyone get up to him without being first observed.

There was a cornfield on a side hill, and on the back of the ridge many a "smart Aleck" clambered in the hopes of surprising Peter at his work. But he so resented the one time he was caught off his guard that the victor was robbed of much of his pleasure.

As he grew older he loved to talk about his days with the Indians, never expressing disapprobation of the murder of his father, but always extolling the red-men's character and mode of living. He made many bows and arrows for the small boys of the neighbor-

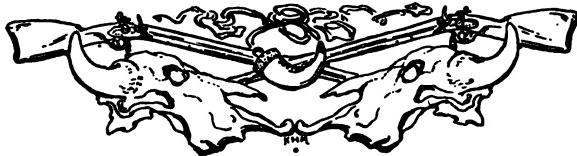
hood and delighted in teaching them how to use the primitive weapons correctly. As fall approached he always planned an elk hunt to the North, but somehow they never came to pass.

It was in the Autumn in the Indian Summer time, when the sky is the color of the blue-wood asters, and the yellow hue of the hickory leaves is the most noticeable shade of valley and hill, when the streams run shallow, when the odor of grapes and nuts and dried leaves permeates the soft air, and there is a sweet subtle melancholy pervading all nature, "Peter Strong" was invariably filled with a deep longing for the lands of beech and maple to the North. Often the old man sat for hours at a time on a log by the river bank, straining his eyes to see the bold promontory of the North Mountain shape itself out of the smoky landscape. What thoughts passed through his brain, these his wife and children, unimaginative hard-working souls, never suspected and could not understand if they did. Whether he had acted justly to give up the savage race that murdered his father and little sister, and return to his aged mother and make her last days gladsome, even though a loving Indian wife and children were left to languish, was ever uppermost in his thoughts, his conscience would give him no peace. He never settled the matter in his mind. There was always an open sore in his soul.

One September night he was awakened by some one faintly calling his name, "Peter, Peter, Peter." He slept on a bunk by the kitchen wall, being too

feeble to climb the stairs. It was an easy matter to find his staff and push his way out into the clear cool night. It was not the voice of the katy-dids, but seemed to come from the river bank, but when he reached it, it seemed to be out on the river, or on the opposite bank, calling "Peter, Peter, Peter."

His son's dugout was chained directly in the eddy, so he stumbled down the steep slope to where it was moored. The voice was strangely familiar, it was the voice of Cherry Wisdom, the black-eyed and loving wife of his youth, the mother of his little dark children. He would go to her and spend his last days with her, no matter what his other family thought; they were nothing to him. He forgot his ninety years, he was a bold young hunter again. He broke the lock on the dugout with a stone, pushed off and was soon paddling in midstream. He was floating to the shore of the spirit where the inequalities and errors and pains of life are mended forever. . . . The next morning the dugout was found knocking against one of the piers of the covered bridge at Derrstown, but the body of Peter Strong, the squaw man, was never discovered. Elijah had discarded his chariot.



## XVII. Woodpecker's Head

MANY have been the important historical happenings in and out of the stockade of old Fort Littleton, on the Forbes Road in Fulton County, and coupled and interwoven with these have been numerous by-plays and events of human interest which just missed the historian's province. This particular story has its origin in the Blue Mountains, between Dauphin and Schuylkill Counties, where, at the Cold Spring, a company of Cherokee mercenaries, with their women and children, were camped pending an attack on some hostile Indians of the neighborhood. The bringing of the Cherokees into Pennsylvania infuriated the native tribes as much as the use of the Hessians during the Revolutionary War, or the hint of Japanese aid in the World War. The Cherokees were a fine, stalwart race, many of them very light colored, and the women surpassingly beautiful.

Camped near to these Indian renegades at another big spring were some white soldiers, who fraternized with their copper-colored allies while waiting for orders to arrive from Carlisle. It was the farthest north that these southern redmen had penetrated, but wherever they went they left a record for their barbarities and needless acts of violence. They were the Huns of the French and Indian War. Among the Indian women there were several young girls who were much admired by the white non-commissioned

**Old Furnace Dam**

**at**

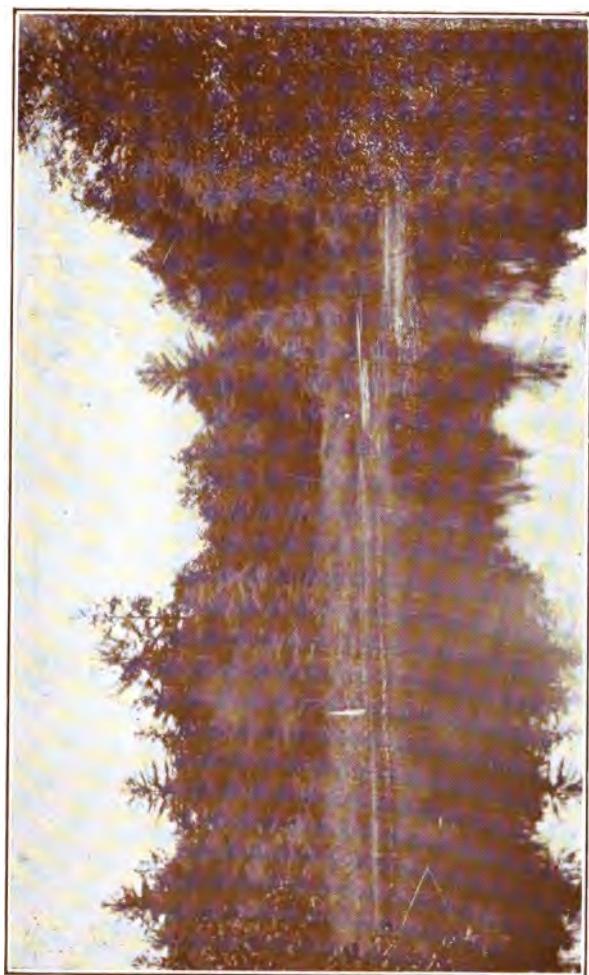
**Caledonia**

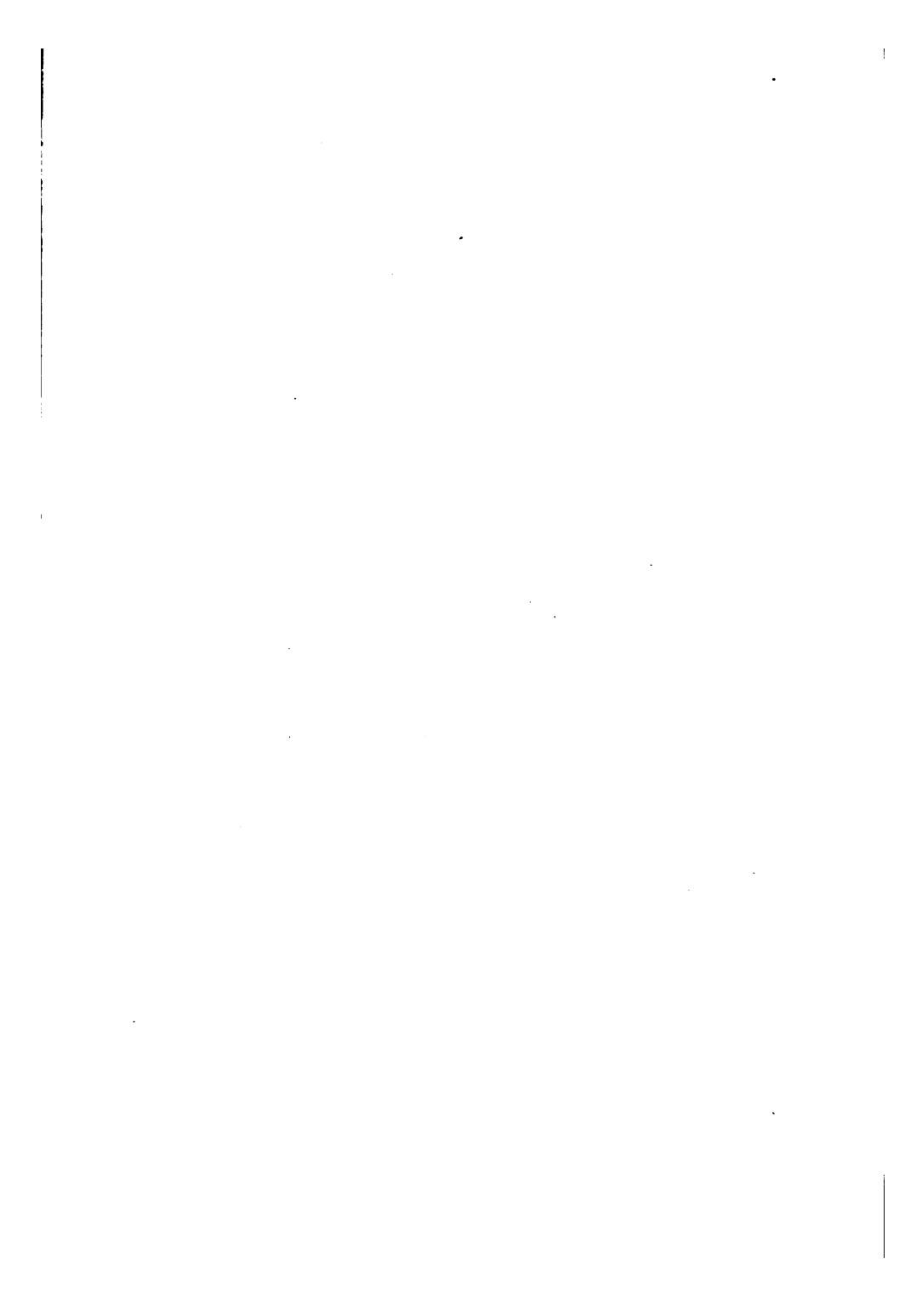
## XVII. Woodpecker's Head

NY have been the important historic events pertaining at and out of the state of California. English, or the Forbes Rail in California, and copied and interwoven with the life of the emperor by day and events of man in the world just passed the major events of his particular story has been set in the form of a Memorial between the author and his wife and elsewhere created at the Gold Seminary.

We have the Cherokee, who had a unique  
and elevated position among all the Indians.  
**Old Farmers Days**  
The Indians in the eighteenth century, The Indians  
of Pennsylvania originated the  
Cherokees, as the use of the Cherokee  
language, West or the East of Japanese  
War. The Cherokee were a fine, strong  
and beautiful.

near to these Indian renegades at once. There were some white soldiers, who were their supercilious allies, white Vikings who came from Carlisle. It was the first time these southern redmen had penetrated so far north. Went they left a record of their visit, it was one of violence. They were the French and Indian War. Among them there were several young girls, captured by the white northerners.





officers. They would have been quickly told off for commissioned officers if any of these gentry had been present, but as there were none the "non-coms" revelled in the pasture. Chief of these comely girls was one called Woodpecker's Head, because she always wore a cap or headdress made from the wings and feathers of the cardinal bird, whose blithe early morning song of "cheer, cheer, cheer," brightened many a dawn in the southland home of the Cherokees. There was a mountain back of where the mixed party of Indians and whites were camped, which is now called "Woodpecker's Head"—but none can tell if it gave its name to the red-capped maiden, or her scarlet headdress suggested the name for the mountain. Woodpecker's Head, the girl, was a very vigorous and sprightly specimen of her race, if real Indian she was, as her pale cheeks, with a bright red flush in them, and bobbed brown hair, seemed indicative of an infusion of the blood of a fairer stock. She was obviously "Woodpecker's Head" from her headdress, but some of the other white soldiers called her "Short Dress," because she wore a deerskin skirt which came barely to her knees. She was as powerful and agile as a boy, a great runner and swimmer and a first-class rifle shot.

As there were no white girls for miles around, and if there were it would have been hard to find the equal of "Woodpecker's Head," this Indian maid had her pick of the white riflemen. She selected a very good-looking youth, a sergeant named Adam Berkenhaut.

There was no doubt but the young soldier was smitten with the girl, and felt considerable pride that he had been singled out by her, when his entire detachment were pining for a smile. He seemed to make no concealment of his infatuation, and the girl, with her limited knowledge of white men's ways, believed him not only in love, but sincere. There was considerable doubt as to that, as there was a tall, thin private named McManahoy to whom he confided that he was only playing with the girl, that he would just as soon marry a Negro girl as an Indian, but that did not prevent enjoying himself with the Cherokee maid in a way that no black girl could have substituted.

When the elegant Captain Dagworthy appeared on the scene to take command, he found a demoralized state of affairs, the Indian men drinking rum and their girls going about with the white soldiers. Under his shako he cast an admiring glance at Woodpecker's Head, probably secretly envying his lucky sergeant, but he wisely moved his camp five miles further north from the Cold Spring and forbade all social intercourse with the Indians.

It was among the sources of the Swatara that Sergeant Berkenhaut met and was loved by a winsome Dutch girl, and condescended to marry her. He tried to obtain a discharge after this marriage; he wanted to quit soldiering and clear a farm, and be a hunter; but Captain Dagworthy saw no grounds to recommend such action, and intimated that his wife might follow him and share the fortunes of war. The sergeant sub-

mitted reluctantly, and ever afterwards hated his captain. He did not care to leave his wife behind, though he said to himself that there were many others just as attractive. What he wanted most of all was to be free of discipline and start a home. He felt this thrill of the soil especially in the spring of the year, from the time when the warm sun first unclosed the pussy willows, on into summer, when his dream of freedom in a measure subsided. A year after his marriage, and nearly two years after his romance with Wood-pecker's Head, Sergeant Berkenhaut became a part of the garrison of historic Fort Littleton. It stood on a hill, with an amphitheatre of mountain peaks which hid the cove beyond. Log houses were built within the great stockade, which historians state "was almost cannon proof," and the non-commissioned officers and their families had an exceedingly good taste of "home life." Sergeant Berkenhaut had his wife with him, and their first baby, but it was noted that he was not a good husband or father, as he played cards and gambled in every possible way when off duty, and only returned to his cabin in the early hours of the morning, and he would drink when he could get the stuff. He was a small, slimly made man, with restless brown eyes, curly hair, and thick lips, yet he seemed to be a lady's favorite, and he knew it.

The Cherokees were still in service, and from time to time came to the fort with scalps, on which they claimed rewards. There was no regular bounty system, as John Penn had not as yet instituted the in-

famous scalp law of July, 1764, nor Maclay's proposition to hunt Indians with bloodhounds electrified the man-slayers; yet in order to encourage the mercenaries a cash reward was paid for every scalp brought in. These were supposed to be Indian scalps, but when one of the Cherokees attempted to squeeze through on the pile a long, brown, curly wig of European design, an imposition was suspected, and Captain Dagworthy ordered all scalps split in two before the bounty money was paid over.

Among the Cherokees to visit the stockade was Wolf, a tall, slim youth, who deeply loved Woodpecker's Head, or "Short Dress." He had been ignored for the little, curly-haired sergeant, and felt the slight keenly. He did not see Berkenhaut with his wife and child, but saw the sergeant, and in asking about him from one of his corporals learned that he was married and a father. This fired the chivalrous Cherokee, for Woodpecker's Head had never been the same since her parting from the sergeant; her buoyancy of spirits vanished, she ran no more races, nor jumped and practiced with the bow; the bright red spots left her cheeks, and she sat about the camp like one in a decline. Yet she would notice no Indian admirers, and this seemed to indicate that she was eating her heart out for the white man's return.

The slighted Cherokee lost no time in traveling the sixteen miles to his camp just over the Maryland line, and telling several maidens whom he knew were close to "Short Dress" of the faithlessness of the low-

blooded "Wunnux," or white man, who had wooed her. The news came to Woodpecker's Head like a poisoned arrow through the heart. The pang on receiving the first intimation of a loved one's instability is the most poignant of all the pains that last through life. The Indian girl writhed in soul torture, but, like her race, she made no outward show ; tears, screams and hysterics were for the white women, the kind whom Sergeant Adam Berkenhaut preferred. She would do what white women under similar circumstances would like to do, but had not the courage—she would be avenged for her humiliation. To do this she professed to be again interested in the chase and archery. She shot many gaudy-plumaged birds out of the trees—cardinals, tanagers, paroquets and che-winks. She strayed farther into the forest for larger game. Wolf had told her that Berkenhaut was still sergeant of the guard, and she contrived to have him go back again to find out just what nights he turned out and the hour, the simple redman never suspecting the reason. To make sure, Short Dress reconnoitered for herself on moonlight nights, and could see the little sergeant emerge from the guard room. She could have shot him easily from her perch with a rifle, but she knew that she would be caught before she could scramble down from her position. She was determined to be revenged, and in her code this meant that Berkenhaut must die by her hand.

The trees had been cleared away from the lowlands for nearly a quarter of a mile on every side of the

hill on which the stockade and fort stood, and the uneven ground was covered with blackened logs, stabs and stumps, for the clearing had been fired "to clean it up" after the timber was felled. There was no stab tall or secure enough to get into to shoot across the stockade with the proper trajectory, but she could easily crawl along on hands and knees beside the logs; she must shoot him from the top of the stockade. Her bow and arrow were the surest and quietest weapons. She could quickly "skin up" the stockade wall, wing her man, be down and fly like a deer to the cover of the midnight woods before an alarm was sounded and the great log gates swung open to her pursuers. No one could outrun her in the timber, and she knew every path. The sergeant must die before the moon went out, and by her spying she selected the proper hour.

On the appointed night, with bow and quiver slung over her shoulder like a very voluptuous Diana, she scampered to the edge of the forest, and looked out on the sombre walls of the fort, phosphorescent in the waning moonlight. There was a line of huge, blackened, recumbent logs, accidentally thrown, but forming a path across the clearing almost to the stockade. In the lea of these she would steal on her belly like a pantheress, and in an instant be upon the wall, and send a "pile" from her bow through the sergeant's heart that would atone for the never-to-be-healed wound he had placed in her own. Crouching down she stealthily crept along, close behind the huge

charred prone trunks. Beyond the last one was a space of thirty feet that she must run across, but she was as quick as a ghost, and could not be seen any more than the night wind. In the electric blue reflection of the moon she stood erect, as if one of the recumbent trees had lifted its head. As she did so she felt a sharp jab of pain in the sole of one of her feet—was she snake-bitten, maybe? She took another step, a second hideous throb in her other foot; it was pain enough to have made a white woman, or white man, for that matter, sob out or curse, but Short Dress did neither—she was a Cherokee maid and bound on revenge. She took another step, a fresh wound and pain; a fourth step, another pang, and she dropped down among the logs, writhing in agony. She soon saw the cause of her trouble; some one had, in anticipation of Indian treachery, strewn the ground with crowsfeet, anciently called caltraps; four had run into the soles of her pretty bare feet, and, tug as she might, their fish-hook like tips only imbedded them in her flesh the tighter. There was a burning pain that could not come from iron's wound alone, the crows-feet must be poisoned. Dropping down on her stomach again, she painfully crawled back towards the welcome depths of the forest, to lie there until daylight, when she would make further efforts to tear out the hideous caltraps. At every move she made the pain that surged through her entire body became more excruciating and her head swam. The poison was getting in its work, she would die without revenge,

and miserably like a wolf or a skunk, at the white man's hands. It was all that she could do to drag herself to the forest, where she lay back against the roots of a giant white oak, her whole young frame convulsively shaking with agony. At last the pain that burned her vitals was more than she could endure: she might scream out and die like a white woman or a coward, and not like a Cherokee. She put her fingers in her mouth and bit them until blood streamed down, the pain growing worse each second, yet she would not die shrieking like Berkenhaut's wife would have expired.

The end soon came, and she slipped down, lying almost flat on her back, her stiffened fists dug deeply in her rigid mouth. She was a wistful figure in death, the arrows and bow resting by her side, her eyes looking straight ahead through an opening in the branches of the forest undergrowth, towards the stockade. Love crucified!

In the morning Captain Dagworthy started out for his usual solitary stroll in the woods, sword at side, debonair and unafraid. He crossed the desolate slashing, stepping very carefully where only the milk-weeds grew among the charred trunks, and entered the noble forest. Through the same vista that "Short Dress" had tried to take her last look on life, he saw what seemed like Diana sleeping. The red cardinal's feathers were all awry over one eye, but he speedily recognized her as Woodpecker's Head. Stooping over he looked for the cause of her death and saw the four

murderous caltraps in her feet, the crooked points coming out through the insteps. "The poisoned crowsfeet—oh, hell!" he said. "I did not want to do it, but that German libber Berkenhaut was all for it, and we have killed the most beautiful thing in the world!" Looking at the poor fists clenched in her mouth, the clotted blood on fingers and chin, he exclaimed: "Poor Short Dress! She died gamer than many a gentleman who has been brought up on codes of honor; she would shame my entire garrison."

All thoughts of a walk were over, and he picked up the limp corpse and carried it carefully across the slashing, watching every step, and under the *fer a cheval* portal of the stockade. He laid the body down where the floating streamer of his King's flag shaded it from above, and blew his whistle. Instantly the guard rushed out, among them Sergeant Berkenhaut. They jumped back at the sight of the corpse, but the sergeant called them to attention. Captain Dagworthy ordered a grave dug, and when it was done, himself tenderly placed the dead girl in it, along with her bow and arrows, but ordered that the grave be not filled up immediately. He then motioned for Berkenhaut to come to him. "Sergeant," he said, severely, "we are either men or brutes, and the death of this Cherokee girl proves that we are not engaged in civilized warfare. Send the guard out and gather up every damned caltrap in the clearing, and bring them to me, and I will put them where they will do no further harm." The sergeant was wise in the ways of the frontier enough to

know that the dead girl was his would-be slayer, and that the crowsfeet had saved him, but he had the work performed with a will, and laid an old straw beehive full of the villainous little instruments of torture at his captain's feet. Captain Dagworthy was visibly affected, but he began strewing the caltraps in the open grave like sprigs of Acacia, and as the last one was in he told his men to fill it up. "Good bye, Woodpecker's Head, bravest of maidens," he whispered as the sods were leveled over it. When all was done, he ordered a salute fired, and stood until the last echoes of the volleys were lost among the dizzy crags of Sidney's Knob.



## XVIII. The Timber Line

IT was a raw, cold afternoon in the midst of the Equinoctial storms of early October; there had been a heavy rain all the forenoon, which had been followed by high winds and later by a decided drop in the temperature; leaves as they fell seemed to stick to ground and boardwalks.

Jonathan Hastie stood on the narrow platform at a little railway junction some miles South of Carlisle, waiting for the Northbound train. It was a dreary, forbidding looking place, yet it was not without attractions for him. It was during the next to the last year of the Civil war that he had last been there, encamped with his Company for a period that would have seemed longer than necessary had it not been for a romantic attachment formed—yet he had not been back though nearly ten years had intervened.

Time and many more or less stirring events had almost obliterated the sentimental memories of his sojourn, they were not the first thoughts that came to him as stepped off the wheezy, pokey, swaying little train. They were martial thoughts, full of the color and action of camp and field, the bombardment of Carlisle, the burning of Chambersburg, the thwarted raid from Casey's Gap, the ruling instincts of a healthy out-door man. Then when the vivid pictures of military life were reviewed came other images, a distant view of Mount Parnell, as seen from an old mansion near the gently flowing Conodogwinet, sun-

set in an orchard, the pavements of a village street covered with yellow leaves, a quail whistling in a clover field, a country Christmas eve on a snowy night, the most beautiful pictures of the civilian life he had touched while camped at the junction, and Vanessa Everett.

Where was she at that moment, what had become of her, was she still at the comfortable old white painted farmhouse over by the mill? She had been a faithful correspondent until his half of the letter writing partnership lapsed. And when they ceased, his temporary abodes in his travels had known her little, uneven, scratchy hand no more. And where were the letters, those frank, sincere, wonderful letters, pure and fresh as mountain breezes! In a cardboard box somewhere, perhaps at home, or mayhap had helped brighten a fire as they had his heart, ere this.

As his thoughts crystallized on Vanessa, he began pacing up and down the platform, a feeling of restlessness came over him, together with sharp pains as if the blood were racing to the heart too fast, all his old imperturbability was gone. Several times he went into the station to find out about the train; it was an hour late; it was seldom less than that, but might be making up time, the agent said, so the young man decided not to leave the platform and cross the open common where he had camped, but where now the

cordwood for the engines was piled, for a stroll up the village street.

At length the shrill whistle was heard from behind the oak grove which masked the curve, then the bulbous smokestack hove in sight, spouting great masses of dark wood smoke; the cars were visible swaying and toddling behind. The agent came out on the platform, two or three habitues appeared, seemingly from nowhere, the little station took on a look of animation, further enhanced by the arrival at the last minute of a shirt-sleeved Negro pushing a rattling baggage truck. With great creaking of brakes and valves, the wood-burner came to a halt. Several passengers were alighting. There was one, a young woman, taller and slimmer than the rest; she wore a black velvet hat, a dark fur was around her neck; there was something familiar in her sallowness and brown eyes.

As these details adjusted themselves in Jonathan Hastie's consciousness he realized that he was face to face with Vanessa Everett, the object of most of his thoughts for the past hour. Their eyes met, there was surprise in their glances; they greeted one another as if they had been parted but a day, instead of for nearly ten years. Vanessa looked not a day older than when they last met; so young, in fact, that it was as if she had been subtracted from the ordinary course of existence and left to stay at twenty! Jonathan could not recall the circumstances of the parting; probably they had driven to the waterfall back of Par-

nell in Yankee Gap, their favorite drive. Then he had gone off with his Company and had not returned.

During the intervening years, though he had spent most of his time in the North Tier of Pennsylvania, a winter in Michigan and another in the Adirondack Mountains of Northern New York, he had not altogether lost track of Vanessa. Only a month before he had met a man who was a non-commissioned officer in his old Company, who had re-visited the Junction where he was told that she was still unmarried. Therefore his greeting was a trifle more cordial than if such a barrier to further acquaintance existed, at least on her side.

Yes, Vanessa was looking just the same, what were nine years and more! The wavy almost black hair, the dark brows, the deep-set eyes of such unusual shade of brown and gold, the long black lashes, the pretty mouth with lips of magenta color, the corners descending; the small, even teeth, set far apart, which showed when she smiled, were just as white as ever; the slightly aquiline nose, the meagre cheeks revealing the firm lines of the jaw, the oriental sallowness, all were unchanged. The years had respited and, if anything, enhanced these superlative charms.

Then the impatient whistle blew and the polished brass bell clanged. Before Jonathan climbed aboard and resumed his journey northward he asked Vanessa to write him to General Delivery, Muncy, Lycoming County. She said she would, gladly. His heart was

beating fast, little chills and thrills went through him, all his old love life burned as of yore. It had been lying dormant ready to burst forth again at sight of the beloved object. Is love a chrysallis? He had felt very despondent during the day, for some unaccountable reason, but the sight of her was like a brisk thunderstorm to revive his spiritual atmosphere. The last letters he had received from her meant much to him, but he had come to think of her seldom, and rarely dreamed of her. Yet he was always thrilled when he heard her name mentioned, but that was all. He had been much agitated at the possibility of seeing her on one occasion six months before when he thought that he could reach his destination by way of the Junction. The time-table was not accommodating; he went a different way, but not without pangs of regret. That had told him that his love was the same. Now he had seen her and his heart beat wilder than ever. Why had his love been laid away to be revived by seeing her for a moment after an interval of nine years? Perhaps it had burned too fiercely in its heydey; it needed to be laid on the shelf for a while so as not to burn itself out. If anything his emotion now was stronger than before; he was more mature—over thirty—was it not natural that, like all the vital forces, it should gain in strength. The elation of seeing her was succeeded by nervousness; so uneasy did he feel that when he reached Harrisburg he was glad to draw the curtains on his consciousness by going immediately to bed after a light supper at the Commonwealth.

Before he fell asleep he blamed himself for allowing any one who possessed such a hold on his soul to be taken out of his life, but there were reasons which at the time seemed insurmountable.

In the morning, after a good night's rest, he felt differently, and on his journey up the Susquehanna Valley was resigned to things as they were, and tried to recollect if there were any little incidents that had depressed the flame of his love. But if there were any, they were inconsequential in gauging human character. He was far from satisfied at the way destiny had guided him, and yesterday's meeting still caused the warm blood of love to tingle in his heart. Life again seemed wonderfully sweet, as sweet as the gentle, wistful loveliness of the quiet little valleys that opened out as the train jogged by.

He spent the night at Muncy, his last waking recollections being of Vanessa, but the following morning made him even more resigned to things as they were. But at rare intervals came the accusing thought, why had he allowed one who was capable of causing him so much happiness to be stolen from his life? We live but once, and there is so much unhappiness for most of us!

At daybreak began a long carriage journey up the Loyalsock Valley to the North Mountain, where he was to survey a large tract of original timber that was about to change ownership. The pineries began near the summit of the North Mountain and ran northward, crossing so many ridges that it seemed to be a

dark carpet laid over the so-called Impassable or Endless Mountains of the old map-makers.

It was a pleasant drive up the dreamy Loyalsock. The road was fairly good, the scenery was magnificent, the dark mountain background in every picture, the birches and lindens along the water's edge, the dun and buff leafed hickories in the rolling fields, the red maples on the hillsides, the fire blackened stumps in the new ground. The air was pregnant with the odor of falling leaves, of apples, wild grapes. Jonathan Hastie admired the charming vistas, but ever and anon came the picture of Vanessa, vividly before him. She seemed to be hovering near him, a spiritualized winged victory. He was glad the journey was so long, it was beautiful, so like Vanessa, and he liked to be alone with his thoughts. In his mind, as in every one else's, is a World of Things as They Should Be—why isn't that the real world and the world of cares and thwarted hopes the illusion? He saw a large buttonwood tree by the stream, with many broken branches, each like a hope well begun but shattered. Pascal has said that a prolonged dream would be the same as reality. Happy are the dreamers, for they have found the real life, the kernel of existence; the outer shell-life doesn't count, though we exalt it undeservedly. God is within, in the life of the spirit, that is why He is so hard to find in this hard outside world. Get within, be with the spirit and find contentment.

As the day waned the North Mountain loomed nearer and vaster. He could make out clearly the

great body of land that he was to survey, its dark timber line of pine and hemlock came just to the crest, everything below was deciduous woods, burnt-umber in the falling light. What vast approaches there were to the North Mountain, first of all the fields sloped towards it, then the wooded hills, then the flying buttresses of outlying ridges, all working up to the culmination of the mighty mountain itself. And beyond were endless ranges, equally high, one ranked behind the other, an army of mountains, so *endless* as to seem *impassable*.

It was somewhere out beyond there that he was to camp at the headquarters of the forester, it might be four or five ridges, at least beyond the North Mountain. It was long past dark when the team drew up at the little hunter's lodge below Forksville, where the Big and Little Loyalsock Creeks came together. Several "pheasant" hunters were quartered at the inn. They were a noisy set with their dogs. Jonathan felt strangely out of harmony with them, though he was generally very friendly disposed towards most everyone. The racket of the place, the fatigue of the long drive, all scattered the thoughts of Vanessa; he felt very normal as he sat by the ten-plate stove, absorbing its warmth and occasionally throwing blocks of birchwood into it. He slept dreamlessly, as was his custom, except when some vital event was to occur, when like the old people, he "dreamed straight." The future's blows were revealed to him when the

fateful axe was raised, yet they seemed just as hard when they fell!

In the morning there was a heavy fog, almost a "Scotch mist," and it was difficult to find the mountain trail after leaving the public road. It was a steep, uphill climb all day, across *endless mountains*. The road, of course, followed the creeks and hillsides where it could, but it included some gruelling climbs as well, the steam rose off the backs of the patient, willing horses. It was a rough trip, but Jonathan's wits were about him; he was laying plans for his work, how to do it expeditiously and efficiently. Ruffed grouse frequently flew up from the grass-grown trail during the afternoon, a great horned owl, or "Peck," as the teamster called it, winged its noiseless flight from one old oak to another, parallel with the road, just at dusk. He loved the even flute like nocturne of this bird which sounded like Toot-toot-a-loo, Toot-toot-a-loo! It was very different from the tremolo of the smaller screech owl.

It was dark again when the carriage emerged from the deep hemlock forest by the edge of a tiny, crystalline lake. Nearby was a cabin of round logs, the rosy lamplight was streaming through the tiny *lights* in the window. The forester, young John Conley, also a Civil War veteran, heard the approaching team and came up the path to greet the visitors, his hunting dogs jumping and barking at his side. It was a scene of cheerful welcome. Even pallid Venus in the clear

sky above the pond beamed down in tones of real friendliness.

Jonathan jumped out of the cariole to shake hands with the forester, and soon the team stopped by the porch, where all his instruments and baggage were unloaded. Conley opened the door, there was a hot fire in the cookstove, a brand new coal-oil lamp, a novelty in those days, shed its generous light from a table by the window, on which the supper was waiting.

It was a pleasant, cordial evening, a man's evening, yet the shade of Vanessa was present in his inmost thoughts. The night was passed very comfortably and the next day was a very busy one.

From the tallest peak a view of the Southerly country ranging up to the North Mountain *massif* was obtained for miles around. To the annoyance of Conley, forest fires were seen raging in the deciduous woods on the lower slopes. They hardly ever did much damage in the original timber, but the boundaries would have to be watched. The survey was postponed for a couple of days while the forester secured the services of a dozen or more mountain men to guard the approaches to the virgin forest, especially hollows or drafts where there were slashings, or old skidways abandoned by unprogressive lumbermen. This left the young surveyor much to himself, and on the first of the lonely evenings he wrote a long epistle to Vanessa. He could get it posted promptly, as the teamster was returning to Muncy the next day, be-

sides it gave him a decided spiritual relief to pour out his heart in a letter. Yet it was not as frank and affectionate a missive as had been Vanessa's letters, even towards the end of their correspondence, but he could not even now make up his mind what she would mean to him in the future. Did she care for him as much as he did for her; he was never certain of that, even after her devotion as expressed in her letters. Doubting was his fault, he had missed nine years with her that might have been the happiest of his life, through it!

That night when Conley came in it was past supper time. He said that the fires were checked at much lower levels than the timber line, but that they were burning from east to west through the second growth areas which stood between the farming country and the virgin forest on the summits. Communication between the Southern valleys and his camp were cut off, it was fortunate that the teamster who had brought the young surveyor had fetched with him a liberal supply of provisions.

Jonathan felt the sense of isolation, to the south were conflagrations, to the east and west, forest, forest, to the north, the forested and impassable mountains. He seemed very much alone, and Vanessa very far away. How cozy to have her at the camp with him—his wife. What a pity it had been ordained that she should not have been his helpmate for the past nine years. What a joy he had missed, how much further advanced in the spiritual life he would

have been through her if she had loved him as much as he had her!

He walked out along the lake before retiring, the smoke had risen to the high altitudes and obscured the stars, he could smell it in the air. In the dark hemlocks back of the log cabin the Peck was fluting his "Toot-toot-a-loo."

When he returned to the cabin he found several grimy fire-fighters talking to the forester. The gist of their conversation was that one fire in a deep ravine was within half a mile of the timber line. Should they fight it all night or wait until morning? The air was so heavy there might be a shower. Conley insisted that they keep fighting all night, and when they started to go he decided to accompany them back to the scene of their operations "to get them started right." The young surveyor wanted to go along, but the forester advised him to remain and watch the camp.

It was about eleven o'clock when he retired. The air in the room was close, so he threw back wide the swinging window that opened out on the porch roof, even though it admitted the smoke that was settling down over the mountain top. The air was so murky that it made him restless; he was slow in falling asleep, and his mind surged with unpleasant thoughts.

He had slept probably for an hour or two when he awoke suddenly and sat bolt upright in bed. Daylight was approaching. Some one was at the window looking in. It was Vanessa. She wore no hat, and her

hair, parted in the middle, hung in uneven strands at the sides of her forehead. There were patches of soot on her cheeks. Her dress was torn at the throat, the sleeves were gone, her long slim arms were covered with soot, as were the palms of her hands. Jonathan was amazed, were his eyes deceiving him?

"How did you come here over all these mountains, through the terrible fires?" he gasped.

In answer Vanessa raised her hands, the soot was more like burns she had suffered from the flames. Jonathan brushed back the hair from his eyes so as to see more clearly. There was no mistaking Vanessa, and she was probably badly hurt. He made a move to get out of the bed, a sudden gust of air shut the window with a bang. Vanessa was not outside the pane when he opened it.

It was all a dream, one of those strange fantasies that haunt the borderland between the sleeping and the waking worlds, but are pictorial visitations of realities. There was nothing left to do but to dress and go down stairs. He heard sounds in the lobby; was Vanessa down there waiting for him? Despite all his doubts he had some faith in his visitation. It was only the forester building a fire in the cook-stove.

Jonathan told him that he had a strange dream which upset him, and went outside to get some fresh air. There was much smoke about, though Conley declared that the fires were well under control.

The surveying work began that day and lasted a month, until completed. It was within a day or two

of thanksgiving when Jonathan started on the return drive to Muncy. It was a cold, raw day, the trees were bare, the fallen leaves already crisp and colorless. During the long trip he was buoyed up by the thought that perhaps one, maybe two or three letters from Vanessa would be waiting for him at the Post Office. Conley, who accompanied him, must have wondered at his anxiety to reach his destination, his strange uncommunicativeness on the way.

They got as far as Lairdsville the first night, would be in Muncy easily before noon the next day. The young surveyor passed a restless night, to be so near and yet so far from news of one he loved. He was sure of his love now, no matter what his imperfections were, he had so many faults he should not have demanded perfection when not constructed that way himself. He had lost nine or ten years, perhaps the best of his life, away from her; what had he gained. Spiritually he was a rolling stone, without the anchor of love. Next morning they made an early start. The horses seemed to fly over the frosty highway. It was a little before noon when old Muncy town was reached. He asked to be driven first to the Post Office.

Conley asked him the cause of his anxiety. Jonathan smiled and looked at the forester, who *guessed*. But his disappointment was keen, as there was no mail for him.

During the afternoon he held a long conference with the representatives of the Philadelphia estate who were disposing of the North Mountain timber.

lands and the Williamsport lumbermen who were acquiring it. Everything passed off satisfactorily, but he was glad to be able to board the night train east. He was going back to the Junction in the South Mountain country. All the way down in the slow train he tortured himself. It was Vanessa who had turned the tables and not written. Doubtless she had met someone else she cared for, and he deserved that final punishment. Sometimes in the old days he feared that she cared for someone and it had caused him much unhappiness. Was it too late to overhaul a fate that was nearly ten years gone into oblivion?

It was midnight when he reached Harrisburg, and noon the next day before he could get a train out of there on the Cumberland Valley. It was late afternoon, Thanksgiving Eve, when he got off the tiny unstable train at the Junction, in sight of the South Mountains. A crowd of more than usual proportions was on the platform. He scanned the faces to see if by any chance Vanessa was among them; she was not there this time. He quickly walked across the common, where the ranks of cordwood for the engines were piled in endless ranks—where his old camp had stood in '64. He reached the village street. The maples were bare, and shook and shivered in the evening wind. A few lights were already appearing in the windows of the long rows of cottages, all painted alike, a spotless white. Beyond the village were fields, and at the foot of the wooded hill by the creek stood the commodious home of Vanessa's parents near the

old red mill. There was but a single light visible in an upstairs window, which looked towards the village.

Jonathan had eaten nothing since breakfast; he was too nervous to tarry anywhere, and each minute his fast-beating heart seemed pounding a thousand times harder against his breast. Why was that light in the upstairs window, with all the rest of the house in darkness? Was it Vanessa's room, where she was stirring herself to go to a Thanksgiving supper—with *whom*?

These thoughts spurred him on to taking even longer steps. As he neared the house he looked up at the window. The shade was not drawn, but he could see no one. He opened the old fashioned wrought iron gate, where Vanessa and he had stood many evenings together, loathe to part, even postponing the fateful "last minute." He followed the brick path around to the side door, which was on the opposite side of the house from the illuminated window. There was a light within; it shone through the stained-glass transom, but the shades were down.

The young man knocked, less hard it seemed than his heart thumped that instant. He heard footsteps; it was only a moment until the door was opened and Vanessa's mother stood before him. She recognized him instantly, and smiled.

"Why, if it isn't Captain Hastie. Vanessa told me that she saw you one evening at the Junction about six or seven weeks ago, and she got a letter or two from you."

"How is she? Is she at home? Where is she?" said Jonathan impetuously.

"Vanessa, I am sorry to say, met with a very peculiar accident about a month ago," replied the mother. "She may have told you how fond she always was of reading at night. She had been feeling very nervous for a couple of weeks and could not sleep. She was lying in bed with a book, with a candle on a small table by the bedstead when she fell into a dose, turning over on her face, her usual position. It was a sultry night for the time of year, and the window across from the bed was wide open. Sometime during the night a gust of wind must have upset the candle, for it set fire to the bedding, and the dear girl's hands and arms were frightfully burned. The strangest part of it all is that she slept through it all until morning. She has suffered a great deal; even now she is feeling far from comfortable."

The young man expressed his sorrow at the accident, and asked the mother if he might see the girl at once. The mother replied in the affirmative and went to apprise her of his coming. Jonathan was agitated beyond expression. What had happened that sultry night in the Impassable Mountains was more than a dream or hallucination. His anguish at Vanessa's sufferings was unbounded, for perhaps his dream had caused her accident. It is a fearful thing to launch a thought.

Soon the mother returned and asked the young man to follow her. She said that Vanessa was de-

lighted to hear that he had come. On the way up the broad old fashioned staircase it dawned on him why Vanessa had not written. The mother opened the door. By a table, on which was an oil lamp of latest design, sat Vanessa, her dark wavy hair parted in the middle. A cashmere shawl was about her shoulders, her arms were still bandaged. An open volume, Captain Francis Grose's "Popular Superstitions," was propped against a book-rest on the table. She turned the pages with a penholder in her lips. Her face looked even narrower and more sallow than when he saw her six weeks before, but to him even more uniquely beautiful. She started to get up as he approached. Before she could do so he sprang forward and put his arms around her neck and kissed her many times on her pretty mouth, so much in form and color like a coral brooch, pouring out the pent-up love of years. Amid the kisses she made out to whisper:

"How did you get here over all these mountains?"

"I believe I have heard you say that before," said Jonathan, to her great astonishment.

"Where, tell me where," she said eagerly. Without waiting for him to reply she continued: "What a grand surprise for Thanksgiving Eve," her eyes lighting up with unfeigned delight. "Now you can see why I did not write."

As she spoke she held up her two bandaged hands.

The mother had long suspected the admiration which Vanessa felt for Jonathan; it had caused her

much uneasiness. It made her happy when she saw how deeply it was reciprocated, despite all the years of separation. She noiselessly withdrew from the room, shutting the door. Then the young lover, still holding his arms around her neck, and with his cheek pressed close to hers, told Vanessa of his weird visitation in the log cabin among the Impassable Mountains. Dates were compared; the night he had seen Vanessa's Rede at the open window was the very night that she had been so mysteriously burned in her bed.

"I was thinking of you, oh, so much that night, I could get no satisfaction from the book. I must have fallen to sleep with the desire to see you so strong that I had to travel to that fire-swept country to do so, and got burned on the way!"

"And you came to me, across all those mountains, through the fires," said Jonathan. "And though you suffered cruelly, it was the flame of our love which has been burning so long, and which was so well concealed that burst forth, and it shall never again cause you pain in this world or the next."



## XIX. The Scalp Bounty

THE month past had been an unremunerative one for the Rangers. No proscribed or outlaw Indians had crossed their path, hence no scalps had been brought in. This scalp bounty made a nice addition to the otherwise slim pay of the Rangers; they pursued the chase of redskins for financial reasons more than to satisfy the law of reprisal. When the scalp bounty lapsed the day of the Rangers was done, they resigned and deserted, or retired at the expiration of their enlistments, just as the modern "government man" in the West would quit the service if the *bloodthirsty* Biological Survey stopped paying rewards on the scalps of coyotes, wild cats or prairie dogs. But towards the last days of the scalp bounty it was scarcity of Indians rather than any other cause that reduced the sum total of the payments.

The drop in the number of scalps brought in caused Maclay to suggest supplying the Rangers with bloodhounds so as to facilitate the slaughter. On this particular month there was a growing restlessness among the scalp hunters owing to poor results. No one had been able to even pick a quarrel with a squaw and have her run howling to an encampment to arouse the warriors to righteous indignation, thereby supplying the Rangers with an acceptable excuse for a massacre—and lots of scalps.

Among the officers Captains Peter Pentz and Peter

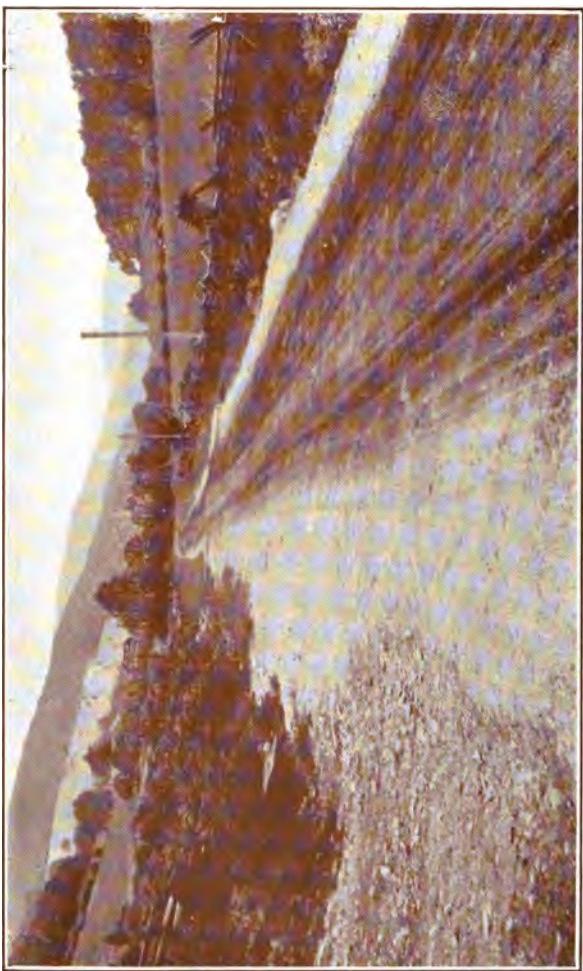
**Lincoln Highway**  
**Looking Towards**  
**Gettysburg**

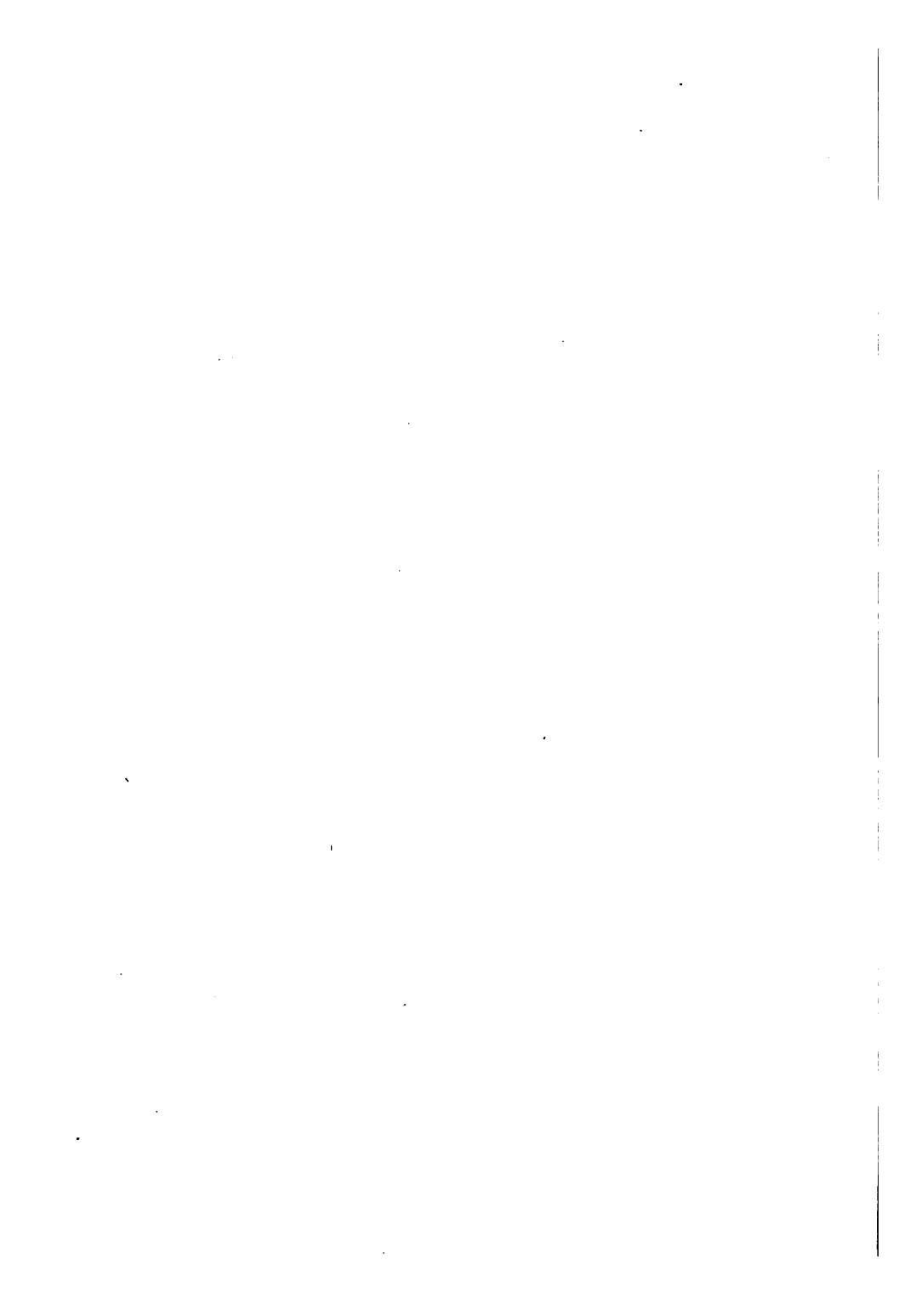
## XIX. The Scalp Bounty

THE month past had been an unfortunate one for the Rangers. No, I described it, when Indians had crossed their path, hence no scalp had been brought in. This scalp beauty was a fine addition to the otherwise skin pavy of the Rangers, they pursued the chase of scalps for no reasons more than to satisfy the raw of pride when the scalp beauty lapsed the day of. Rangers was done, they remained until the day of the final explanation of their trials aera, and were returning "giving up the gun" to the Mexican service at the Holguin Biological Station, having reviewed the history of robotics, and the dogs. But toward the last days of the month, it was strange Indians rather than the Indians did not reduce the importance of the

in the number of scalps brought in, and suggest supplying the Rangers with cartridges to facilitate the slayer. On this point there was a growing restlessness among the Indians owing to poor results. No one can pick a squirrel with a shotgun. They were unwilling to an engagement to reverse the warpath of their treacherous Indians, thereby suspending the former, with an acceptable excuse for a massacre of scalps.

A crew of officers Captains Peter Bentz and Peter





Grove and Lieutenant Grove obtained leave of absence to go up country and look after their corn. Genevieve Loverhill, Lieutenant Michael Grove's girl orderly, naturally of a restless disposition, decided to take a hunting trip to the headwaters of White Deer Creek. The desired quarry was to be an elk's calf in its spotted coat, not that the hide was of much value, even when tanned with salt, but just to bag one of the pretty little creatures.

Leaving the camp at the mouth of Buffalo Path Run, the fearless girl, who was known as "Loverhill of the Rangers" and "The Indian Killer," started alone for the waters of White Deer, where on the high tablelands among the open groves of yellow pines, the cow elks and their young were fond of summering. Loverhill followed the South Branch in the direction of Hope Valley, where at the Shraeder Spring the creek has its heading. Out on the divide towards the source of Elk Creek, there were innumerable elk families in certain seasons when pasturage was to their liking. The young huntress followed the top of the ridge on the Winter side of the valley, finding many traces of game. As she had left the camp at daybreak, it looked as if a calf would fall to her unerring aim before sunset.

In Fredericks's Gap she came close to a band of bull elks, their superb antlers just coming out of the velvet, the long tattered shreds suspended to them like the "old man's beard" moss that hangs from the cypress trees in a southern swamp. Ordinarily she

would have killed two or three just for the sport of seeing them fall, but on this occasion she hoped that on the way a stray Indian might be apprehended and a shot fired at random at a bull elk would put the marked men on their guard.

In places where there had been windfalls among the giant hemlocks, and she could see the sky, the day was one of rare beauty. The clouds were fleecy and white, as they always are when the Keewaydin or North West Wind is blowing. In the late afternoon, when the lengthening of the shadows tended toward the golden hour, "the hour of peace and plenty," the Indians called it, as she softly crept along a *bench* on the slope of Tunis' Knob, there was little under-brush, only row after row of giant hemlocks like swart smooth pillars upholding the azure and gold canopy, she noticed a splendid cow elk followed by her pretty mottled calf moving along on the mossy bank of the creek, in the direction of the source. They were out of gunshot, and as she took a few steps down the steep slope to get closer, she noted an Indian following in wake, perhaps three hundred yards to the eastward. Probably he carried an antiquated musket and must fire at close range; if Loverhill had been in his place the calf would have fallen long before. Here was a chance of securing the calf and a fine warrior's scalp besides, "killing two birds with one stone," so she deftly sprang behind an unusually thick hemlock, unseen by elks or Indians. As she watched the silent procession of hunted and hunt-

er in the vale beneath, she reasoned the matter about as follows: The Indian will follow the elks to the spring and kill them there. Then he will skin them and bivouac for the night. If he does he will be easily approached and shot. Then with one shot elks and Indian would be obtained.

There was a natural clearing about the spring where animals and Indians had drunk and rested for untold centuries. If this particular redman camped there he would light a fire, and the smoke even of a small fire would come up through the trees; he could be stalked and killed by his fireside.

Just at the last moments of the golden hour, as the sun began to set behind the Western knobs, three shots rang out on the still air. Presumably the shots were successful, the elks had fallen. The declining sun spread out a mass of salmon pink surcharged with ashes of roses as it sank in purple splendor behind the pine clad summits. There was a very decided chillness to the atmosphere, as there always is when summer wanes.

Loverhill standing by the giant hemlock almost wished for a campfire herself. She felt hungry and nibbled at a sugar cookie which she took from her knapsack. As darkness fell she climbed the big hemlock to the very top—no squirrel could have done it more deftly—and with her long slim legs and arms securely gripped about the swaying topmost twigs, she awaited developments on the plateau beyond. As she watched, the old shaggy yellow pines on the

ridge became like masses of black velvet against the starlit sky. Then curled upward a thin trail of smoke like grey thread, such as can only come from an Indian campfire, the redmen always priding themselves on the smallness of their fires.

The time for action had arrived. Quietly, quickly and surely as a wildcat descends on its prey, Loverhill slid from her perch on the tree and climbed down the mountain among the tall straight hemlocks that looked so much like columns straight from the black vault of the heavens. It was a long climb and a tedious one, under such circumstances of stealth. She crept behind one tree after another, always pausing after each step, but the only sound was the gurgle of the brook over the stones. As she neared the campfire she observed that it was now smoking profusely, the Indian must be asleep else he would not allow it to burn so low. Since Indians were hunted for their scalps they always extinguished their fires before retiring for the night; rangers might pass within a few feet of sleeping redmen and not suspect their nearness on a black night. Hence Maclay's suggestion to use bloodhounds. This must be a very careless Indian.

Loverhill primed her rifle and crept on her stomach to the border of the natural clearing in the centre of which rose the rich, cool spring, its banks a swaying mass of cresses. By the embers of the campfire she saw the unskinned carcasses of the cow elk and her calf. It was as she suspected—the red-

man had killed both. But why had the Indian abandoned them so soon? There were no signs of him anywhere.

To make sure, she made a complete circle of the boundaries of the clearing on her hands and knees; the redskin was neither at its edges nor within it. Resolutely she strode into the center of the open space. By the border of the clearing, well in the shadows of the forest, was the half-decayed trunk of a black birch and on it she sat holding the long barrel of her rifle between her two white hands. She concluded that the Indian had found the track of some other animal, perhaps a bear, and had followed it; he would be back to secure the best of the elks, as the Indians never killed for pastime. She would down him across the carcasses of his quarries.

But he was a very long time coming back. It was a period of *ennui*, such as brings to active imaginations all sorts of fancies, grave and gay, ending in those mostly of the heart and romance. With Loverhill the thoughts were eventually of Captain Goheen, whom she had seen and loved the year before at Peter Allen's. She had refused all his expressions of hope for a furtherance of their acquaintance, had turned her back on him, as it were. It was for the best, she was a wild mountain girl who had dressed as a lad and killed Indians for the scalp bounty for three years; what sort of a companion could she make for a gentleman of culture and refinement like Captain Cecil Goheen, of Philadelphia, and heir of Ashtoun

Hall, County Armagh, Ireland, and the whole of Armagh Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania? But she could not eradicate the impression he had made on her. It came up with heart-breaking vividness this chilly, lonesome night while waiting for the return of the Indian elk slayer. Perhaps they would have been happy, if he was right and she was wrong. For instance, should he own the choice tract where the Shraeder Spring bubbled out from the earth, it would have made an ideal Manor. The rolling slopes of the hills which surrounded the spring could be cleared and turned into corn fields and orchards, a few gnarled Indian apple and plum trees back of the spring told of its previous use by the copper-colored aborigines. To clean up this beautiful valley would have given the youthful Captain a definite life's work; he would be like the noblemen of Europe about whose castles and grandeur old Corinthus Michael delighted to tell of at her father's ingle-nook in the old days on Switzer Run near the Karoondinha. They could even build a castle and tower on the top of Tunis' Knob and dominate the entire watershed of the South Branch of White Deer!

She pressed the barrel of the rifle against her cheek and covered her eyes with her long fingers. Why had she let him go away? Why had she refused his proffered gift of a cape made from the fur of Black Cats or Fishers? She had admired Lieutenant Grove for his bravery, that was all, but his spell had been

cast three years ago and she was wiser now. Beyond these there was no one else from the Beautiful River to the Lehigh that she cared a straw about, white man or Indian. Captain Goheen, from the Big World, was her ideal.

With closed eyes she pictured their life together developing a vast backwoods district; it would all turn out so harmoniously and easily. In time, if he wished to revisit Philadelphia or Carlisle she would by her ability and devotion wipe out the sanguinary past; she would study in spare moments, so much so that she could pass muster with the elite, should she accompany him. She would forget how proud she once was when Captain John Brady styled her in a report "Loverhill of the Rangers;" "Lady Goheen, of Armagh," sounded far nicer.

Just at that period of her highly colored dreams a doleful wail rang out upon the frosty night. It came from the ridge on the north side of the valley and was not as loud as the first tones of the howl of the Pennsylvania lion and too strident for that of a wild cat. Loverhill had never heard it outside of the Northern Mountains, where it had its *habitat*. It was the catterwaul of the Big Grey Wild Cat or Canada Lynx, an animal rarely found south of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, except along the main chain of the Alleghenies. Evidently the big feline had smelled the carcasses of the elks and was stealing down the mountain in the direction of the Spring.

Loverhill's mood changed instantly. She forgot temporarily about Captain Goheen and the Big World. Her thoughts were focused on her chances of killing the Lynx. In another minute the sharp crack of a rifle rang out from the same vicinity on the mountain. The girl smiled inwardly.

"I'll get the elks, the grey cat and the Indian as well." She examined the rifle, it was primed; she assumed an alert position to wait for the appearance of the Indian, who would now surely return to the spring with his latest victim. It was not long before she heard the redman coming; his pace was slow, for he was dragging the carcass of a fifty pound "link" to skin it by the firelight.

A gust of wind blew into flame the embers, throwing a lurid glow into the vault-like recesses of the forest. Loverhill's curiosity to see the Indian's face before firing caused her to hesitate an instant. When she saw who the Indian was, instead of shooting she called out in Pennsylvania Dutch, a language which all Indians understood, "Hend Uff."

The redman dropped his rifle and the Lynx at the same time, and walked calmly up to the campfire. Loverhill advanced to meet him, handing him her primed rifle as a mark of amity.

"Why if this isn't old Joe Pan, the Pequot," she laughed.

The aged redman looked at her with his little shoe-button eyes, then burst out laughing so loudly that

they disappeared altogether behind the folds of his big fat cheeks.

"You're 'Loverhill of the Rangers,' I think they call you now. I told old Abe, your father, you'd grow up to be as great a fighter as any boy and take the place of the sons he lost when the canoe upset in Sunfish Pond. I'm glad to see you out here."

Then Genevieve sat down beside him while he put more twigs on the fire and frankly told him how she had plotted to fell an Indian on the carcasses of the elks. Joe Pan did not think any the less of her for this recital, for it was a stern age, an age of blood and reprisals, and anyone who had killed or could kill was the more respected.

Joe Pan was a character in his way in the Pennsylvania Mountains. Born near the sources of the Housatonic River, he was a descendant of the remnant of the Pequots who retired to that wild region of Northwestern Connecticut after the Great Swamp Fight in 1637. He had followed Martin Mack to Pennsylvania as a small boy; a brother was a chief in the Pequot Reservation on the Housatonic, he had tired of civilization at Herrnhut and fled to the interior. He fell in with three Spaniards from the Minisink, Ganoe, Gunsaulus and Nunez, bound for the South Mountains, and trapped and traded and ranged through that region with them for several years. He had fought the whites and for them; he was now so old he had lost count of his years, but was able always to elude the scalp hunters.

After discussing the old times with Loverhill he dragged the huge Lynx up to the fireside preparatory to skinning it. "They call this animal the catamount here," he said, "but in New England we give that name to the panther."

Genevieve noticed the big, grey-blue eyes on the carcass, eyes that gleamed and glittered like blue diamonds, even in death.

"Do you know the power of those eyes?" asked the Pequot, noting her curiosity. "When the animal is alive it can look through rocks or trees; persons with good eyesight are called lynx-eyed, you know. If you hold one of them up to the firelight you can see through it to any part of the world you have a mind to; if you boil one of them in a little water you can bring any person you desire to your side."

"Please cut out those eyes and give them to me," said Loverhill, trembling with anguish.

Joe Pan did as requested and handed one over to her. She held it up to the campfire's ruddy light. Her waxen face assumed an even more ghastly hue as she gazed into it transfixed. In it she saw a large gorgeously decorated room, brilliantly lighted by myriads of candles. It was filled with handsome men in military costumes and beautiful young women in flounced satin gowns, and powdered hair worn high on their heads. Some were dancing, others talking together in corners, or drinking punch from bowls served by liveried Negro servants. In the most remote corner, in an alcove, screened from the rest of

the room by a portiere, she beheld Captain Goheen in close conversation with a perfect Watteau picture of feminine loveliness. He was holding her hands, while soon she leaned her pretty head against his shoulder, and he kissed her many times.

With her iron nerve shattered, the nerve that had slain a hundred Indians, old and young, Loverhill of the Rangers, gulping back a sob, flung the cat's eye into the fire.

Meanwhile the Pequot had been boiling the other eye in a small earthen pot that he had brought with him from Wyoming. Seeing her fling away the eye that she had been looking through, he started to empty the vessel into the fire. Genevieve caught him by the wrist before all the precious liquid was spent.

"Drink it quickly," the Indian whispered; "I do not think the presence can last long on such a small dose, but you will get some result."

The girl drank the potion; it tasted like sweet glue. Immediately the magnificent form of Captain Cecil Goheen, in full regimentals, bearing no end of medals and a jeweled rapier, stood by the fading light of the campfire. The presence was so real that Joe Pan ground his teeth; he would have liked to kill the *exquisite* for his fine trimmings.

"For heaven's sake, why do you bring me to this cutlandish place?" he exclaimed pettishly. Then his eyes rested on Genevieve and a happy smile lit up his hitherto petulant features.

"Oh, it is you who brought me here; I thought I

had fainted from the heat of the ballroom." The idea of a man fainting was too much for Loverhill of the Rangers, handsome as he was and loving him as she did, his condescension, his effeteness were galling. Rushing up to him like a lioness, she was as tall as he was, she seized him by the shoulders and shook him as a cat would a mouse.

"Who was that woman you were embracing in the alcove? How dare you make love to her after all your protestations to me last winter at Peter Allen's? I—I, who sent you away because I loved you with all my life, and feared that a backwoods girl like me could not make you happy, must now bear witness the briefness and shallowness of your affections. Here in the mountains when we say *love* it means for life. I love you and I can kill you."

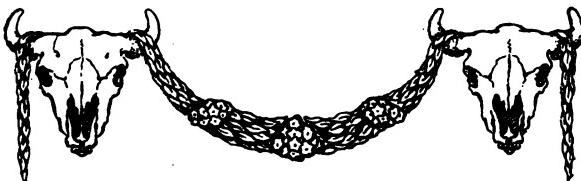
Holding him by the gold lace lapel of his sparkling uniform with her right hand, she drew her long bear knife from its sheath with her left. Raising the gleaming blade aloft, she flourished it about as if to rip off the young officer's scalp. The bear knife pierced thin air. The draught from the half-filled bowl had not been sufficient to keep the presence longer. The shade of Captain Goheen faded away back to the cool air of the portico of the ballroom near the festive surroundings that suited it best.

Joe Pan, the Pequot, took advantage of the tense moment to disappear into the gloom of the wilderness, leaving the carcasses of elks and lynx behind.

Loverhill of the Rangers was stark mad in the

forest for several days. Pat Mucklehenny met her brandishing her scalping knife and muttering to herself near the headwaters of Love Run; he led her to his cabin on the West Branch near the mouth of Tiadaghton where she finally recovered and went back to join her command at the mouth of Buffalo Path Run.

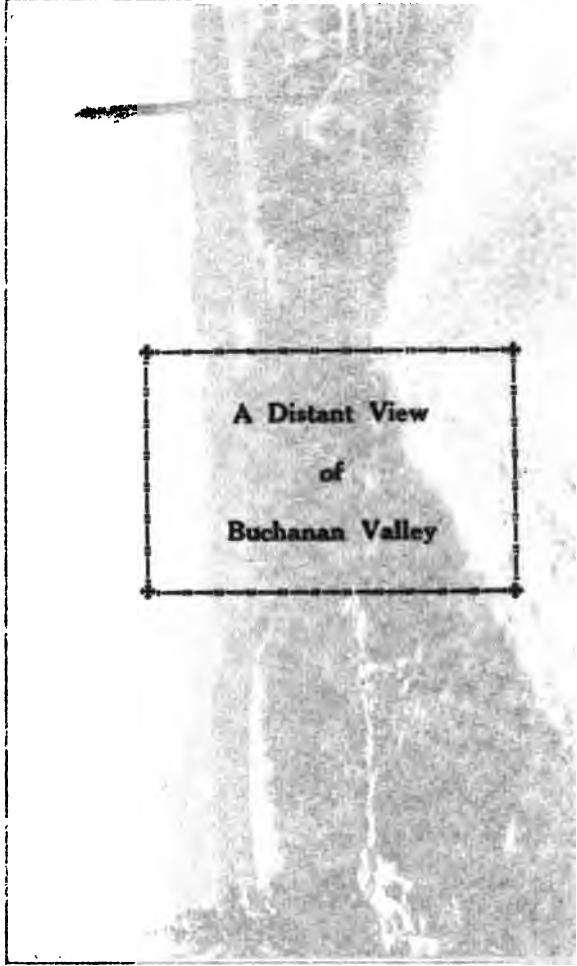
In military and social circles it was whispered about that during the grand ball given to celebrate the probable re-occupation of the City of Philadelphia by the Colonial Army, doubtless owing to the crush and the lack of ventilation, Captain Cecil Goheen had suddenly fallen to the floor in a swoon. When he recovered an hour later, he told of a strange vision he had experienced, of being in a dark forest, of an attack by some one with a scalping knife. It was weeks before he recovered his equilibrium and returned to his sumptuous quarters at Fort Washington. But he could not obliterate this terrible dream to his dying day, the very sight of an unsheathed dagger sending him into paroxysms of nervous excitement and tears. yet he never forgot the night spent at Peter Allen's.



## XX. Mary Casselman, Redemptioner

WHEN young Patterson Irvine returned from an unsuccessful chase after a stray buffalo, which chase had consumed more than a week and led him far into the wilds of what is now Sullivan County, he rather sheepishly entered the manor house through a side entrance. It was in the late afternoon, and the bright rays of the September sun were shining into the great hall through the front door, which stood open. He was surprised to see, seated on a small chair, with her back turned to him, sewing, the figure of a young and slender girl. Though she heard him open and shut the door, and his footsteps on the deal floor, she did not turn around. The young man watched her, as he ascended the staircase to his room; she must be very pretty if a rear view could be a guarantee. He noticed that she had wavy, soft brown hair, her smooth cheek was pink like a peach, her white neck was graceful, the lines of her form discernible through a cheap clinging frock of pink material were curved and supple, Junoesque.

He was quite overcome by the charm of the unknown, so much so that he forgot the pique of his unproductive hunt, and left off abusing inwardly the stupidity of the Indian servants who had accompanied him in the capacity of "beaters." He used particular care to look well that night, he washed and exchanged his rough hunters' garb for his best



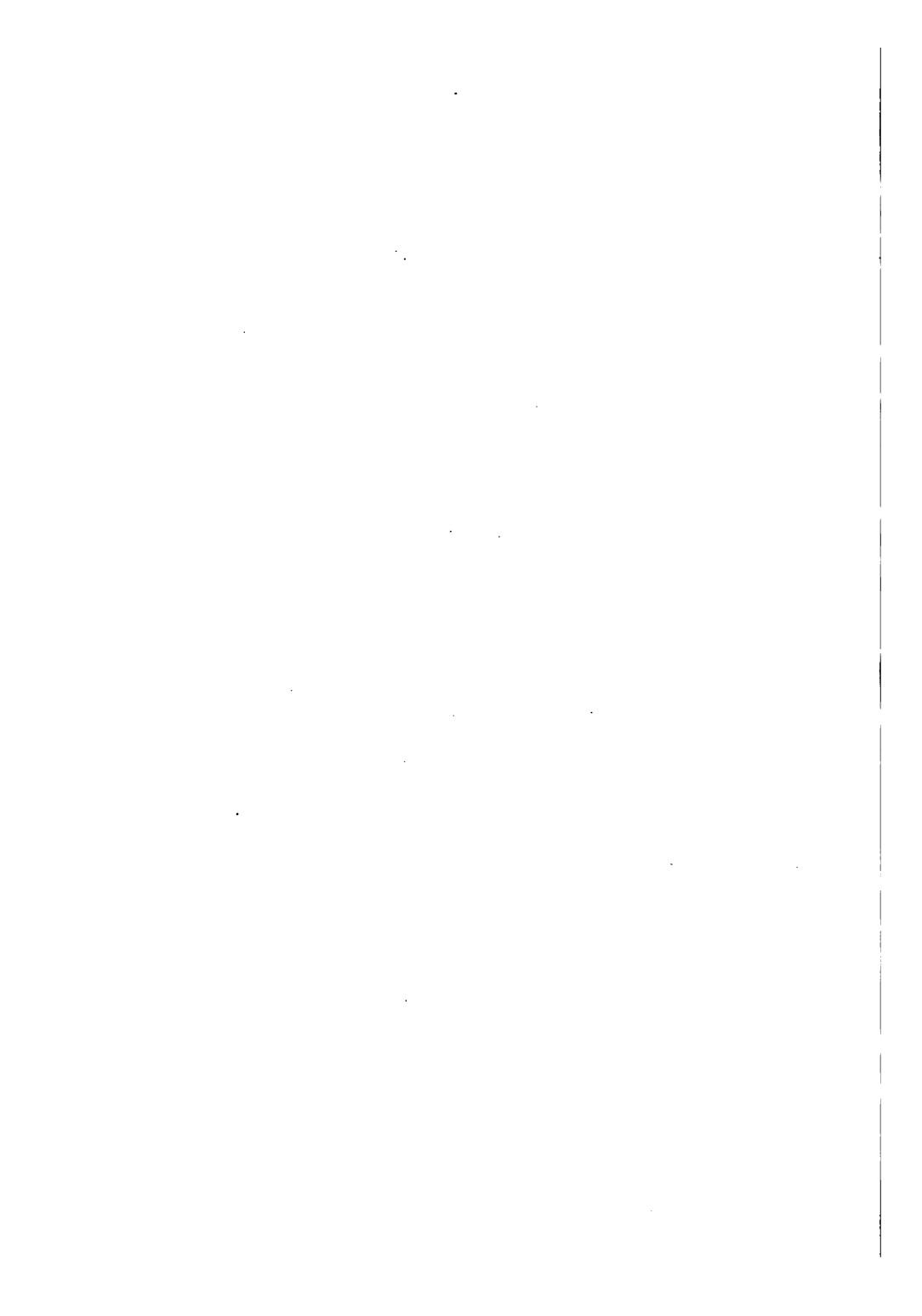
A Distant View  
of  
Buchanan Valley

## XX. Mary Casselman, Redemptioneer

WHEN young Patterson Irvine returned from an unsuccessful chase after a stray buffalo, which chase had consumed more than a week, and led him far into the wilds of what is now Marion County, he rather sheepishly entered the old house through a side entrance. It was in the early afternoon, and the bright rays of the September sun were streaming into the great hall through the front door, which stood open. He was surprised to see a small chair, with her back turned to him, in the ~~figure~~ ~~direction~~ ~~of~~ a young and slender girl, who heard him open and shut the door, and stepped in the hall floor, she did not turn. The young man watched her as he ascended the stairs to his room; she must be very pretty, he thought, could be a guarantee. He noticed the girl's soft brown hair, her smooth cheek bones, like a peach, her white neck was graceful, and her form discernible through a chemise of pink material were curved and sinuous.

Irvine was overcome by the charm of the unattainable, so that he forgot the pique of his hunting accident, and left off abusing inwardly the Indian servants who had accused him of the capacity of "beaters." He tried to appear to look well that night, he washed and changed his rough hunters' garb for his best





broadcloth, and he looked spick and span and very manly for a lad in his sixteenth year. At the supper table he made light of his disappointments in the forest; his mother, as well as his brothers and sisters, all younger, were surprised at his cheerful demeanor, usually so different when his hunting luck was poor.

He kept casting glances, under his eyelids, at the slim demure girl who waited on the table. The pink dress she wore set off the rose-tint of her cheeks, a color so delicate and shell-like as to suggest to a modern observer some trace of weakness in the throat or lungs. It made him think of the words of the Irish poet, "The rose and the lily were fighting together in her face." Her clear-cut features were accurately proportioned, the curves of her red mouth especially pretty; her eyes were a violet hue, her lashes were long and black, her brows dark and nicely arched. There was something so muscular and voluptuous about her legs, which showed through her calico dress as she moved about the table. Her hands were white and shapely, hardly the hands of a working girl. The young heir of the manor longed to squeeze them before the supper was half over, for he was hot-blooded, with all the precocious maturity of the frontier.

The girl was conscious of his interest in her, for she lowered her eyes whenever he looked at her; his thought waves were radiating towards her though not a word was said. After supper, by the inglenook,

the mother mentioned the newcomer to her son. The girl, she said, was a Redemptioner from the Palatine country, whom the young man's father had brought with him from Lancaster. It seemed foolish to have taken the girl when she had but six months to serve, but she had been highly recommended for her needlework, and being of pleasant appearance the "Colonel," as they called the elder Irvine, had brought her back with him, arriving the day after the lad had started on his hunt. Besides, the mother continued, the girl was anxious to take a place in the interior of the Commonwealth; she wished to go, when her term expired, to the home of a sister, somewhere in the neighborhood of the new town of Pittsburg.

But before more was said, the kitchen door opened and the young girl entered, accompanied by an older Palatine woman named Anna, an expired redemptioner who continued to remain with the Irvine family. They took their places by the spinning wheel and loom, and were soon busily employed. The conversation lulled after their entrance, and the young man passed the evening gazing into the fire and casting furtive glances at the fair young girl toiling at the wheels. In the course of the evening Colonel Irvine came in; he had been absent on a political mission down to the "Forks," where Huntington Creek and Fishing Creek come together, and flow towards the river as one.

The veteran of the Indian and Revolutionary wars was pleased to see his son back again, welcoming him

warmly, though he was at most an undemonstrative nature. Soon after his arrival the clock in the far corner of the big room struck ten. It was the signal for the party to disperse. Young Irvine watched the tall, lovely girl as she disappeared into the gloom of the servants' quarters, where she roomed with the old standby, Anna. No one knew her last name.

"The young girl seems like an apt worker," said the Colonel, as he started up stairs.

"Yes," said his wife, "she seems quiet and of a better class than most of her kind I have seen."

"What is her name?" said the young man impulsively, forgetting for an instant his studied purpose to disguise his interest.

"Mary Casselman," said the Colonel. "At least that's the name she gives. She says that she was taken to Ireland as an infant during the great famine in the Rhine country, and then was forced to leave the Green Isle for the same reason."

Young Irvine said no more, but hurried to his room before making any more injudicious remarks. All that night he lay awake, his heart and brain throbbing with new emotion, love, which had suddenly formed itself from the tempest of disjointed and fiery sensations that had been possessing his young self these several years. His anguish cut him like a knife; he could not remain in bed. Getting up and dressing he sat in a window seat looking out into the frosty night, composing some crude verses about her, until daylight.

When he came down stars he saw his Mary putting wood on the fire preparatory to resuming work on the loom. He wished her "good morning" and inquired if she generally came down stairs so early. She looked away when she answered, coloring as she did so, saying that she had not slept well, that she had gotten up so as to let old Anna have a nap before arising. The boy and girl had a pleasant talk until the old German woman came in, when Mary withdrew to the kitchen to assist her in preparing breakfast.

The young man walked out to the barn in the foggy, damp morning air, where he remained until the big bronze bell on the pole by the kitchen door was rung, announcing that breakfast was ready. In the barn among his favorite horses and dogs he resolved to leave his attachment for the beautiful Redemtioner as it had begun, subterranean. He loved her, else what was the volcanic emotion that had broken his rest, yet he was too young to think of marriage—what would *he* do with a wife, besides, the girl was several years older than he. No one knew who she was. He, of proud name and lineage, could not wed a servant under any conditions. But he loved her and always would like to have her rear him. Generations of robust blood had given him a strength of character which, added to the self reliance developed on the frontier, made him adamant to possible errors of conduct.

During the six months that the beautiful and ador-

able Mary Casselman remained at "Patterson's Grove," the mansion was named for his mother's family, never by word or sign did young Irvine disclose the fact of this great attachment to his parents. And never did he let slip a hint of it to the girl. Whenever he could he would sit with her and old Anna in the kitchen, discussing the war, which had just come to a close, the chase and the minor events of the day, but he was always dignified, always reserved, though underneath burning up with love. On a few occasions when, work done, Mary would go for a stroll, he joined her for a short distance, but the conversation was always formal. He was never able to forget the time on Christmas Eve when she stood on chair placing sprigs of coral-colored winter berries (*Ilex verticillata*) about the frames of his ancestors' portraits in the great hall. Old Anna stood below her with her hand on the back of her skirts lest she lose her balance, unintentionally revealing the pretty lines of her form. He should have stepped forward to help arrange the berries but was lost in loving contemplation.

It was late in September when the girl arrived; it was about the middle of March when her terms of service expired, and she came to the young man's mother to discuss her forthcoming departure. It is certain that the good lady was satisfied with the girl's work and demeanor, but something, perhaps a mother's intuition, caused her, when the girl asked if her services were required longer, to say, that the period

having ended, she could go. It was too early in the season to attempt the long journey across the mountains to Fort Pitt; there was no place to go but to the home of a friend in the neighborhood of Derrstown, also a former Redemptioner, who had recently married a wealthy inn-keeper. She would help with the work there until warm weather set in, then make her way as best she could to the West. The day of her departure was memorable. Old Anna borrowed the family horse and riding astride like a man, she looked like one with her short hair, with the fair Mary perched on behind, holding on with her slender smooth arms around her burly waist, started across the Huntington Mountains, by way of Jonestown Gap, to the river where a raft or flat-boat would convey her to Fort Augusta. She was to be met at the fort by her friend from Derrstown.

Young Irvine maintained his composure admirably, at least outwardly, but he longed to be going with the lovely girl to a happier life beyond the mountains. That night he sat up writing an account of his romance in an ancient leather-bound account book, and transcribing the many sheets of verses that he had composed about her; if he could tell it to no one he would pour out his heart on vellum.

When old Anna returned the next evening, he sat with her until midnight by the kitchen fire, listening to her extoll the charms of the departed girl, while tears ran down her coarse, masculine face. They had been so cozy together as room-mates, she said,

just like husband and wife, and would miss her so much. Now that she was gone, Irvine realized the enormity of his loss. It was terrible to suppress an emotion that was greater than existence, just to live up to an honored name, a phrase unrecorded in the dictionary of passion. Outwardly he was calm, and with his parents cheerful, but inwardly he grieved and groaned with a fast sinking spirit. But he bore up, just as many, many people bear this and far worse trials, feeling that it was all for the best, and that he would be rewarded for his abnegation some day. During the month of August a letter arrived, penned with great precision and care, it was addressed to his mother, from Mary Casselman.

Briefly she said that she was ready to start for her sister's home near Pittsburg, but as she had enjoyed her stay at "Patterson's Grove" so much it was like "home," she wanted to know if her services could be again utilized, she would work for her clothes and do anything, if only she could come back. The mother showed it to her son, who longed to say, "let her return," but he held his tongue, while his heart beat fast as she deliberated, finally deciding to write that there was no place open for her.

"We have enough in the household, five Indians, old Anna and seven of ourselves; there would not be enough to do to keep her busy."

This final decision was heartbreaking to the youth. Then and there he resolved to visit his love before she started on the long journey to the country be-

yond the Alleghenies. But before he could think out a plan to absent himself for so long a time, old Anna received a letter from the girl, inviting her to come to Derrstown on a visit, which she accepted by promptly starting away on foot to the river. The young man was forced to postpone his trip until the woman's return, as otherwise she might report to his parents of his whereabouts. Weeks passed, then came a letter written by a professional scrivener and signed by Anna's mark. In a word it said that she was not coming back, yet no reasons were given. Young Irvine gave up all idea of a trip, and forced himself back into the old routine of life.

Months and years slipped by. He went to school in Philadelphia and to college in New Jersey. He saw many charming women, but his heart maintained one image, that of Mary Casselman, the Redemptioneer. He hoped that each year would make the presence less, but it only grew stronger with increasing maturity. Finally after graduation from college, on his way back to his parental home, he decided to ride to Derrstown and find out where Mary was, to see her again, if nothing more. It was easy to locate Aaron Shreckengast's big stone tavern on the Pike near the present village of Lochiel. To his surprise, as he rode up he saw old Anna in the yard; would the next step reveal Mary herself?

"Where is Mary?" he asked, breathlessly, even omitting greetings, before he even dismounted from his horse.

Tears came to the aged woman's eyes. "She's not here, Master Patterson, she was a darling," she faltered. "She started the Christmas after I came here for Pittsburg; she went with a big emigrant train, but we have never heard from her since. I always hoped it, now I am sure that you loved her, and would come for her when you were of age, but I am afraid that it is too late." Then the old woman wept as if her heart would break.

While they were talking Shreckengast's wife, Mary's old friend, came out of the front door. She was quite pretty, very dark and slight, with very large round black eyes. Evidently she had heard the conversation, for she said: "We have written many letters, and sent many inquiries, but all is a blank. Mary vanished from us with that trip West."

Shreckengast himself, a man much older than his winsome wife, joined in the talk, reiterating what had been said concerning the girl's disappearance. They asked the young man to stay for supper and spend the night, which he did. All the while he was there he endeavored to find a clue to his beloved's whereabouts. Yet he was happier than in years that night to sleep under the roof that had sheltered his darling. And old Anna, to pay a delicate compliment, put him in the room which Mary had occupied.

His time was limited. After making many futile inquiries in Derrstown, even interrogating the younger Lewis Derr himself, he rode away sadly to the seclusion of Patterson's Grove. More months and

years slipped by again. Patterson Irvine was a man of consequence in the community, his name bid fair to become of state-wide importance. He could win success in any field, but what did it mean when he suffered so acutely from a heart's emptiness. He could not love, yet he must live on, singularly alone and inwardly sad. He could not care for any other woman; with every woman he met soon came quick satiety and the ever-burning presence of Mary Caselman. Yet from a spoiled son of weathy parents, his character had broadened and humanized; he had been born anew by this doleful romance.

Ten years after his visit to Derrstown he resolved to visit Pittsburg and find the girl if she lived, and marry her. He could stand the torture no longer; there was no compromise. He had written to Shreckengast's young wife several times in the interval, but there was always the same response, "no news." He would marry his Mary and bring her to a new stone house which he had lately constructed on the edge of a rolling meadow, overlooking the winding, shaded banks of Kitchen Creek. He would confess all to his parents, they would love his bride and admire his steadfastness, when they knew all. But he would say nothing until he returned with her, lest he not find her. His heart sank when he thought of such a horror, but it was possible! She might be married to someone else, possibly a Dutch clod like Shreckengast.

His parents were old and growing feeble, their

daughters had married and lived in distant parts of the State; it might be that the homecoming of the sweet and loving Mary would prove a blessing in disguise. The young man knew an officer, Major McKnight, high in the military administration of the Pittsburg district, who ought to locate the girl's whereabouts; it should not be a difficult task in that thinly settled region. He started away one bright morning in September—the fifteenth anniversary of his first glimpse of Mary, sewing in the hall. He was well mounted on a big bay horse and accompanied by one of his faithful Indian servants. He left word that a light should be kept burning every night in the living room, which faced down the Valley.

They reached Derrstown the first night, remaining at the Shreckengast home. There he learned of old Anna's death; she had passed away hoping that the "young lord," as she called him, and Mary could meet and be happy. With Mary's friend, who suspected the true state of affairs, he sat by the fire until past midnight, discussing her disappearance and the chances of finding her again. He learned some interesting things which made his heart beat faster. It appeared that even after receiving the letter from his mother, rejecting her offer of service, which depressed her greatly, she could not bring herself to depart for the West. Yet despite his closest questioning he could not learn if old Anna had ever said that Mary loved him. One morning she had ridden to Derrstown to mail some letters, and when she re-

turned informed them that she had met a party of released Redemptioners bound for the West; she had crossed the ocean with one of them the year previously, it would be a splendid opportunity to make her journey to Pittsburg in good, safe company. She gathered together her scanty belongings and, accompanied by old Anna, rode back to town, where she bid the aged woman farewell at the "Harp and Crown" inn where the fleet of Conestoga wagons were parked. She promised to write as soon as she reached her destination, but not a word was ever heard from her. Perhaps the caravan had been ambushed by Indians and winsome Mary carried off, but such occurrences were rare nowadays; it would surely be reported.

From Derrstown Irvine rode to the Big Spring, now Bellefonte, thence to Tyrone, and across the mountains to Fort Bedford, to the pike, now the Lincoln Highway, which he followed to Pittsburg. He stopped at the pioneer church near Schellsburg, on the pike, the door of which is always open to travelers, and prayed for the success of his quest. He called at the home of Major McKnight, who received him cordially, and invited him to remain at his home. In the library that night he explained his mission. The officer was interested and very sympathetic, mentioning the well-known marriage of the famous lawyer, Hugh H. Brackenridge, to the German girl, Sabina Wolfe. There were two or three Casselman families in that region, he said, some of

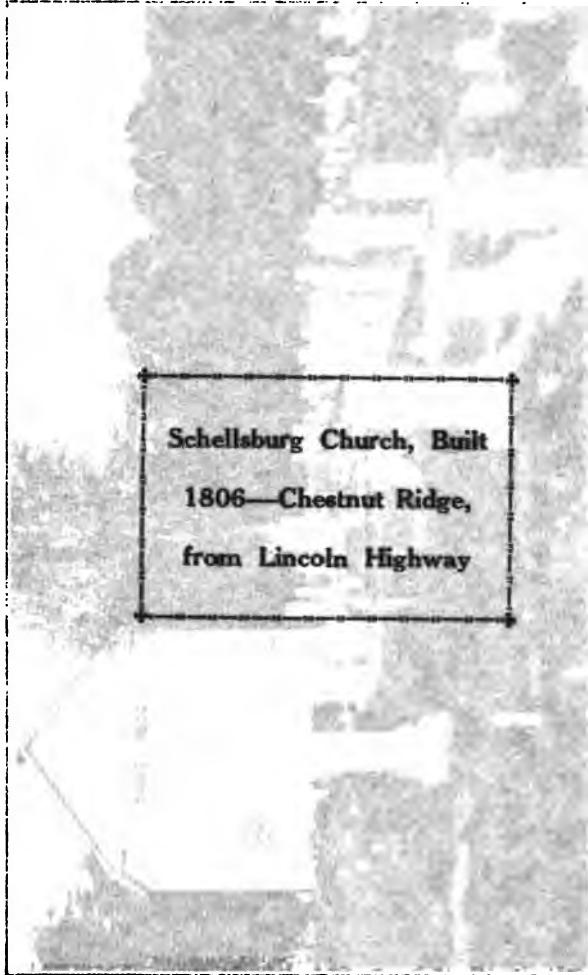
whom had won renown as Indian fighters; they were men of property and generally respected; they might be of kin to the missing girl. A close friend of one of them lived at the next house to where the officer resided; he would be able to clear up everything. It was not late so they took their hats and gloves and hurried up the shady walk to the home of the neighbor in question, Captain Adam Showalter. They were, of course, pleasantly received by him, especially as he proved to be like Irvine's father, a veteran of the Indian wars. He knew all the members of the various Casselman families. Mary Casselman had arrived with a caravan from the East about fifteen years before, to live with her sister, Mrs. Jacob Wingard, of Beck's Run. She had not remained long, not a week, until she became engaged to one of the party who had come with her, a young Irishman named Joe Quinn. She had met him the year before, having crossed the ocean in a party of Redemptioners, of which he had been a member.

William Irvine looked into the fire. Even the soft glow of the blazing beechwood could not disguise his sudden pallor. Showalter said that Joe Quinn was a pretty good sort of fellow, a big, rough, hard worker with a heart of gold; he had cleared up a nice farm on a branch of Grave Creek and had started to build a home. Mary was very pretty to look at, could read and write, a very rare thing for a Redemptionser. Her manners were refined, the best class of people liked her, but her health was always poor, she had been

treated by doctors in Pittsburg and Indians, but she never grew any better. At last, after a year, despairing as to her health, relatives and friends decided to take her to the highlands of Eastern Kentucky, which was said to be a very salubrious climate. The farm had been sold and, packing their goods with them, they had departed for the west country. That was the last that had been heard of any of them. It was not unusual, as the west was a big place, communication was slow.

Every word from the well-informed Captain Showalter was a body-blow to the lover and his hopes. But he pulled himself together, saying in as nonchalant manner as he could assume, that he was a little interested in the young woman for his mother's sake, as she had served in their household and very faithfully, some years previously.

Stung with sorrow and secret mortification, he walked back in silence with the Major to that gentleman's residence. His sorrow was deep, for he had loved and lost, but he had doubly lost because there had also perished his sense of secret gratification, the long cherished belief that Mary had cared for him, that owing to his superior birth, he had let her go out of his life to wander about the world in an unsatisfied loneliness. He spent a restless night, pursued by ugly dreams and uglier waking fancies. Sometimes he vowed that in the morning he would ride over to Beck's Run for just one look at the house where she had lived, to look at the scenes familiar to her eyes.

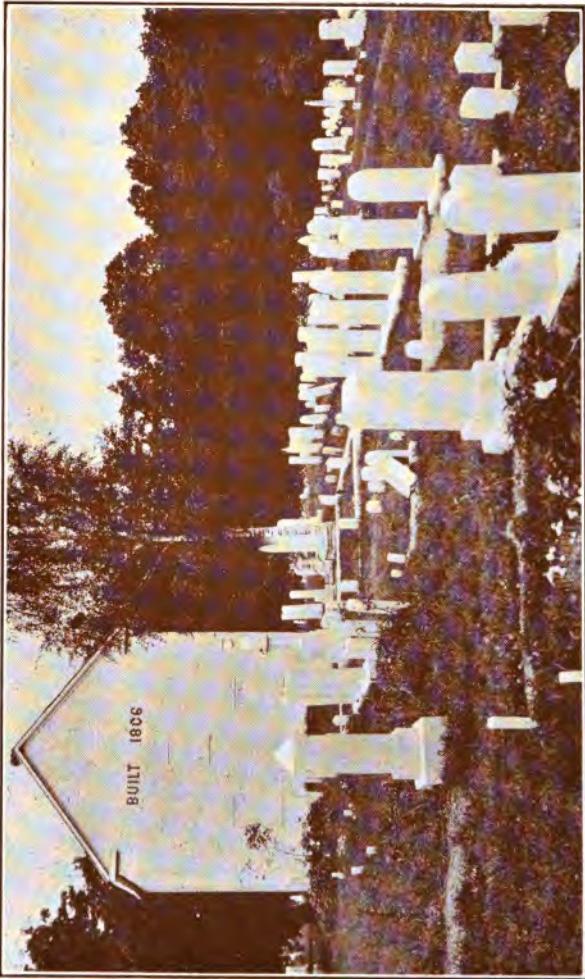


**Schellsburg Church, Built  
1806—Chestnut Ridge,  
from Lincoln Highway**

treated by doctors in Plattsburg and Indians, but he never grew any better. At last, after a year, despairing as to her health, relatives and friends decided to take her to the highlands of Eastern Kentucky, where it was said to be a very salubrious climate. The party had been sold and, packing their goods with them, they started and departed for the west country. That was the last that had been heard of any of them. It was unusual, as the west was a big place, for a disappearance to be slow.

It was a word from the well-informed Captain [redacted] that it was a body-snatch to do lower and his hopes were not far off the mark. Captain [redacted] said, "I am sorry to tell you that it is impossible to get any information as he could assume that he was a little too fond of the young woman for his master's sake." Captain [redacted] had been a school teacher and very familiar with the world previously.

Major [redacted] was sorrow and secret gratification. He would talk in silence with the Major to distract his mind from his sorrows. His sorrow was deep, for he had lost his wife, but he had doubly lost because there had been a secret gratification, too. He believed that Mary had cared for him. In view of his superior birth, he had let her go out into the world and wander about the world in an unsatisfied condition. He spent a restless night pursued by ugly thoughts and other waking fancies. Sometimes in the early morning he would ride over to the house for just one look at the home where she had lived. Look at the scenes familiar to her eyes.





to walk on ground her feet had trod. When he got up his determination was firm to add no further chapters to his "sentimental journey." She must have loved Quinn, he reasoned all along; he had meant nothing to her, else she would have at least tried to keep alive her unfulfilled hopes by writing to him.

But all speculation was useless. Mary was dead or married, gone; there was nothing to do but to return home. In the foggy, damp half-light the horses were brought to the door and the thoroughly disheartened young man, accompanied by his Indian retainer, started for the distant North Mountain country. It was a sad and tedious journey, and he pondered for several hours at Point Lookout, gazing towards the west, the last home of his beloved. When he reached "Patterson's Grove" he braced himself so that his parents never suspected the soul-shock that he had experienced. But spiritually he was again a changed man, though it never affected his wordly career. He became still better known as a large land owner, lumber operator and in politics. Some wondered why one with such good health and good nature and such a winning presence elected to live alone, that was all.

Every night the light burned in his window in the old Manor House, which looked down the creek, and it was extinguished on the evening of his death because he was too feeble to get up and shut out the gale which threatened it.

But the same gale which extinguished the lamp carried his released spirit to a land where lights and beacons are not needed to reveal the power of love.

## XXI. The North Bastion

OF the exact date of the construction of Forbes's Fort, east of Stoyestown, little is known. It is generally supposed that it was put up some time during 1757, as it has been described by military observers and chroniclers under date of the year following, the immortal year of the fall of Fort Duquesne. It was considered to be in an admirable strategic position on Breastwork Run, which the venerable historian, George W. Grove, tells us is one of the sources of the Juniata River and in close proximity to two Indian trails.

As an engineering feat Forbes's Fort was considered admirable for its day and generation. The eminent German engineer, Jacob Rutzer, who designed Fort Pitt, had learned the science of fortification under Frederick the Great before entering the British service, and he was said to have drawn the original plans of this fort. Among those in charge of the construction on the ground was Gottfried Griesenkampf, a man of considerable education and engineering ability. He was known as "Captain" Griesenkampf, but his military title was purely one of courtesy order, as he was in reality but foreman of the works. He was a hard taskmaster, yet had the knack of finding a force of men to do the work without detaining any of the military who were much needed elsewhere. He got together a number of Indians of various kinds, Catawbas, Cherokees,

Shawnees, Tuscaroras, Lenni Lanapes and Senecas, also Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen two Spaniards from the Minisink, and some of the first gypsies to penetrate into the interior were also pressed into service.

When Colonel the Honorable Archie Montgomery, of the Seaforth Highlanders, and Inspector of General Forbes' expeditionary forces, first visited the structure it was not completed, but the medley of workers made him remark to his Aide, Captain Sir Allen MacLean, that instead of a fort he believed that a modern replica of the Tower of Babel was being erected. Colonel the Honorable Montgomery was a superb looking young Scotchman, who keenly enjoyed his experiences on the frontier, and was of inestimable value in keeping up the general morale of the forces through the means of the externals. He was a stickler for good ordnance, for a uniform appearance of the men, decent surroundings, good food and all that went to hold up the esprit de corps. History tells little of his services, but they were many for the cause he represented.

At the time of his first visit "Captain" Griesenkampf was in charge of the workers, and was living in the North Bastion, which was entirely completed. He asked the young Highland officer to occupy this apartment during his sojourn, but he declined as Jack Miller, a pioneer who lived nearby, had told him that Griesenkampf's wife had recently arrived, and he would not deprive a lady of comforts. Besides Mil-

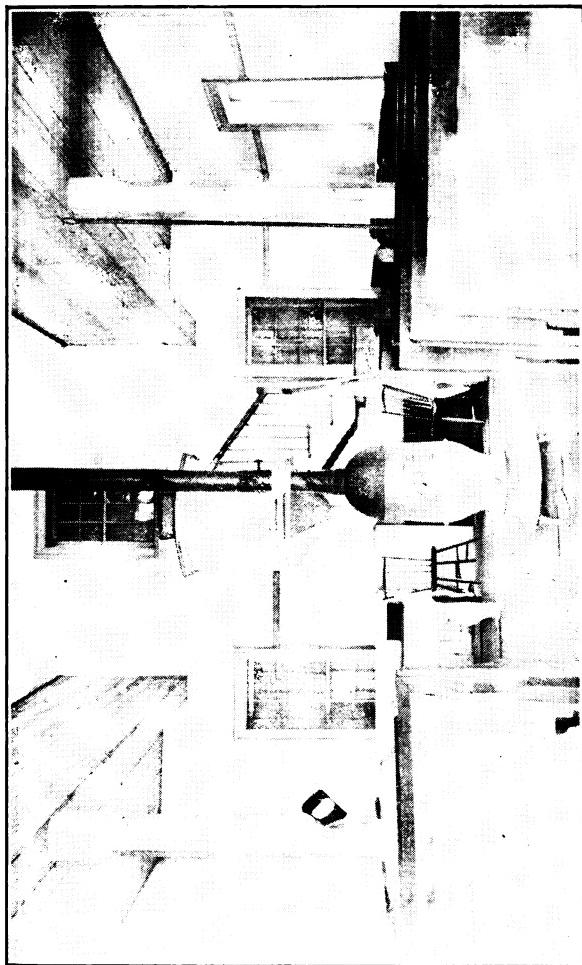
ler's home suited better, being conveniently situated on the river bank, with large connecting rooms, each with a fireplace, in which the Honorable Colonel and his Aide could live with all the comforts of bachelor quarters in London. It was not until his last day at the fort that the Colonel caught a glimpse of Mrs. Captain Griesenkampf, as she was called. Miller had said that she was an uncommonly pretty young woman, and could not understand why she had married a man of forty-five like the Captain, a fellow of Prussian brusqueness and lack of human sympathy. Miller, who was born in Holland, and had roamed all over the world before coming to America, was a very shrewd judge of character and despised Griesenkampf as a man, while admiring his capabilities as an engineer. "As a man he is one of the rottenest creatures I ever came across," he said to the Colonel, "but he does his work well, so as a machine I will say he is all that can be expected of him."

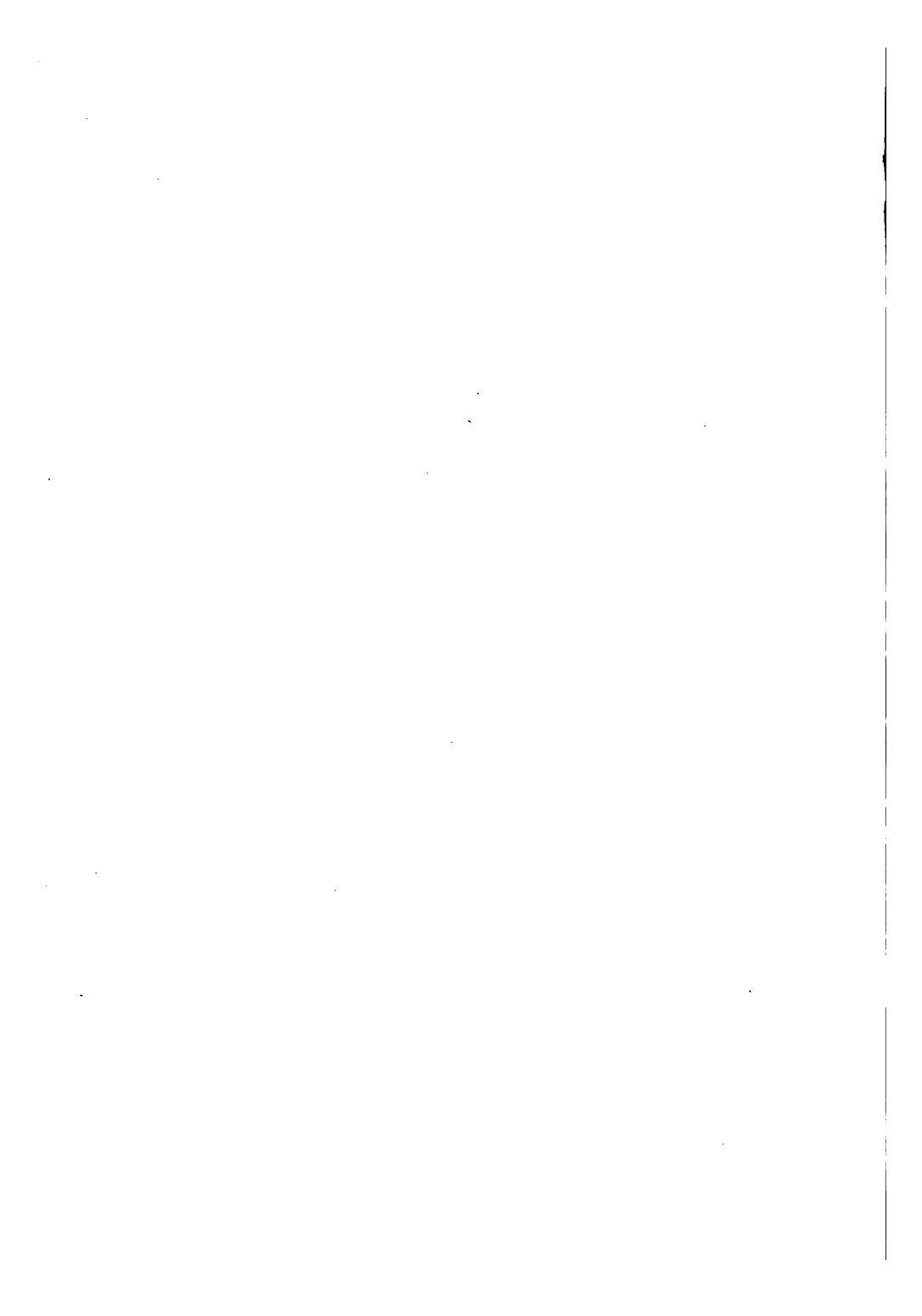
As to his wife's nationality, he was uncertain, but one of the Gypsies working on the fort declared that she was a Romany Princess, that he had known her in Germany, and had carried on a conversation with her in the Gypsy tongue while plastering her new apartment in the Pepper Box Tower of the Bastion. She was said to be an excellent linguist, and could play the violin very well, as well as paint pictures, all of which accomplishments made the Colonel and his Aide very anxious to meet her. Miller said that the Captain was evidently mistrustful of her, as he always kept her

**Interior of Ancient  
Schellberg  
Church**

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within the stockade; she had seen nothing of the country and had met no one since her arrival from Carlisle. The thought of a woman of mystery, held in the fort, perhaps under duress, further interested the officers, and they wondered why they had never met her, or heard the Captain mention her existence.

That afternoon, after dinner, as they were strolling from Miller's house towards the fort they met the Captain, superintending the completion of the moat. He left the band of grimy workers and approached the officers very deferentially. "Gentlemen," he said, "I understand that it is your pleasure to leave here tomorrow, and that being the case I feel that I should try to show you some hospitality beyond the merely military courtesies. My quarters are temporary and not exactly comfortable, but I would feel honored if you would both have supper in the North Bastion at half after six, and meet Madame Griesenkampf." The officers accepted with alacrity, and the engineer beamed all over at the compliment bestowed on him. Ruffian that he was, he liked to be known as the friend of high-ranking officers, and Colonel the Honorable Archie Montgomery and Captain Sir Allen MacLean were among the very elite of the splendid personnel comprising General Forbes' expedition.

The young officers continued their walk, discussing the adventure that awaited them, as neither of them saw beauty in Indian girls, and had not looked into what they called a pretty face since they left Carlisle. Would the Captain's wife prove to be a lady, or some

wild creature he had picked up in a gutter; was she really as good looking as Miller described her—all these topics kept up their interests as they continued their walk among the forests which overlooked the blue waters of the Breastwork Branch. The very thought of meeting and talking to a white woman stimulated their imaginations, as they were hungry for feminine society, and the ignorance and shallowness of the Indian girls made them look on such females as travesties of the sex. As supper time approached they shaved, adjusted their uniforms, commented on one another's appearance, and sticks in hand strolled in dignified manner towards the barbacan of the fort. At the portal Captain Griesenkampf's German servant or orderly met them and escorted them to the newly completed North Bastion. The wily engineer had surely fixed himself up nicely. At a knock from the factotum the heavy oaken door was opened by another servant within, and the two young officers entered.

A fire was burning in a well built stone chimney, before which the ponderous German was standing, clad in a military coat with hands folded behind his back after the manner of Frederick the Great. The wife was seated on a chair by the fire, and rose to greet the guests. She was much prettier and more refined looking than the officers were prepared for. In her rose colored colonial gown her youthful form showed off to advantage, her rather narrow face was crowned by a mass of crisp, curly dark hair and had a

very sorrowful expression. The slight duskiness to her complexion alone betokened any possible Gypsy origin. She was a charming looking woman, but older than the officers had expected, being at least thirty, they thought, but that was much younger than her husband, who was probably forty-five "if he was a day." After a few minutes conversation the servant announced that the meal was in readiness and everything progressed very pleasantly until the German began to show the effects of too much rum. He now became ugly and sarcastic, and began accusing his wife of lack of dignity in talking on a sand heap for half an hour with a Gypsy navvy. "I see no harm in it," protested the wife, "to talk to a fellow who said he was a retainer of my lamented father at Lichtenberg. I did not recall him, I have been away from home so long, and I tried to make out that he did not know me, until he said '*Tu hal rom me hom, rakker aschat schopenn!*' (Thou art a Gypsy, I am a Gypsy, speak the truth.) At these words the Captain flew into a rage. "That fellow insulted you, he questioned your veracity; how dare you take such impudence unchallenged?"

From that time on the evening went from bad to worse, until the Highlanders forgot about being in the company of a very pretty woman and were glad to get away. Before they left the Captain, as if trying to make amends, showed them the construction of the bastion, including a covered passageway of masonry which led from a trap-door to the edge of

the Breastwork Run that fed the moat and in turn emptied into the Juniata, which would furnish the fort with water during a possible siege. But the officers were not interested and hurried away. The German orderly escorted them to the portal, shutting the gate after them; they felt free at last.

As they almost raced down the hill towards their quarters they kept swearing under their breaths, but did not explode until they were indoors at Miller's. Then they denounced the brutish German to themselves and to their host, and expressed a deep pity for such a gentlewoman tied to such an unmanly tyrant. Miller said that his heart bled for "Madame Captain," but what could he do! The next day they departed to continue their inspection of other fortifications and garrisons, eventually returning to Carlisle to report to General Forbes.

Over a year had passed until Colonel the Honorable Archie Montogmery again approached the barbacan of Forbes's Fort. This time at the head of a detachment of Highlanders he was to inspect the home guard prior to the arrival of the main forces of General Forbes, Colonel Bouquet and Colonel Washington en route to Fort Duquesne. A conference was to be held there between the above named officers and Colonel Armstrong and Colonel Burd, and the final plan of the campaign laid out. It was in the chill of a November dusk, it might have been All Soul's night, it had rained and sleeted, and the east wind had been cutting like a knife all day long.

Colonel Montgomery sat on his horse chilled stiff, and so overcome with fatigue that he held his seat mechanically. The men were mired and footsore and nervously upset, and the opening of the big log gates, showing camp-fires within the stockade cheered their jaded hearts that they broke out with a shout of joy.

Captain Griesenkampf had finished his construction work long ago and returned to Philadelphia, and Captain Mac Lachlan, the Adjutant of the fort who met the Colonel with military honors, suggested that he occupy for the night the Pepper Box Tower of the North Bastion, as the most habitable quarters available. "The Dutchman," he whispered, "fixed up a very nice place for himself and lady and I can promise you a good night's rest there. I am reserving the lower apartment for General Forbes to hold his officers meeting in, it is so spacious." The Colonel recollects that apartment well, though he cherished no pleasant memories of the uncivil evening he had spent in it.

Everything had been prepared in advance for his entertainment. A cheery fire was blazing on the hearth, a good supper with a bottle of French wine was on the table, a large bed was spread. He was waited on by his own orderly and one of the local soldiers, and after the meal was finished he asked to be left alone, that he felt tired after the long ride from Fort Littleton. He blew out the rushlight on the bedstead and undressed by the ruddy glow from the hearth, which threw all manner of fantastic shadows on the plastered walls. He got into bed, but

was so stiff and overly-tired that it was a long time before he fell asleep.

He was awakened after a short nap about midnight by the sound of footsteps on the stone floor of the apartment. The fire was still going and the room was light. Looking out from the mass of feather quilts he saw the figure of Captain Griesenkampf's wife, attired in the rose-colored gown, but with the pallor of a dead person in her face. On her throat were several deep, dark marks, as if made by pressure from a man's fingers. She kept looking at him, and crossing and recrossing the room, pointing at the doorway which led down to the moat. He watched her intently but made no move to get out of bed. Finally, with a look of despair the apparition came to his bedside and pointed across to the doorway in the floor, then walked to it, still pointing.

Colonel the Honorable Archie Montgomery had come from a land of ghosts, and knew how to treat them, only it was a cold night and he did not relish getting out of his warm bed, even to please a pretty woman. However, rather than cause her anguish he crawled out, and in his stocking feet followed her to the hatchway. He looked at it steadily, then nodded his head to her; he knew enough not to speak, as he did not want to "lay" her, she was too pretty a ghost to annihilate. Something like a smile overspread the wan features of the apparition, and as he turned to go back to bed she disappeared amid the lights and shadows thrown out from the dying fire. After

that the Colonel fell asleep again and woke in good time, and feeling refreshed as well.

Captain MacLachlan was early in attendance. The Colonel asked him what had become of Griesenkampf's wife, she seemed like an attractive person. "Haven't you heard," said the Adjutant, in surprised tones. "She became infatuated with a Gypsy man, whom she had known in Germany, and ran away with him."

"I think differently," replied the Colonel, and he told his brother Highlander the story of the visitation. "My opinion is," he said, "that the ugly brute during a quarrel strangled her and threw her body into the moat where it drifted off into the Juniata; she was no woman to decamp with a low Gypsy."

The Adjutant allowed that what the Colonel stated was doubtless the proper explanation of the affair, that he knew the Captain's wife to be a woman of refinement, and was for dragging the moat.

"It will do no good," replied the Colonel. "I will have Griesenkampf apprehended and forced to confess his black deed. We will let his poor wife's body rest where it is, if it should by any chance remain in the moat."

A few weeks later General Forbes, with Colonel Bouquet and Colonel Washington, and an army of seven thousand men, arrived at the fort, en route for the west. It was in the ground floor apartment in the North Bastion that the famous conference between the General, with Bouquet and Washington, and Col-

onels Armstrong and Burd, was held, Colonel the Honorable Montgomery also being present. It was at this conference, which lasted past the midnight hour, that Colonel Washington urged that they should profit by General Braddock's defeat three years before and adopt the Indian method of warfare. His idea was unanimously approved, with the result that after several preliminary skirmishes the French and Indians abandoned Duquesne, leaving for the victors as one historian has stated "only the name and the fort."

While the impressive conference was at its height Colonel the Honorable Montgomery noticed the rose-clad figure of the German Captain's wife standing in a dark corner by the fireplace. She was pointing towards a small doorway which led down to the moat. Catching her eye he nodded and signaled that he had not forgotten her request, and she with a smile on her face faded out into the gloom. None of the other leaders present suspected that they had entertained a shadowy visitant, though ghosts may lurk about many of our councils, though we do not see them.

This time Colonel Montgomery acted promptly, sending a dispatch rider to Philadelphia to have Griesenkampf placed under arrest pending information he would forward. The only report that he was able to get on the case was that the fellow had in some manner been released from his semi-military duties, and taken ship for Europe. Perhaps the unquiet spirit of his slain wife had visited him, and he had felt that the only course of safety lay in flight.

Some of the older residents of Somerset County tell of the finding of a female skeleton when leveling part of the earthworks and moat at the ruins of Forbes's Fort and how, after a futile effort to learn the identity, the bones were given decent burial in the Miller cemetery, now mostly overgrown with trees.

Whether the lovely ghost appeared to others, tradition does not record, but it is to be hoped that vengeance followed her foul spouse, who not alone murdered her, but sought to blacken her fair name as well, and left her body to moulder in the slimy waters of the moat.



## XXII. The Hunter's Moon

THE young wife of Josephus Van Lierla was sitting in her kitchen window in Path Valley watching the last patches of rosy light disappear behind the rocky and pine-topped summits of the Tuscarora Mountains. She sat there, her hand resting on her chin, and in an abstracted mood, until the Hunter's Moon, red as flame, "the moon of blood and passion," as the Indians called it, rose clear above the wild and rugged landscape. She was trying with her unschooled mind to reason out many things, chief of which was why her husband preferred the cold and gloomy hunting shack over there in Aughwick to the comforts and warmth of his own fireside. Hunting was all right, as game was plentiful, and bear meat and venison varied the larder, but he had killed so many animals, thousands during his short life, that it must pall on him after a while. Thus far he had shown no signs of weariness, but never missed a chance to hunt, and especially during the life of the Hunter's Moon, the lurid moon of blood and passion. She had tried to make his home comfortable in every way, and been a good wife to him from the start, but he was always prone to wander, and nothing could satisfy him. What could she do to keep him at home? There her untrained faculties balked at the solution. Of course she could go with him to his hunting shanty and be his cook and helper, but he always declined her offers, saying that it was no place for a woman, just one small room with a

bunk against the wall, and always smelling of blood and hides and entrails. He had painted such a horrid picture that she had never even once visited the place near the warm spring in the very depths of Aughwick.

She was pondering, and unfruitfully, when she saw a tall, erect figure come through the gate and approach the kitchen door. She had the door open before he had time to knock, as she recognized the visitor, old Indian Isaac. This redman was the last of his race to remain permanently in Path Valley; he was a familiar figure at all the farmhouses, at harvest and butchering times, and possessed a wealth of legendary and historic lore. In the old days he brought many scalps to Fort Littleton, and was held high in the confidence of the government representatives. Well over eighty years of age, his carriage was so erect and graceful that if a stranger saw him in the dusk without noticing his face he could pass easily for a young man. His face was seamed with a thousand wrinkles, but his little black eyes were as keen and penetrating as when he was on the war path once half a century before. He was man-of-all-work for the farmers in the valley, not because he liked it, but he had to support himself to remain, as the game was too scarce for his way of thinking. While the white hunters favored ring hunts, bounties, and firing the woods to reduce the amount of wild life, Indian Isaac bemoaned the scarcity as compared to the days of his youth, when even the lordly bison had passed up and down the Tuscarora Path.

The old aborigine noted the worried, careworn face of Josephus Van Lierla's young wife, and asked her if there was anything he might do for her. The young woman looked at him a while in silence, as if wishing to confide something, yet pride was withholding it. In turn the red man looked at her, observing that despite her brown hair and blue eyes there was something of the Indian cast of features about her—the high cheek bones, the deep eyesockets, the yellow duskiness of her complexion, the tendency to be "raw-bone" in her general conformation. For that reason he felt more strongly drawn to her, as he knew that Indian blood was ever a surging misfit that could never fuse in the veins of most white people. At last the hidden spring of sympathy between the girl and the old redman seemed to coalesce, and she opened out her heart to him. She explained how lonely she felt, that after the most earnest efforts to make her husband comfortable and happy, he preferred his hunting shack in the Aughwick Valley, where he would remain for weeks at a time, and always during the moon now at the zenith, the Hunter's Moon. She had wondered why this particular moon always attracted him so much, to which he replied that game was more plentiful—which statement she doubted. Was there any way to get him home and make him stay? If she was at fault she would gladly mend her ways; yet to the best of her recollection she had always been a hard-working, devoted and patient wife. Tears stood out in her deep-set blue eyes when she finished; there was

conviction in the very tones of her voice. The Indian was deeply impressed by her remarks, and replied that while he dreaded to give her pain, it was his policy always to tell the truth; it would be best to hear it first as last, as despite its unpleasantness it contained the cure. The wife was very much interested, and begged him to explain matters, to spare her no detail. "The Hunter's Moon is a bad moon," the Indian began. "It is responsible for much of the lawlessness and sin of this world, to our people who have no laws or sins we called it the 'moon of blood and passion.' There are some men who know how to bewitch themselves; I am sorry to say that most of this knowledge was derived from us, though put to bad use—though there were Scotch women and Dutch women came into this country who knew as many spells as any Indian. Anyhow, the power to cast spells is known, and in this valley belongs to a small secret society of which your husband may be a member. I do not say that he is, but I have seen him in the company of some men who are. I could have joined when I was younger, but I knew enough of the black art as it was, was more anxious to forget it than to penetrate deeper into life's mysteries. I know this much about the organization: The members have the power during the Hunter's Moon, and for a night at a time during several other moons, to make any woman come to them whom they desire. My belief is that your husband has some one with him in that shack at Aughwick, and if you will

go there and speak to her you will lay the spell, and she can never be with him again. I mean that particular woman. Once your man knows that you are aware of his unlawful doings he will be more anxious to remain at home. If you wish," Indian Isaac continued, "I will go to his camp tonight and see if any one is with him, and if there is, tomorrow night we can proceed there and put an end to the sinful frolic." Van Leirla's wife was thoroughly aroused by the recital; her Scotch blood, with its possible Indian strain, gave her a real belief in the mysticism of the mountains. "If you will take me to Aughwick tonight I will go." said the girl, with emphasis. "It will be a fifteen-mile walk across three ranges of mountains, but if you are willing to go, I will be proud to accompany you and help you right any wrongs which may exist," replied old Isaac. First the girl said she must run up the road to her mother's home, on the hilly main street of Fannettsburg, and tell her that she was leaving for her husband's camp in Aughwick and would not be back for a couple of days. Putting a shawl over her head, she raced around the house and up the road to her mother's home in the quaint old burg. The good woman was considerably surprised, as this was her daughter's first excursion to the much-talked-of shanty, but she accepted the explanation, and everything was now in readiness for departure. She rejoined Indian Isaac, who caused her to put on her black wolfskin coat, as the night would be cold; he could carry it for her if it became irksome. She

then wrapped up a "snack," which the Indian put into his pocket. They waited until all the ruddy lights about the valley had been extinguished, as they did not want to be seen going off together; no one would be on the road at ten o'clock except lovers, and they would be too absorbed to notice any one but themselves. In order to make sure, they soon left the road and followed a narrow lane, fenced on either side with stake and riders, which led toward the steep face of Tuscarora Mountain. Up over the rocks there was a hunter's path which they followed. On the summit they paused to admire the crimson glory of the Hunter's Moon, presiding over the passionate destiny of so many dwellers in all the deep, dark vales below. The young wife was not wearing comfortable shoes for mountaineering, and her feet began to pain, consequently the expected time was not made—there were frequent pauses. It was at dusk the next evening when they came to the last ridge, Indian Isaac helping her, and were in sight of Josephus Van Lierla's cabin by the warm spring. At the foot of the mountain the Indian placed himself behind a giant white oak, saying that he would not go further, that if she found anything to denounce the female to her face, that she would fall into a heap of grease on the floor; if he was with her it would arouse the young man against him and the settlers would band together to drive him away or have him sent to Carlisle jail on some trumped-up charge. There was no justice for the redman if he got in the toils of the law. The girl saw

the strength of his contention, and went forth boldly.

A light shone in the single window of the shack, and she appeared at it like the Spirit of Vengeance. Within she witnessed a most unpleasant scene. By the light from the great fireplace she could see her husband seated on a great easy chair, on his lap and with his arms around her, and her cheek against his, was the form of beautiful Grizel Fullion, the rich iron master's daughter from Redmond Furnace. She, the proud, haughty, exclusive beauty, who drew a line with every one, was consorting in a rude cabin in the wilds with a bear hunter. Wild with rage, the ill-treated wife rushed to the door; if it was locked the fury gave her strength, and the bolts gave way. She stood before them, a look of hate in her black eyes. The tall, slim, clinging form of the iron master's daughter struggled to her feet, with a woman's instinct trying to smooth down her taupe-colored skirt, the unkempt masses of her huge shock of dark hair. Color was appearing in her white cheeks, there was only terror in her fine gray eyes.

"You bar guest!" the injured wife railed at her. "Why are you here with my husband, leaving me all alone? Begone, you rigg. Go back to the big house where you belong." She could have said more, but the beautiful and languorous figure of Grizel Fullion collapsed in a heap on the floor. When the amazed husband rushed forward to assist her, nothing was to be seen but a pool of rancid grease. The bar guest was gone.

Bold hunter that he was, Josephus Van Lierla was too frightened to be angry at his wife. He stood looking at her, trembling from head to foot. She now had the mastery, and was prepared to use it.

"You sought to deceive me about you love of hunting," she began. "I don't think you ever cared for it. You liked the women more. This camp has been an excuse for you to conjure up all the pretty faces and forms you admired, and have them here for your pleasure, while I toiled at home, alone. You felt so proud tonight to have the iron master's daughter on your lap, with her cheek against yours, but where is she now? Faugh, nothing but a pool of ugly grease on the floor. I will not hold this against you, for I would still love you if I found you with a dozen women in your arms, but this business must come to an end. I want your thoughts as well as your body, and I will lay every ghost girl that comes near you."

Josephus Van Lierla still had nothing to say; he was sheepish and crestfallen; his shrewd deceptions were revealed, and life could never be the same again. "I am going to keep you at home after this," said the wife, and, suiting the action to the word, she snatched a burning brand from the fire, and threw it on to the mass of grease where Grisel Fullion had lately stood. There was a flash of flame, and Van Lierla and his wife had barely time to escape from the blazing building. From a safe point on the mountain side they watched the shanty burning, the wife happy and exulting, the husband cowed and befuddled. They were

standing not twenty feet from the great white oak which sheltered Indian Isaac, who remained to witness the entire evening's proceedings. After the shanty had burned down to a heap of ruddy coals, the triumphant young wife escorted her husband across the mountains to the snug little cottage at the outskirts of Fannettsburg. Not once did she discuss the happenings at the shanty, but was cheerful and loving the entire distance.

Indian Isaac, unobserved, was following them, lest Josephus grow angry and attack his wife, but he soon saw that she was the tactful mistress of the situation. When they came to the bars at the foot of the lane, he saw the wife put her arm around her husband's neck and kiss him. The Indian followed until the cottage door closed on them and went off happy on up the valley to his miserable hut near the foot of Amberson's Knob.

It was winter time, and there had been a deep fall of snow before Van Lierla's wife saw him again. She was seated at her kitchen window, sewing and humming a camp-meeting tune, when she observed him coming up the valley from the direction of Fort Loudon. Her husband was in the wood-shed, sawing wood, and she was happy. The tall, erect redman came through the gate and around the house, while the young wife ran to the door to admit him. "There's no one here," she whispered. "I'm glad to see you again." The Indian took a seat in a corner of the fireplace,

raking the embers with his ironwood staff. "How goes things?" he said. "I have found happiness," replied the girl. "Josephus has never absented himself a single night since we brought him home from Aughwick. He is as good and kind now as he was cold and indifferent formerly." Then she recited the entire story of the visit to the shanty.

The Indian smiled as best he could, for his was a cynical, cruel face, the result of nearly a century of injustices, and it was hard to look pleasant. He expressed his gratification at what she had told him. "I have still more interesting news," he said. "I have come from the furnace today, where I heard that the iron master's daughter has been bedridden ever since about the time you encountered her at Aughwick. She collapsed on the parlor floor that night, and it was feared that she would die; as it is, every bit of flesh has left her body, and they say she looks like a skeleton. She was out of her head the night she was taken down, and the help say that she talked something scandalous, using terrible language, as if abusing some woman whose husband she was in love with. Her family were shocked, as she was always so proud and haughty and reserved. They had to strap her down in bed for days, she had such violent fits; they say that if she ever gets out she will never look like the same person again."

The young wife listened attentively. "Indian Isaac," she said, "I am sorry for the girl. She may not have gone to Aughwick willingly. She may have

been dragged there by a spell or incantation. I wish that we could help her."

"You are too good," said the Indian. "I know enough of this black art to tell you that unless a person has a natural streak of lowness or vice they cannot be lured away by any charm or spell. I am not sorry for her. All that is bad in her is being drained out by her bed of sickness. If she gets up she will be worthy of the stock she comes from, worthy of the beautiful mask she wore. I have no pity for counterfeits or frauds, but I will rejoice if she becomes the lady that birth and opportunities intended her to be."

Just then there was a tramping on the kitchen steps. It was Josephus Van Lierla shaking the snow from his boots, coming in to get a little warmth. The Indian noted his pleasant demeanor towards his wife—in fact, the love light in his eyes—and after a little chat took his departure. All the way up the valley to Amerson's Knob he chuckled over his victory over the black art.

## XXIII. The Lion's Garden

UP AT the heading of McCabe's Run there is a rocky, castellated eminence that overlooks the Cumberland Valley, which was formerly known as the Lion's Garden. It is as difficult of access as it is barren of vegetation—a mass of huge rocks and clefts, one piled upon another, admirable dens for wild beasts in the long ago. On the very top, back of the fortress-like abutments, there is a flat, level stretch of gravel rock, on which a few stunted jack pines clutch with bare, hard, shriveled claws, that is the lion's garden or playground proper. In the old days the formidable panthers or Pennsylvania lions made their home at this seemingly impenetrable retreat, rearing their young in the clefts and caves, and sunning themselves and disporting with their cubs on the level surface of the "garden." On nights when the thermometer ran low and the blood of the noble beasts coursed high they would approach the very steepest pinnacle and roar at the valley beneath, sometimes being answered by other panthers miles away on distant summits. Some early hunters claimed that panthers at the "garden" were answered by their kind clear across the Cumberland Valley on the topmost crags of the South Mountain chain. Needless to say, the presence of these monsters incited the bold to seek them out, and caused weaker spirits to shun the broad mountain fortresses where they abounded. This, of course, was many years ago, shortly after the Revolutionary War, in fact, for the

panther has not bred or harbored in that region in nearly a century. Every now and then stories are whispered about in the old stores in Upper Strasburg, Bloomsburg and New Germantown and similar places that so-and-so saw a panther in the mountains, but outside of Phil Wright, who has encountered several wandering specimens of the tribe during his wide experience in the mountains, most of the stories are due to a misconception of the animal. Few dwellers in the South Mountains, the Cumberland Valley or the Broad Mountains have ever seen a panther; consequently it is easy to confuse the long-tailed king of Pennsylvania beasts with a good-sized bob cat.

Not long ago the seclusion of the Lion's Garden was invaded by a party of cat-hunters, who, near the Bake Oven, drove a monster wildcat into the rocks after it had nearly torn to pieces two stout hounds. The hunters, not to be daunted, applied dynamite, tearing the animal's rocky hiding place to bits. Thus, in order to slay one of God's beautiful and interesting creatures, a great natural wonder that had stood the ages was blasted away and the Maker's handiwork marred forever. Was the cat's life worth this hideous vandalism? And, after all, was it not better to know that there was a real wildcat in the Lions' Garden than to bear its moist and blood-stained hide down to Carlisle for the edification of the curious and to claim the tainted bounty?

Mary Jemison, famed as the White Woman of the Genesee, lived for a time in a hillside clearing below

the Lion's Garden. She knew some of the legends of the neighborhood, which she often told to her descendants. She had been carried off as a child by the Indians, but would never return to civilization, because the whites had been too unjust to the Indians, she said, and if she had heard a tale which happened right at the Garden years after she left there, she might have been even more bitter against her own race. This story, which is still repeated by some of the very old people, tells of the supposed lack of protection which the laws gave to the Indians, which was much like the treatment accorded in many localities to our Negro population today.

During the latter years of the Revolution there was a deserter by the name of Cain Smithgall. He was not without courage, for he had been wounded at Brandywine; but his desertion was caused by the reason which has made so many enlisted men false to their trust, the ill treatment by an officer. Of mountain origin, he came from the Welsh Mountains of Lancaster County, a miniature highland region that has produced a particularly self-reliant race of people, and some outlaws—among the latter the redoubtable Abe Buzzard—he could not endure the brutal superciliousness of his lieutenant. Rather than shoot the officer in the back he took to the timber, and after many wanderings found himself far beyond the pale of civilization on the banks of Moshannon Creek. He lived for a time by hunting and fishing, until one evening a lone Indian girl, with scars on her cheeks, chanced to

pass his cabin door. He called to her, and, after she realized that he meant no harm, she stopped and told him her unhappy story.

There were two sisters, she said, twins, so much alike that one wore red ribbon in her hair, the other yellow, to distinguish them apart, who lived near one of the sources of the Little Conewago, in the South Mountain country. They were of the Lenni Lenape affiliation, the very last in the neighborhood but for their aged parents and grandparents. Farther down the stream lived a prosperous white family whose son had become an officer of the Colonial forces. He was handsome to look upon, but proud and conceited over his rapid progress in the army. This was not altogether due, she averred, to his military aptness, but because his mother belonged to one of the large land-owning families of Lancaster County, possessed of much political influence.

The girl had fallen in love with the officer, and met him frequently in the forest when he came home on leave, but when she confessed her love to her sister the twin tore her hair and said that she, too, loved the same man and would kill herself before she could see her married to him. The girl replied that he had never even intimated marriage, that such an event might never take place, as his parents would oppose such a union, but the twin's tantrum continued; she would not be comforted if her sister ever saw him again or even thought of him. The Indian girl, possessed of the high ideals of her race, was in a quan-

dary ; she could not live without seeing the officer, yet she must not break her twin's heart. She made a bold proposition to the selfish twin. That was that they should both travel west, exposing themselves to all dangers, until they came to some yawning precipice, where they would jump off, hand in hand, and end their unsatisfactory lives together. The two accepted the plan "without reservations," as she saw no way to conquer her sister's love for the young officer.

In the dead of night, in the midst of a storm, they crept out of the parental cabin and started for the west. They had many adventures on the way, were followed by wolves, insulted by bold woodsmen, and the like, but, generally speaking, they found more kindness and hospitality than anything else, and were forced to travel several moons before they came to a precipice terrible enough to mean certain death. At last they came to a great ledge of rocks overlooking the vast pineries of what is now called Clearfield County. Off to the north rose the three mighty knobs, held sacred by the Senecas, while here and there a glimpse was to be had of the meandering courses of the Sinnemahoning and the Susquehanna. With clasped hands they said: "We die for Lieutenant Bilger ; these are his rocks, because we who belong to him body and soul desire to end our lives from them." With a last glance at the beauties of the scene about them they sprang off into space.

There was a loud thud as one twin struck the flagging beneath and was crushed to pieces, but the

other girl's skirt caught in a dead limb of a chestnut tree, and she dangled there, head downwards. Such a fate was worse than death, as her sufferings were excruciating. Ultimately she must die, but it would be slow torture. Worse than all, a golden eagle spied her and, dropping from the heavens, struck at her face with its talons, giving it several deep gashes that would leave permanent scars. While she was lapsing into what she felt would be final unconsciousness, she was surprised to see a middle-aged and stout Indian brave looking at her from below. He procured a long and powerful chestnut pole and hooked her down as a Lancaster County farmer would a ham in a smoke-house. Once released, the blood left her head, and, despite her predicament, she no longer wanted to die. She desired to return to the officer and her aged parents on the Little Conewago.

The Indian claimed that as he had saved her life she belonged to him, and he kept her a virtual prisoner at his camp near the Rocking Stone for nearly a year. He had taken sick, and she was out looking for medicinal herbs, when she passed the deserter's cabin. The ex-soldier had met this ill-favored Indian several times in the forests, and liked him none too well, but he went with the girl to his shack, where they found him in the midst of his death struggles. He passed away in about an hour, and they buried him beside the Rocking Stone, near where the ferry road comes down the hill. The Indian girl rather liked the deserter's personality, but when she mentioned the officer's name again he

**The Old Ferry,  
Near the Rocking Stone**

**(Photograph by  
Fred C. Miller)**

## SOUTHE MOONLIGHT EPIPHIES

girl's soft, tight-fisted hands held firmly at a chestnut-colored log, struggled there, head downward. Such a wren was wiser than dragon, as her side-ways were exceedingly delicate, intricately sinuous, but it would not suffice. Worse than ail, a golden eagle spied her hovering from the heavens, struck at her face, talons, giving it several deep gashes that would never close, like stars. While she was lapsing into unconsciousness, she could not help but see a middle-aged and stout Indian standing over her from below. He prodded a long sharp-pointed chestnut pole and prodded her down, as though she were a County Trotter would a ham in a snake-hole. When he prodded her head, and, as she became preternatural, she no longer waited to be prodded to return to the Rocking Stone (and her aged parents) in the Little Cudweed Gorge.

The boy who claimed that as he had saved her life she had given him his, and he kept her a virtual prisoner at the Rocking Stone for nearly a year, until she was sick, and she was out looking for medicine, when she passed the deserter's cabin. The boy who claimed he met this ill-favored Indian several times in the woods and liked him none too well but he went to his aid to his shack, where they found him in his death struggles. He passed away in his sleep, and they buried him beside the Rocking Stone, where the ferry road comes down the hill. The boy who rather liked the deserter's personality, when he mentioned the officer's name again he





forbade her to ever do so, as he was the cause of his desertion from the patriot cause which he had loved so well. The shock of so many changes had turned the girl's heart currents awry, and she soon came to dislike the memory of the officer as much as she had formerly loved him. He was an anathema to her, just the same as to Cain Smithgall.

The Indian girl and the deserter were happy together, but they both felt an instinctive longing to move back nearer to their earlier homes. Where they lived was too much of a wilderness, the forests were too uniformly black and solemn, there were too many wolves, too many uncanny sounds at night. Ultimately they traveled across the mountains until they came to the superb level fortress rock known as the Lion's Garden. There beyond them lay a view that enchanted their souls, for the day was clear, the "first cold snap" in September. Beyond the fields and groves of many colors in the valley rose the South Mountains, where the Conewago headed, and a patch of silver told where the lordly Susquehanna flowed, and further away were dim, gray outlines of hills that might have been spurs of the Welsh Mountains. Could they live on that remote, breeze-swept pinnacle? It was almost in sight of the girl's former home and his! Smithgall had his rifle; there would always be game, and he might be able to work a few days every harvest for farmers in Horse Valley, Amberson's Valley or Path Valley, where he was not known, and thereby earn the winter's grist. There was a great cleft between two huge

boulders that, if roofed over, would make a tolerable home. He had heard his mother, who came from the North of Ireland, say that Prince Charlie, who sought to be king of Scotland, had lived in a box in a tree for three months after a price had been put on his head. He went to work with a will and soon had a tolerably comfortable abode constructed. Its roof did not project above the top of the "garden," therefore it would not be apparent from the valleys; the smoke was carried out through a wooden pipe towards Horse Valley.

They were very happy in this new home; they would have been, even if the panthers still harbored there. One night they were visited by an amorous Pennsylvania lion. It was in the late fall, and the giant feline stood on a crag which overhung the valley and roared out his soul to the wilderness. Smithgall and the Indian girl, whom he called "Scar Face," climbed to the top of the garden, just so that their heads appeared, and watched the tawny brute perform his weird cantata. There were other visitors from the wilds, deer, bears, wildcats, wolves, foxes, eagles, vultures and hosts of smaller birds, including Carolina parrots and passenger pigeons, all of which added to the enjoyment of the mountain retreat. Smithgall was able to find work in the valleys and provided the winter's grist, which he bore on his back across the Tri-Mountain road clear to a mill in Path Valley.

One morning late in November, Scar Face, carrying an earthen crock on her head, was on her way down the gorge below the Lion's Garden to a copious spring

which flowed from under the vast agglomeration of mighty rocks. It was sweet water, but a trifle unhandy to secure when the weather was inclement. As she tripped down the steep path, the sun shining on her from among the glassy needles of the old yellow pines, she came face to face with Lieutenant Bilger, going up the mountain on a deer hunt. He was leading two large hounds on leash, which he would let loose when he got to the top of the mountain. The young man had grown coarse and sensual looking, being about the same type physically as the Indian at the Rocking Stone, and Scar Face detested him as much. The girl had gained in beauty, her face was very winning, oval shaped, with almond-shaped eyes, a soft flush of pink in her brown cheeks, which the deep scars marred very little, a form voluptuous and shapely.

The former officer glared at her as a fox would at the sight of a lovely pheasant. Then he placed his rifle in the hand which held the dog-chains and caught her around the waist and drew her towards him. It was all done so suddenly that the earthen pot fell to the rocky path with a crash, and she screamed out with chagrin and terror. "Shut your mouth, girl," said Bilger; "come along with me, just as you used to during the war; I am surprised at your indifference."

Just then a shot rang out from a point one hundred feet farther up the path. The officer clutched the air and fell in a heap, dead, with a bullet hole through his temple. Smithgall soon appeared, swearing and carrying his smoking flintlock. "I could not help it," he

said, "when I saw the man who ruined my life taking such liberties with you I had to shoot. I knew that there would be no justice for an Indian before the law." "You do not need to explain anything," replied Scar Face. "You gave him what he deserved, but our happy days are ended."

That afternoon a strange-looking couple were seen wending their way down the mountain roads towards Carlisle, hand in hand. The man wore a heavy beard, was shabbily dressed, and carried a blunderbuss slung across his back. The woman, who was younger, was of an Indian or Oriental cast of countenance, and dressed in a costume that was partly Indian and mostly rags. Entering the town after dark, they made their way to the home of the gaoler, alongside the forbidding-looking old bastile. Knocking at the door, they were soon admitted and in the kitchen recited the story of the murder. "I give myself up," said the man, "because I do not want any one to think that my wife had anything to do with the crime. I killed the brute to protect her, because I know that no law exists for the Indian people."

The couple were put in adjoining cells for safe-keeping, and the Judge notified next morning. What the outcome of the case was the legend does not state, but there is no record of the hanging of any one named Cain Smithgall in the annals of Cumberland County, and it is stated that the Sheriff overheard the Judge remark, as he signed the deserter's commitment papers, "It seems that this man feels that the law of the land

does not protect the Indians. I will show him that in my Court they receive consideration."

Further than that nothing is known, but the cabin in the cleft at the Lion's Garden was never again tenanted and gradually the roof fell in, until today there are no signs of human habitation ever having been there, and the story of the panthers' "playground" has been to many the sole tradition of this wild and remote mountain lookout.



## XXIV. The Man of Peace

THERE was a select company in that part of the kitchen of Ancketell's Horse Valley Tavern, which was used as an eating room. At the long table sat old Highlander McGarrah, two North of Ireland lawyers from Pittsburg, Laughlin and McGinley, who were trained in the office of the celebrated Brackenridge, a wealthy landowner from Casey's Knob named MacKinnon, and last but not least Major General Arthur St. Clair, of Miami fame. The Pittsburg lawyers had been close friends ever since they sailed up the Liffy on the same ship bound for America, but none of the others had ever met before that evening. General St. Clair was returning to his tumble-down farm on the Chestnut Ridge after an unsuccessful effort to secure a pension at Washington; he had become storm-stayed, and, meeting a group of men of similar racial affiliations and social position, he gave himself up to an evening's social enjoyment. While the carters, drovers, packers and nondescript travelers thronged the tap-room across the hall, the select company at the candle-lit walnut table, with all the exclusiveness which they deserved, passed the hours as only men of breeding and experience knew how.

Eleanor, the landlord's charming blonde daughter, waited on the distinguished company personally, noting that not a single want should go unrecorded, and as rounds of toddies followed faster and faster

they became as convivial as Scotsmen can be, happy but not hilarious.

Across the hall, in the bar, talk waxed loud; many voices were jabbering and joking in Pennsylvania Dutch. It was all coarse and boisterous, but the elegant group at the dining room table seemed entirely oblivious of the carryings-on of the underlings as if they did not exist. And yet not a single one of the five gentlemen was what would be termed a snob—far from it, they were all kindly, genial souls, but their place in life had instilled in them a dignity and a reserve which no amount of good spirits would unbend.

Enough liquor always reveals the true man; the snob or veneered gentleman usually gets downright ugly in his cups, whereas the true man of parts is always the same, drunk or sober. As the evening wore on, and one subject after another was discussed and laid aside, the conversation turned to ghosts and apparitions, usually a good topic to bring up as the clock inclines toward the witching hour. General St. Clair related how he had stopped at a stone farmhouse near McMurrin's Run, in the Central part of the State; while trying to establish the lines of one of his military land grants, and during the night had heard heavy footsteps on the attic floor above, and some booted person walking down stairs, through the hall, unbolting the front door and going out into the frosty yard.

The tenant's wife had told him the following evening that shortly after the house was built Indians

slipped in and with axes attacked the sleeping occupant in his bunk, completely severing the body above the waist. They had carried the torso, arms and head away with them, leaving the hips and legs weltering in the bed. Their motive was one of pique because the settler's wife and daughters were not at home, and the chance for a nice string of captives was accordingly missed.

The heavy footsteps were those of the severed body going out to hunt its missing trunk, which it did every night. Needless to say, the tenants retired to their rooms before midnight, but many persons had seen it on moonlight nights going across the yard to the barn, as it seemed to cherish an inclination that it would find its missing parts there. "All that would go to show," said one of the Pittsburg lawyers, "that the poor fellow who was murdered went to bed with his boots on."

The other lawyer remarked that in Donegal, where he was born, he heard of a bodyless ghost that haunted a ford, where it frightened travelers so severely that numbers fell over into the deep water and were drowned. "Bodyless and headless ghosts are very common in Ireland," remarked the other Pittsburger, "and it is strange to find the same superstition over here in America."

MacKinnon, the landowner from Casey's Knob, now took a part in the conversation. "Over in Green Castle, which town, by the way, has such a fine Irish name that it makes me homesick for Lough Foyle every time I mention it—there was quite a sensation a

few weeks ago, when a very estimable lady, while cutting her winter cabbages in her garden in broad daylight, on chancing to look back at her house, saw a headless woman, dressed in a gray, shroud-like garb, standing at one of the windows. Brandishing her knife, the worthy woman hurried to the house, and went in by the back door, in time to meet the headless woman coming down the back stairs. Her courage must have failed, for she stepped aside and allowed the apparition to come down by her, go out the rear door, and disappear among the old boxwoods and Irish junipers at the far end of the garden.

"I don't think her courage failed, but if she came from Ireland she knew that it brings bad luck to pass any one on the stairs," said one of the Pittsburg lawyers. "Be that as it may," said MacKinnon, "I could have told more about that ghost than almost any one, but I held my tongue, and nobody in town seems to know the correct story, though all their tongues are wagging and every kind of a hazard is made. I happened to know all about it, as it had its start only about thirty years ago, during our Revolutionary War. I had lately arrived from the North of Ireland, from near Buncrana, and was attracted to the town of Green Castle by its name. I had a sweetheart, an earl's daughter, in the Irish town of that name. I did not wed her, for she was forced to marry one of her own station, but I always liked the name of Green Castle for her sake. There was another young Ulster lad in the town, a few years older than myself,

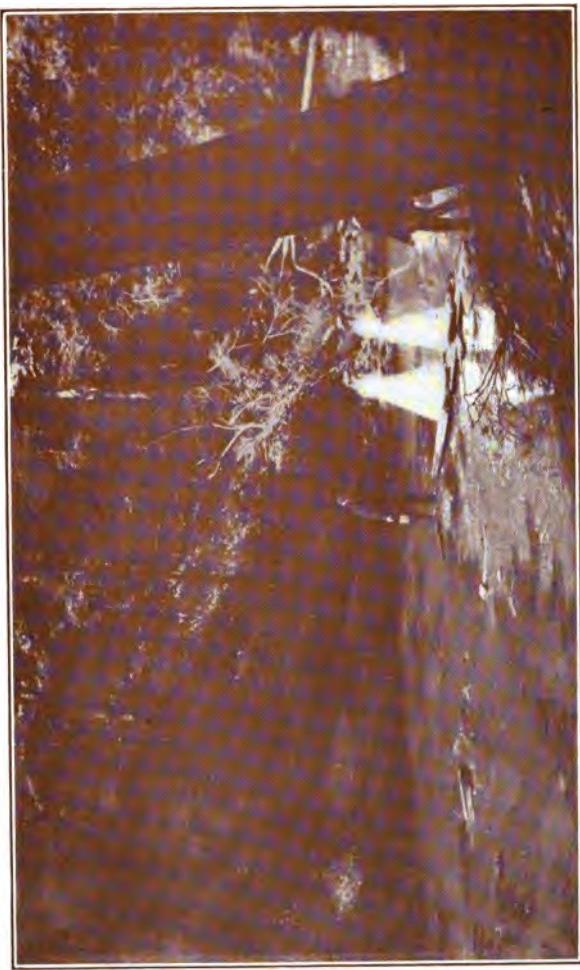
young Alex. McClerrachan, who became a Captain of Dragoons in the American Army. I joined with him and became his orderly, or aide, or right-hand man, whichever you prefer to call it. I looked after his affairs when he was away; that is, I was passed through the lines to go to Green Castle whenever he had any business for me to attend to, and if I do say it myself, I carried out his secret commissions well, thereby laying the foundation of my future advancement in life. Among other confidential duties I was to look after his lady love, the beautiful Deborah Swanwick, who lived in the big Colonial mansion near the bridge where the good woman saw the headless ghost. There were a hundred things I might do, and I tried my best to see that she had every word of every message that my young master sent, and gifts, little and big, at all times. The Captain was an ardent lover, and it worried him to be away from his beloved, but he was also a fighting man, and felt that his duty was right in the thick of it. Though he was restless and unhappy when away from her, it did not dim his military genius, for he worked out many a *ruse de guerre* for his Colonel that earned the commendation of General Washington, just as you, sir, General St. Clair, to a greater degree devised the plan that resulted in the victorious battle of Princeton." At this the jaded countenance of the old General colored with a conscious pride, and he expressed his appreciation of the compliment. "One morning," MacKinnon went on, "the Captain told me that he had had some very

ugly dreams, such as crossing dark, angry waters, that he always dreamed straight, and I must proceed to Green Castle at once. We were lying before Trenton, and it took some effort to go over the Delaware and make the long journey overland. Before I reached the Castle I met some travelers posting away from it. Some plague, probably the cholera had broken out there, and the people were dying like flies, I went to the town despite the warnings and visited the Captain's betrothed. Her parents were absent, visiting a married daughter in Baltimore, and she was in the big house with her brother, who was ill with some trifling malady, and with them were a dozen Negro servants. I urged her to leave town and not to run the risk of catching the dreadful scourge, but she said that she would hold her ground and not think of leaving her brother until he was entirely recovered. I did not like this, but I knew how deeply she loved her brother, and I was undecided whether to hurry to Baltimore and warn her parents or go back to the Captain before Trenton.

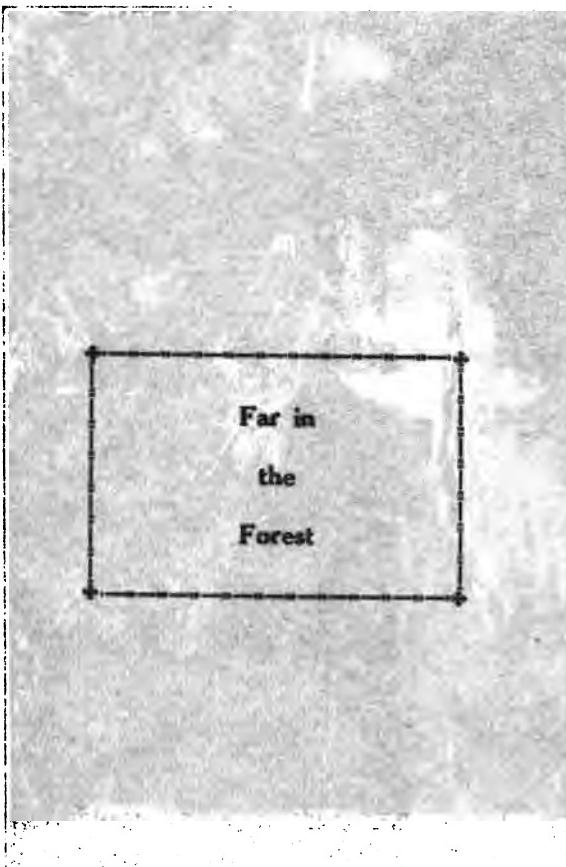
I decided to go back to Trenton, and make the ride of my life to get there. My heart was in my mouth, as I knew how my chief would feel when I gave him my report. He was beside himself with anxiety when he heard the news, and as the battle was going our way he got leave and set out immediately to Greer Castle. I remained at headquarters in case there was any call for information which he possessed, for I knew all his military plans and arrangements. I have

## WITH MOLLY LANE'S EATINGS.

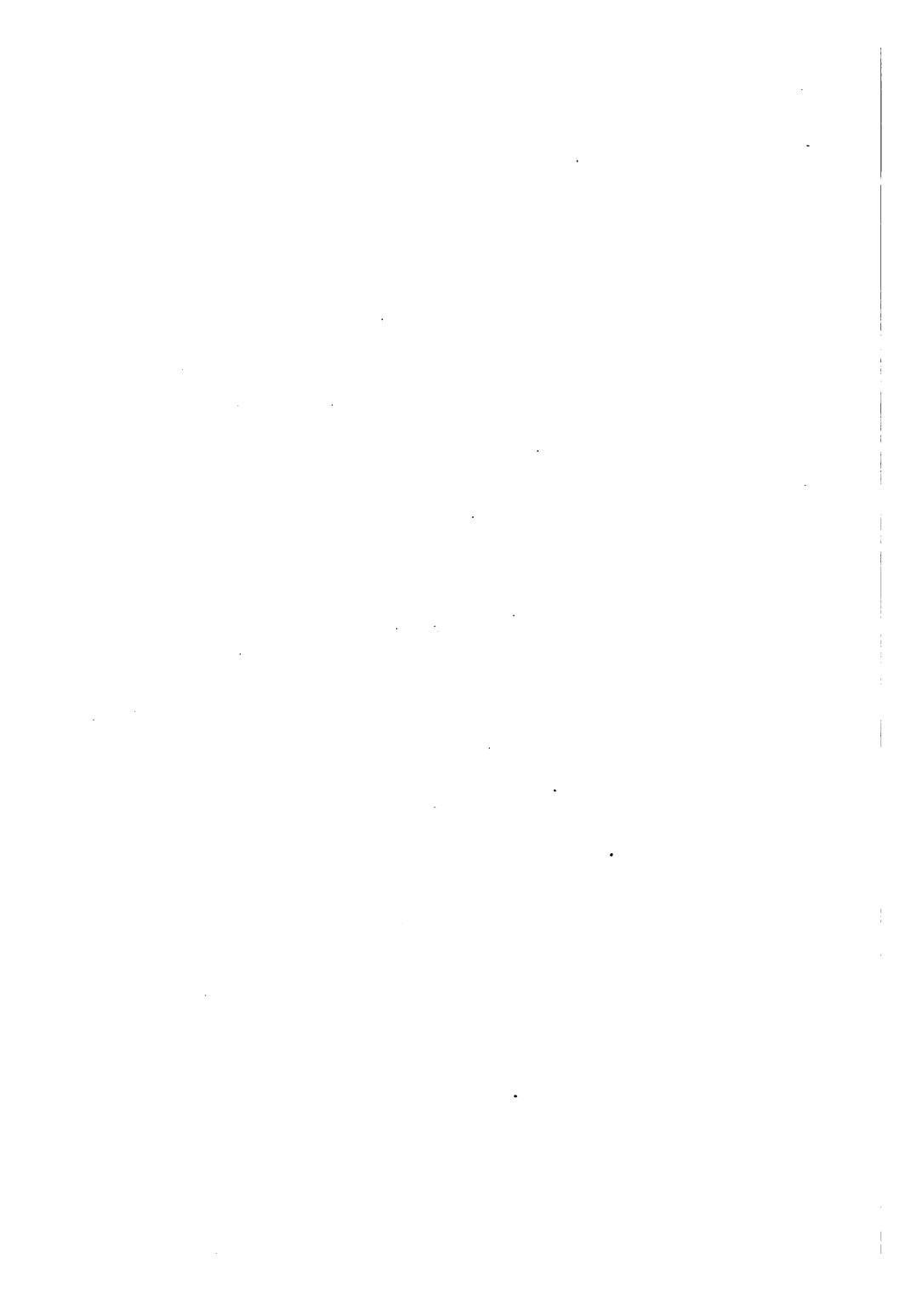
He had been buried at Green Castle, in the C. S., in a more decent way; he was always told that when he told of it then he could be sure he was safe, and in another dozen ways I'll tell you of his servants. From what I judge to be the best account, he rushed out the house to meet the Captain, who came only to learn from the old Negro that his daughter lay at the foot of the great stairs, and that he had this south-westerly Irish paper on the wall, which he had put up of the place, and which had just passed over in her coffin. The Captain dashed up the stairs, followed by the Negro. In the dead girl's room he found a horrid state of affairs. When she last passed away, Syphax sent one of his sons to order a coffin from a cabinet maker whose stock was naturally running low; the common people were being buried in troughs without coffins, and the black boy said that a young girl had died. The cabinet maker, thinking that the deceased was a child, sent a small coffin, but the Negro could not get the body into it full size. With a carving knife he had cut off her neck, and tried to put it in the coffin, but even then could not close down the lid. When the Captain entered the room the Negro lay beside the coffin, in a large pewter moring, raving with grief and fury at the bereaved lover whom he had lost. He struck the old Negro across the face with his score, inflicting a terrible wound. He ran so much an outcry that the other Negroes and the police constables seized him and dragged him out of the mansion and down street, and locked him in the



heard what happened at Green Castle from the Captain in a dozen different ways; he was always so wrought up when he told of it that he could never repeat it twice alike, and in another dozen ways from the Negro servants. From what I judge to be the correct version he rushed into the house to make the girl fly with him, only to learn from the old Negro Syphax, who met him at the foot of the great stairs, in the hall that has such wonderful Irish paper on the walls, that she had died of the plague, and that he had just placed her in her coffin. The Captain dashed up the stairs, followed by the Negro. In the dead girl's room he found a horrid state of affairs. When she had passed away, Syphax sent one of his sons to order a coffin from a cabinet maker whose stock was naturally running low; the common people were being buried in trenches without coffins, and the lad had said that a young girl had died. The cabinet maker, thinking that the deceased was a child, sent a small coffin, and the Negro could not get the body into it full length. With a carving knife he had cut off her head and tried to put it in the coffin, but even then could not close down the lid. When the Captain entered the room the head lay beside the coffin, in a large pewter porringer. The grief and fury of the bereaved lover knew no bounds. He struck the old Negro across the face with his sabre, inflicting a terrible wound. He raised such an outcry that the other Negroes and the town constables seized him and dragged him out of the mansion and down street, and locked him in the



**Far in  
the  
Forest**



cellar of the Bull Hotel, the one that had the picture of a buffalo on the signboard. Meanwhile the coffin lid was clamped down and the girl was interred without her head. The wounded Negro buried her head at the far end of the garden, in her arbor, surrounded by her favorite clumps of box, Irish juniper and yellow tea roses. The Captain's leave running short, he had to return to the front, but he was a changed man ever afterwards. If he was brave before, he was reckless now, and exposed himself a hundred times, but it was his fate to live, and he came through the war without a scratch. You may recall, General St. Clair, sir, how with Colonel John Kelly he stemmed the British advance at Princeton. The aged General nodded his affirmation.

"The old Negro whom he had wounded cherished a grudge against him, and never mentioned until on his death bed, and long after the Captain had departed this life, that the head had not been buried with the body. When the Captain returned to Green Castle he heard of the headless figure which occasionally was seen, but he did not know that its cause was the head buried at the far end of the garden. He lived principally on his estates around Casey's Knob, where I became his factor, and he gave me a chance to buy in some of his farms on easy terms, and when he died unmarried ten years after the war, I bought most of his other holdings at the sales held to close the estate. Ten years after he died the old scar-faced Negro Syphax stepped out at the age of one hundred and

twelve; on his death-bed he sent for me and told the story of how he could not close the coffin with the head in any position, so had closed it without it and buried the beautiful Deborah Swanwick's head in the garden. I suppose that I should have notified her kindred, though she had no close relatives; her father, mother and brother had meanwhile passed away, yet it seemed an impertinence on my part, so I let the matter rest where it was. Of course, if the ghost was persistent, and ruined the rental value of the mansion it would have been different, but it was only a periodical *haunt* as they say in these parts, so I have let the ghost work out its own salvation. The whole affair ruined Captain McClerrachan's life, he became from one of the most light hearted and engaging of men, dour and taciturn, and refused to see even his military friends, so that death was a relief to him."

"It is a most amazing story," said the old Highlander McGarrah, "and my sympathies are with the headless ghost, may she unite her head with her body through some one's kind interposition and rest quietly in her tomb." Suiting the action to the word he drained his toddy in a silent toast, just as the tall clock in the hall was striking twelve. The company began to show signs of breaking up for the night, and the fair Eleanor with a tray began clearing away the glasses and decanters.

Under his breath the old Highlander whispered to his companions how well connected the fair waitress was, that her ne'er do well father was responsible

for her not occupying a higher position in the world. "She could marry, and marry well," he added, "but she will not desert her father, or the others of the family." "Noble girl," said General St. Clair, as he took a pinch of snuff and stood wheezing in the doorway. The alert Eleanor handed each guest a rush-light, and they started for their rooms up the long, cold stairs.

The old Highlander McGarrah lingered in the kitchen while he adjusted his plaid shawl preparatory to going out into the storm to proceed to his lonely home down the valley. "Eleanor," he whispered, "it was a great lot of ghosts that our friends tonight have been telling of. They may be the best ghosts of their kind and all that, but they do no one any good. Let me tell you a secret, my girl. I have been seeing a visitor from another world of late. An old man dressed in black with a Covenanter's hat and a long white beard, and carrying a staff, has been walking about my orchard and pastures just at sundown and dusk every clear evening. He is what some Scotch people term a "caller," but he is generally spoken of by the Irish as a Man of Peace. He is a spirit that foretells that something pleasant is going to happen, a joyful change in one's life. It gave me a thrill when I first saw him, and I have taken care never to disturb him, or let any of my hirelings go out after him. It means only one thing to me. If you will remember the story I told you, how the old sexton at Lochabar spoke of 'ghosts of the living'. You well know the only pleasant, for-

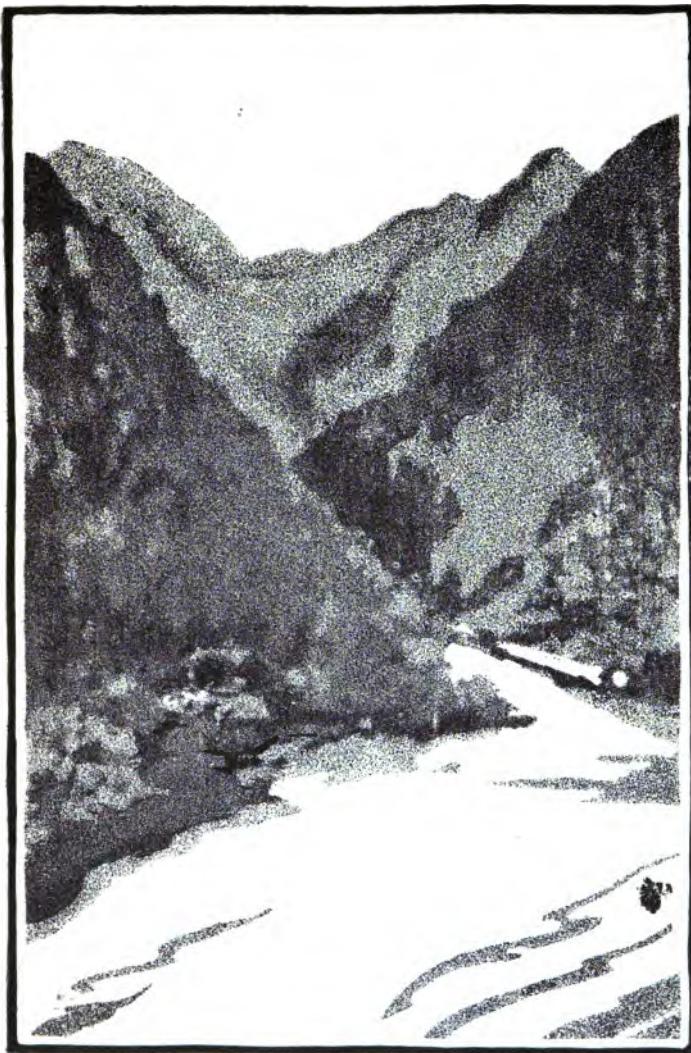
tuitous thing that could happen to me. It seems too good to be true, but the Man of Peace has never visited anyone unless he brings assurance that one's fondest wish is to be gratified. Some things in life are said to be as 'irrevocable as death,' but where the Man of Peace comes from there is a way of making the impossible possible even ridiculously easy. I feel that the great wrong of my life is to be righted. Wrongs are only made to be righted just as love is made to last, and I will see some one, in all the beauty of those early days, and everything will be just as it was, and should have been always."

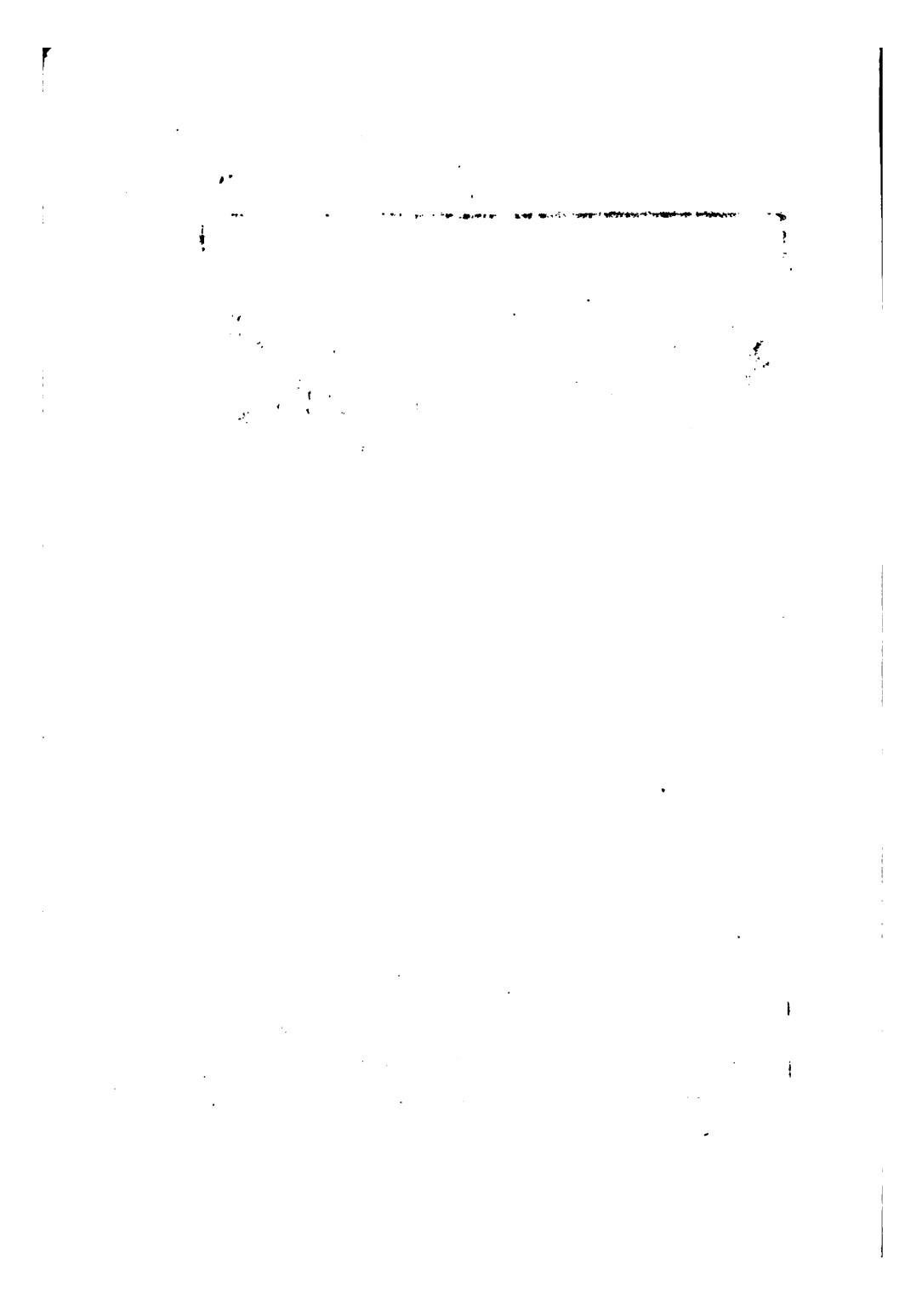
The old man had wrapped and unwrapped his plaid, dyed with his Clan's colors, about his shoulders half a dozen times. He was as distraught as a lad of eighteen telling of his first love affair. As he threw open the door gusts of cold air and flurries of snow-flakes blew in.

"Please forgive me, Eleanor, girl," he said, "for detaining you with this little secret adventure of mine, but I couldn't help telling you about the Man of Peace. I want to keep you posted up to date. Good night."

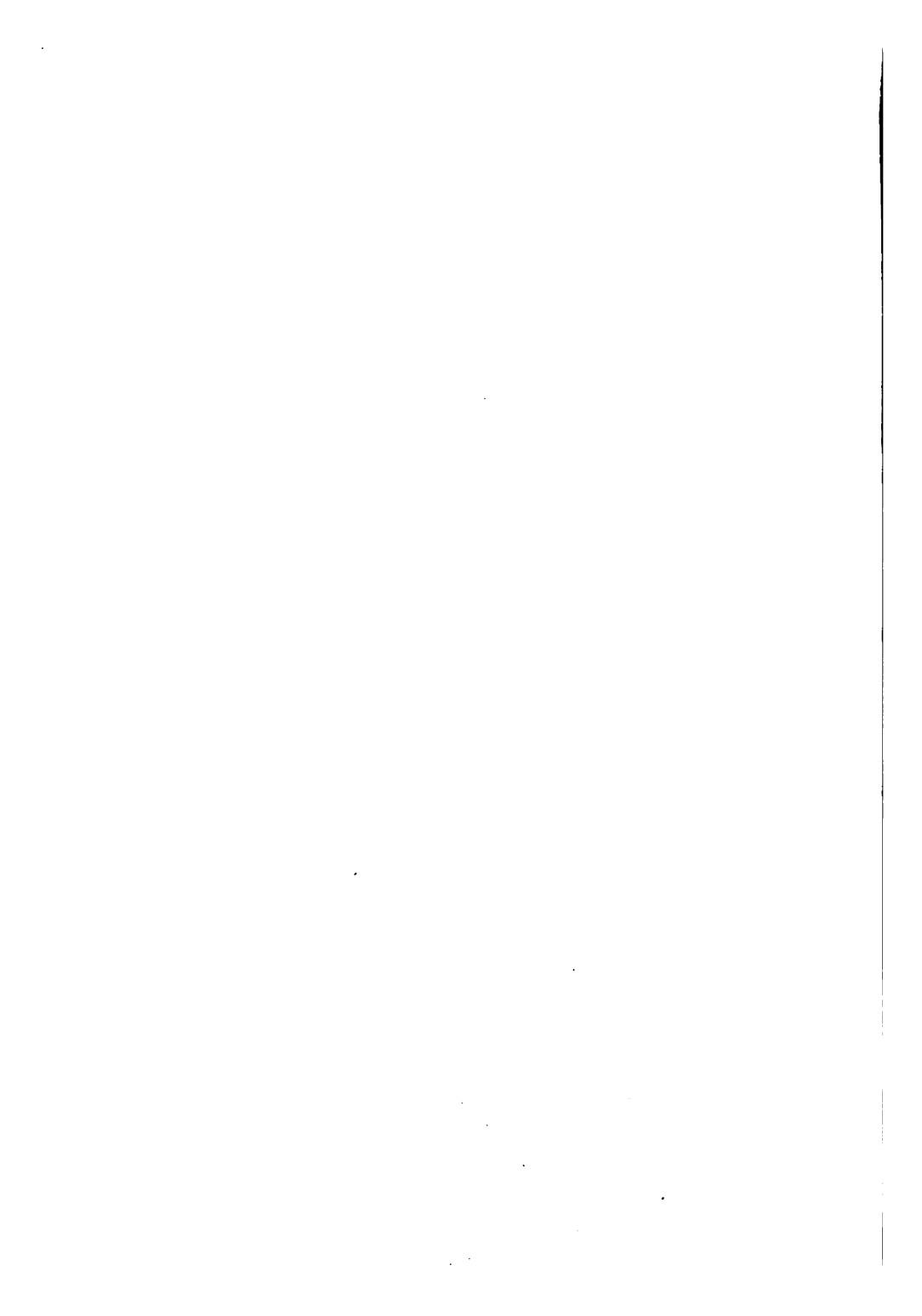
He shut the door and was gone, a lonely figure, into the storm.

"Good night, good luck," Eleanor called after him as she stood in the hallway, with the flickering rush-light in her hand. "If wrongs are made to be righted, then there is *nothing* irrevocable except death."











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